The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annun. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1883. Vol. V, No. 8.

DR. SPRAGUE
Has removed his office to his residence, the fourth house west of Dr. Faulkner's Drug Store.

J. NICHOLSON MUIR,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, Notary Public, Land Agent, etc. Calgary, N.W.T.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AND SOLICItor, Stirling, Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Alex. J. Robertson, L.D.S.,
Surgeon Dentist,
Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.
Visits Stirling Professionally Every Thursday, and may be consulted at the Scott House.
Particular attention given to the finer operations in gold, and the restoration of lost organs.

Walter L. Ridout,
ARCHITECT.
Plans, specifications, &c, prepared for all classes of building, and work superintended if required. Address, for July and August, Brunswick House, Colborne.
Head Office: Address W. R. Strickland, or W. L. Ridout, Architects, No. 12 Can. Perm. Buildings, Toronto.

M. W. SINE, V.S.,

Graduate Ontario Veterinary College,
registered member Veterinary Medical Ass'n. Treats all diseases of domesticated animals. Calls by mail or telegraph promptly attended to. OFFICE—"Review" block, Madoc.

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.
G.R.C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, over Gilbert's store, on
Thursday Eve., Nov. 15, 1883,
Visiting brethren welcome.
M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room, Craige's block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R.S.

W. C. REID,
DEALER IN
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,
—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—
CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO,
The new White Grape—Prentiss—is a pure native seedling of superior quality, and has been thoroughly tested with regard to hardiness. A good stock of vines for sale now for fall planting. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

NOTICE.
Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk.

S. R. HUFFMAN
Piano Tuner,
BELLEVILLE, late of London and Detroit, WILL VISIT STIRLING every six months, in December and June, for the purpose of Tuning Pianos and Organs. Best of references given. All orders left at W. H. CALDER'S JEWELRY EMPORIUM will be attended to. Orders from the country will be attended to at an advance of prices.

Geo. W. Walker,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office next door to Bank of Commerce, directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week, if possible, before starting, then you can be waited upon as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.
(Box 122.) GEO. W. WALKER, Dentist, Belleville.

Blacksmithing.
R. B. JONES,
Having rebuilt his shop, destroyed during the late fire, is prepared to serve all his old customers, and as many new ones as favor him with a call. Horseshoeing a specialty. General Jobbing promptly attended to. Shop on Front street (old stand).

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises, 20 ft. ceiling 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

Farm for Sale.
The west half of lot 9, con. 9, Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The land is in a good state of cultivation; good buildings; good cedar fences; well watered, and close to cheese factory. For particulars apply to
HENRY BERRIDGE,
Springbrook P. O

W. S. MARTIN & CO.
Are now preparing for an
Immense Trade in Fall and Winter Boots and Shoes.
With Enlarged Premises and Enlarged Stock.
A large lot of TRUNKS of all descriptions or sale cheap.

HARDWARE!

We have a quantity of goods such as Door Bolts, Hinges, Bolts, Pipe Boxes, Axes, etc., that came through the fire, which we wish to sell before moving into new store; we will sell them at prices far below cost.

A full stock of new goods, both shelf and heavy hardware, on hand.

A large quantity of Axes of all kinds, Burrell's Axes 65c.

Call and see us. Our prices are right. H. G. Thurber's old store.

JAS. MILNE & CO.,
THURBER'S OLD STAND.

GREAT CLEARING SALE!

As the lease of the premises now occupied by the undersigned expires on the 20th of November next, and not being able to effect a satisfactory renewal, we have decided to

Clear the Whole Stock out at Cost before Removing to other Premises.

AS THE STOCK AMOUNTS TO

NEARLY $7,000 IN VALUE,

This presents an opportunity seldom to be met with of securing your

Fall & Winter Supplies
—OF—
DRESS GOODS:
Consisting of Cashmeres, All Wool Serges, Cloths, Dress Tweeds, etc
Mantles and Mantle Cloths of all kinds.
Grey Cottons, Winceys, Shirtings, Ducks, etc.
WOOLLEN GOODS:
Large variety Fancy Wool Goods, consisting of Women's Shawls, Clouds, Children's Wool Jackets, etc.
And a General stock of Dry Goods.
MILLINERY carried on as usual, and all orders promptly attended to.

The stock consists chiefly of new Dry Goods and new Millinery just to hand, and THE SALE IS GENUINE.

E. J. GILBERT.

Photographs! Photographs!
Frames! Frames!

Special Inducements for ONE MONTH at the Stirling Photo Gallery!

Card Photos only $1 per doz.
Cabinets 2.50 "

The above prices are good ONLY until the 15th of Nov. Parties intending to take advantage of these prices will please call early.

Also, a large number of CHOICE FRAMES and MATS on hand, which will be offered at Reduced Rates.

GEO. H. BOYCE.

FOR THE
KIDNEYS, LIVER and Urinary Organs
THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.
There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.
For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.
For sale by all dealers.
H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Toronto, Ont.; Rochester, N.Y.; London, Eng.

HOGS LOST.
Strayed from the premises of Wm. Fanning, Marmora road, six pigs and three hogs, one white, eight black. Information received by
WM. FANNING.

SERVANT GIRL WANTED.
Good wages to a good girl. Apply at once to Mrs. Gray, at the manse, Stirling.

FOR SALE,
A good second-hand BUGGY and CUTTER. Apply to JOHN GRAHAM.

Still in the Market!

200,000 BUSHELS GRAIN WANTED!

Delivered at my Elevator in Stirling. I am prepared to pay

WITHIN TWO CENTS OF BELLEVILLE

or Trenton Markets on Barley and three cents on Wheat and Rye. Clean your Grain well and give me a call and I will endeavor to satisfy you.

Stirling Oct. 11th 1883, A. CHARD.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time write for particulars to H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine.

Not a dwelling-house is to be had in Norwood.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.
Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints? If you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer; every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. G. H. BOULTER, sole agent.

There were 1,540 entries at the east riding of Peterboro' show, and the gate receipts amounted to $279.

Dear Sirs,—I have been a sufferer from Costiveness, Sick headache and Loss of Appetite for many years, felt always tired, so that life was a burden and all seemed dark to me. I have had medical attendance, and have tried almost all the advertised remedies, but without effect. A number of my neighbors, who had used your Fountain of Health, urged me to give it a trial, three bottles of which made me feel like a new woman.
Mrs. BALL, 574 King street, Toronto.

KARS, Sept. 1st, 1883.
Wm. Churchill & Co., Gents,—I have been troubled with Catarrh for the past two years. Your Fountain of Health was recommended to me by Mr. Lindsay of this place. After using one and a half bottles all symptoms of Catarrh have disappeared, and my health is so much improved that I have gained several pounds in flesh.
I am yrurs truly, Wm. LATIMER.

Cheese factories will shut down in a few days. The work of the season has been both productive and profitable.

$500.00 REWARD.
For any Testimonials recommending McGregor's Speedy Cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Headache, etc., that are not genuine; none of which are from persons in the states or thousands of miles away, but from persons in and around Hamilton, Ont. We give trial bottles free of cost, so that you cannot be deceived by purchasing a worthless article, but know its value before buying. Trial bottles and testimonials given free at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

Belleville wants the next provincial exhibition.

KRAM'S FLUID LIGHTNING.
Wife.—What's the matter now John.
Husband.—Oh, that neuralgia and toothache near kills me.
Wife.—Why don't you go to PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store and get a bottle of Kram's Fluid Lightning, you know it cures all such things as toothache, neuralgia headache, lumbago, earache, sore throat, etc. It gives instant relief.

The preliminary survey of the north extension of the B. & N. H. branch of the Midland is progressing.

SALT RHEUM CURED.
Are you troubled with Salt Rheum, Rough Skin, Pimples or Canker Sores; if so go at once to PARKER & BUTLER'S DrugStore and get a package of McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Price twenty-five cents. It was never known to fail.

The Midland railway system will shortly be under the direct control of the Grand Trunk and will be operated from Toronto. Mr. Cox, president of the Midland, retires. A new time table is to be arranged, and there will be two through trains between Port Hope and Midland.

BAD DRAINAGE.
There is nothing more productive of disease in a neighborhood than bad drainage. Open the culverts and sluiceways and purify the locality. The obstructions in the human system may be remedied in a similar manner by Burdock Blood Bitters, which opens all the outlets of disease through the Bowels, Liver and Kidneys.

Mr. Gaudrie, station agent at Campbellford, is to exchange places with the agent at Hastings.

A QUERY ANSWERED.
People often ask when is the best time to take a blood purifier? We answer, the best time is now. Burdock Blood Bitters does its work of purifying, regulating, and toning the system at all times and all seasons. Purity in all things is always in order when required.

Trent Valley Reflections by an Old Settler.

A correspondent of the Trenton *Courier* writes as follows on the Trent valley, its cana and its history :

Three miles west of Stirling, on the Trent river, Chisolm's rapids afford water-power to an unlimited extent. The government dam, erected in the early settlement of the country, raised the water for the distance of 16 miles, to Healey's Falls, overflowing thousands of acres of the finest lands, for which nothing but the most trifling remuneration was ever paid. Settlers had come on these lands, hewed out their houses in the wilderness, made clearing , and begun to look forward to comfort and a competency for themselves and their children, when the government engineers and surveyors came along. At first there was anxious suspense, but still hope; but when realization came there was blighted hopes, and ruined homes. Our province was then under paternal government, the head of which was a military chief, in whose mind there never entered a thought, if we judge by the light of those days which has come down to us, of the rights and the interests of the people. At all events, between him and the people stood the executive and legislative council, who were independent of the people, who were appointed by the colonial minister in Downing street, and whose policy it was to make all laws, irrespective of the legislative assembly, and, of course, to plunder the people. These drowned lands were valued and a mere pittance was received by the settler. In my early youth many a time have I listened while aged persons, gray-haired, and with tearful eyes, told of their wrongs and their sufferings.

After building the dam and docks at this place, the work was abandoned, and to within the past year or two the work remained a monument of engineering skill and government folly. Of course it was some benefit to the lumbermen, and one Daniel Morgan, who became by purchase the owner of the water privilege.

Many and daring have been the attempts to blow up his dam. In several instances they have been, in a measure, successful. Parties interested in the dam have at times kept strict watch with loaded rifl s

Now that the government has shown its intention to construct the Trent valley canal, and the Ontario Central railway running through this place, its importance as a water power will no doubt be taken into consideration by capitalists.

Some years ago o r esteemed citizen Joseph F. Way, seeing the advantage of this place, purchased some 800 acres. He exerted himself manfully to secure a railway. The wily projectors of the Grand Junction held out inducements by permitting him to assume that they desired to build the shortest route. But they did not intend to put the road through this route—"not for Joseph," and used Mr. W. and friends as a foil to obtain bonuses out of Thurlow, Stirling and Rawdon, in which scheme they were partially successful.

Now, after the lands have passed out of the hands of Mr. Way, his anticipations are not only realized, but to excess, in case the Trent valley canal should become a certainty, proving truth to the old saw—"When it rains porridge, our kettles are upside down."

When we look through the "blue books" of our government and realize the enormous sum spent in the improvements in other quarters, and when we take into consideration the millions of revenue received by the government of old Canada prior and up to confederation for lumber alone taken from the Midland counties, we are amazed that the fertile tract of our province lying between the waters of the bay of Quinte and the Georgian bay should not have received more consideration.

Let us suppose the original project of building the canal had been carried out, which would have at once opened barge communication from the Georgian bay to tide-water, what would have been the effect on the carrying trade of the west? What the effect upon the tract of country I have named? It seems to me that this canal would have opened up not only a fine tract of country which up to the recent years has been cut off from settlement, but would have opened up facilities for manufactures, which, with the stimulus afforded by the western traffic, would have become a source of wealth not only to our province but to the dominion. What should have been accomplished years ago is now being slowly accomplished as a rival communication to railways, largely subsidized both by the local and dominion governments.—*Courier.*

Coming to Stirling.

Two weeks from next Wednesday and Thursday there will be exhibited in Bennett's hall, Stirling, one of the most magnificent panoramic combinations ever shown in Ontario. The name of Rev. J. T. Dowling is yet a "household word" in many homes in this village and township, where his qualities as a Christian gentleman and minister, and his abilities as an artist, are too well known to need mention here. Some seven or eight years ago, while living at Uxbridge, he painted for a gentleman there a huge panorama of Oriental and Biblical scenery, consisting of *forty* large paintings, 8 x 12 feet each. Since removing to Colborne last winter, Mr. Dowling has secured the temporary use of the series from its owner, and has combined it with his paintings illustrating his lecture, "The Mosaic vision of creation," and the larger ones illustrating "Voices from the tabernacle," making one of the most magnificent displays ever shown. This he has entitled the "Grand Panoramic Combination of Oriental and Biblical Illustrations," and it comprises all told *forty* paintings 8 x 12 feet each in size, *six* 7 x 12 feet, and *five* 12 x 18 feet, or *fifty-one* in all. The forty mentioned are painted in Mr. Dowling's best scenic style, and are even much superior as works of art to those exhibited in Stirling. The entertainment is not a lecture in any sense of the word, but just what its title indicates, and though but three or four minutes were devoted to each picture, the series could not possibly be run through in one evening, and necessarily covers two evenings. The admission for each evening will be 25c., or season tickets (good for both evenings) 40c. Children 15c, season tickets 25c. In the afternoon of Thursday, at 4:15, a children's matinee will be given, when school and other children will be admitted for the trifle of 10c each. Adults to matinee, 25c.

Rev. Dr. Wild, of Toronto, was present at the exhibition of this panorama at Colborne on Friday night last, and at the conclusion he at once arose and moved a very hearty vote of thanks, in which he said "the paintings were the most excellent of the kind he had ever seen," which is high praise from a competent authority.

Remember the dates, Wednesday and Thursday, November 21st and 22nd. Tickets will be on sale, and posters with fuller particulars issued, at an early date.

"Why, Angelina, where did you get those beautiful rich colors on your bonnet?" "Ain't they lovely? I dyed them with the Triangle Package Dyes." 10c.

A portion of the walls of the new Norwood school-house had to be torn down by order of the architect, not having been built according to contract.

We have a speedy and positive cure for Catarrh Diphtheria, Canker-mouth and Headache in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50c. G. H. BOULTER, agent.

A DETECTIVE'S EXPERIENCE.

His Successful Undertaking and Escape from an Impending Fate.

(*Buffalo, N. Y., News.*)

One morning several years ago, just as the dull, gray light was beginning to show itself in the east, a small band of men might have been seen deployed about a house on Ferry street, in Buffalo. There was nothing special either in the dress or appearance of the men to indicate their intention, but it was plain that they had business of importance on hand. Suddenly a man appeared at one of the windows, took in the situation at a glance, and, swinging himself outward with wonderful quickness, scaled the roof of the house. This man was Tom Ballard, the notorious counterfeiter; and, armed to the teeth and fully realizing his situation, he defied justice and the officials below him. Some of the officers, knowing the desperate character of the man, proposed to shoot him until he was killed, but one of the number promptly protested, and declared that if his brother officers would assist him to ascend he would capture the man alive. Accordingly he began the difficult and dangerous task, and succeeded in bringing the prisoner to the ground in safety.

The man who accomplished this task was Mr. Thomas Curtin, the present superintendent of the city police of Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Curtin is a man who is known by every prominent detective and policeman in America, and he stands pre-eminently in the front rank of his profession. Quiet and gentlemanly in appearance and manners, he possesses a courage, combined with marked physical powers, that make him the terror of evil-doers and the pride of law-abiding citizens. Few people can realize, however, the trials, exposures, and even privations, to which the members of every municipal police and fire department are exposed. Compelled to be on duty at uncertain hours, subjected to the most inclement weather, and often necessitated by the nature of their duties to protracted undertakings, they endure a nervous and physical strain that is terrible. Such was the experience of Mr. Curtin in former days; and it is not surprising that he found himself suffering from a mysterious physical trouble. In relating his experience to a representative of this paper he said :

"At times when I was on duty I would feel an unaccountable weariness and lack of energy. My appetite was also uncertain and my head seemed dull and heavy. I did not fully understand these troubles, but supposed, as most people suppose, that I was suffering from malaria. I tried to throw off the feeling, but it would not go. I thought I might overcome it, but found I was mistaken, and I finally became so badly off that it was almost impossible to attend to my duties. I have known any number of men in the police and fire departments of this country who have been afflicted as I was, and I doubt not there are to-day hundreds similarly troubled who, like myself, did not know the cause, or really what ailed them."

"Your present appearance, Mr. Curtin, does not indicate much physical debility," said the interviewer as he looked at the 220 pounds of bone and muscle standing nearly five feet eleven inches in height before him.

"Oh, no ; that is altogether a thing of the past, and I am happy to say that for more than a year I have enjoyed almost perfect heath, although I realize that I was on the road to certain death by Bright's disease of the kidneys, and travelling at a very rapid pace."

"How did you come to recover so completely?"

"That is just what I want to tell you, for I believe it may be of great service to many others in my profession, who may possibly hear of it. I began the use of a popular remedy at the earnest solicitation of a number of friends in this city, and found to my great gratification that I began feeling better. This feeling continued and I gained in strength and vigor until now I am perfectly well—and wholly through the instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, which I believe to be the best medicine for policemen, firemen railroad men or any other class of people exposed to danger or a change of weather, ever discovered. Since my recovery I have recommended it everywhere, and never knew a case where it failed either to cure or benefit. I would not be without it under any consideration, and I am positive it is a wonderfully valuable and at the same time entirely harmless remedy. Indeed, I see that Dr. Gunn, dean of the United States Medical College of New York, indorses it in the highest terms."

"So you experience little difficulty in the execution of your duties now, Mr. Curtin, do you?"

"None whatever. Our department was never in better condition than at present."

"And do you never have any fear of the desperadoes whom you have been the means of bringing to justice?"

"Not in the least. Such men do not try to retaliate, partially because they have not the courage, but oftener because they respect an officer who does his duty."

The policemen, firemen, letter carriers and other public employees in this country have a particularly trying life. When, therefore, a simple and pure remedy that can restore and sustain the health of all such men is found, it should be cause for great congratulation, especially when recommended by such a man as Superintendent Thomas Curtin of Buffalo.

OH! WHAT A COUGH.
Will you heed the warning? The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease—consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of 50c. to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from Experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a million bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping-cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. G. H. BOULTER, sole agent.

A GOOD INTRODUCTION.
J. Kennedy, a merchant in Dixie, about three years ago introduced Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam to his customers by trying it in his own family for Coughs and Colds. Being pleased with results, large sales followed, and it is now the favorite remedy in that neighborhood.

ANOTHER WITNESS.
A. Chard, of Stirling, testifies to the efficacy of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which he used for a badly injured knee joint. It is the great household remedy for inflammation, pain, soreness, lameness, etc., and is used both internally and externally with infallible success.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The News-Argus from now until the end of 1884 for $1.

FOUND.
On the Marmora Gravel Road, on Oct. 30th, a paper parcel, containing a girl's gray ulster, tippet and other articles. Owner can have the same by calling at The NEWS-ARGUS, proving property and paying for this advertisement.

Admission to High Schools.
The half-yearly Examinations for Admission to High Schools will be held at
Madoc and Stirling, on Dec. 20th and 21st,
at 9 a. m. Circulars announcing the next Uniform Promotion Examinations have been mailed to every teacher. The names of all candidates must be sent to the undersigned before Nov. 8th.
WM. MACKINTOSH,
Inspector of Schools N. Hastings.

VOTERS' LIST NOTICE.
Voters' List, 1883—Municipality of the Township of Rawdon, County of Hastings.
NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "Voters' List Act" the copies required by said section to be so transmitted or delivered of the list made pursuant to said Act of all persons appearing by the last revised assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in said municipality at Elections for Members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal Elections, and that said list was first posted up at my office at Springbrook on the 1st Nov, 1883, and remains there for inspection. Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.
G. D. WIGGINS,
Clerk of the said Municipality.
Springbrook. Nov. 1, 1883.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS
Notice to Contractors.
THE letting of the works at the upper entrance of the CORNWALL CANAL, and those at the upper entrance of the RAPIDE PLAT CANAL, advertised to take place on the 13th day of NOVEMBER next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—
Tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the FOURTH day of December next.
Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination at the places previously mentioned on and after TUESDAY the TWENTIETH day of NOVEMBER.
For the works at the head of the Galops Canal, tenders will be received until TUESDAY the EIGHTEENTH day of DECEMBER. Plans and specifications, &c., can be seen at the places before mentioned on and after TUESDAY the FOURTH day of DECEMBER.
By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.
Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 20th Oct., 1883.

JUMBO! JUMBO! JUMBO!
STOCK
—AT—
Mrs. Wm. Martin's.
The largest and best assorted ever kept in Stirling. Call and prove it for yourself.
Overdue accounts must be settled by cash or note at once.

All who appreciate Beautiful Styles and Reasonable Prices must not fail to see our Grand Display of
HOLIDAY GOODS!
Consisting of New and Elegant Attractions in
Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.
Large and Splendid Stock of Useful, Desirable and Appropriate
CHRISTMAS GIFTS!
Just what everybody wants, POPULAR PRICES.
CALDER, THE JEWELLER.
A fine line of SPECTACLES just in.

Curing a Drunkard.

REV. M. B. MOORHOUSE, M. A.

A wise old Earl of former days,
Kind-hearted, but tenacious
Of certain notions, words, and ways,
Yet wishful to seem gracious,

Hit on a plan to save his mind
Much worrying opposition,
By seeming deaf when disinclined
To change his fixed decision.

Thus might the clever noble seem
His course unchecked to steer,
Not by what others said to him,
But what he wished to hear!

One favorite servant, born and bred
On his estate, rose faster
Than all his men, till he was made
Head coachman by his master.

But one sad fault did John possess—
The fatal love of drink,
And oft this habit of excess
Brought him to ruin's brink.

"Discharge him!" would my lady plead,
In accents loud and fervent;
My lord still answered, "Yes, indeed,
He is a first-rate servant!"

"No, no!" she cries, with anger wild,
"He drinks in manner fearful!"
"Ay, ay! he's been here from a child,
And is both clean and careful.

"I'm glad your ladyship has come
On generous thoughts to start us,
For, as you say, a paltry sum
Of wages should not part us."

But John upset the coach one night
While home his lady driving;
Though not much hurt, except with fright,
She thought this past forgiving.

Straight to the Earl she rushes in,
Resolved this time to make him
Know all the blackness of John's sin,
When vengeance must o'ertake him.

"Behold!" she says "Your John's last crime;
An angel it would vex;
He's overturned the coach—next time
He'd surely break our necks!"

"Ay?" quoth my lord, "is poor John sick?
Alas, I'm sorry for him."
"No!" screams my lady, passion quick,
"A drunken fit's come o'er him!"

"Ay!" sighs my lord, "above all price
Are all such faithful men,
We'll have the very best advice
To put him right again."

Out rushed the lady in a fume,
And sent word to the stable
Straight to his lordship John must come,
Although to stand scarce able.

Kindly his master looked at him
As if he saw no error;
While poor John quaked in every limb
With alcohol and terror!

"Why! John! they tell me you are ill,
I see you cannot stand;
You must to bed, and there lie still
To wait the doctor's hand.

"For you I have a great regard,
So have no apprehension;
While you behave so well, 'twere hard
If sickness lacked attention!"

John, thus dismissed, was borne upstairs,
And put to bed instanter;
While out of sight, like frightened hares,
Went bottle and decanter.

For head and shoulders blisters raw
The Earl's command pronounces;
And from the arm he bids them draw
Of blood some sixteen ounces.

John found himself, when he awoke,
In pitiful position;
And heard, with feelings past a joke,
The cause of his condition.

No company, but one old dame
To nurse him—kindness cruel!
No solid food, but still the same
Dull round of water-gruel!

No remedy by John was seen
But to submit with grace;
Better have fifty blisters keen
Than lose so good a place.

Twice every day, with formal care,
His lordship sends enquiries,
To know how his dear patient fares,
And how the fever's fire is.

"What, what? poor John no better yet?
Well, tell him he must tarry
In bed till he the turn doth get;
These bouts are dangerous, very!"

Then to her ladyship he states
The fever's slow abatement,
And gravely both congratulates
On prompt and skilful treatment!

Seven weary days John slowly passed,
Of strength almost bereft him,
When the Earl thought fit to hear at last
The fever now had left him.

An altered man in truth he came
When summoned by his master,
In every look he bore the shame
Of barely 'scaped disaster.

"Well, John, I'm glad to see you there,
I hope this bout is over;
And now we trust with further care
You'll perfectly recover."

"I humbly beg," here John broke in,
"Your lordship's gracious pardon,
I promise never to repeat the sin
So be not me too hard on."

"Ay, my good fellow, you say right,
We can't prevent all sickness;
But you must own my physic light
Cures it with magic quickness.

"So mind, if you are ill again,
Be sure that I shall see it,
Even if yourself should not complain,
Upon my conscience be it.

"I promise you shall always have
The same advice and nursing,
For we must use strong means to save
Some men their lives from cursing."

"I thank your lordship from my heart,
There shall be no more need.
The medicine made my body smart,
But cured my faults indeed."

The Earl replies, "I hope so too,
But long as you stay here,
While you do your part, I'll to you
Do mine, John, never fear!"

Henceforth my lady rode in peace,
John's driving no more shocked her,
For Temperance made his drinking cease,
And quite escaped the doctor!

It Looked That Way.

At one of the Northern depots lately an old lady, whom an inward train had just deposited, timidly approached a brakesman and asked if he knew whereabouts on the line her nephew was employed. "Abner?" said the railroad man. "Oh! he's been changed about considerable lately. He fired the John Edward till she ditched the graves and he got stove in. When he came out they gave him the Owl for a while, then he broke the two-eight passenger till she jumped a know-nothing, and he got pinched somewhere, and now I believe he's spare round the yard. You see he's had hard luck." The old lady stood speechless for a moment as if trying to digest the idioms of the railroad, and then said softly, as if at a hazard, that she "thought he had."

STRONG TEMPERANCE STATES.—It is said that Georgia is one of the strongest temperance states in the American Union. There are already eighty-seven counties in Georgia where no legal authority can be obtained to sell liquor, and the sentiment continues to grow. In Maryland, of the twenty-three counties fourteen have prohibition, and but nine license.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Green-coated Soldier.

BY DAVID KER.

Many a long year ago three or four regiments of Russian soldiers were encamped on a flat sandy plain upon the shore of the Gulf of Finland, not far from a new town which had just been built at the mouth of the river Neva, and called St. Petersburg. The sun was beginning to set, and the men, having finished their marching and exercising, were having a rest after the day's work or beginning to get ready their supper.

Most of them were strong and sturdy fellows who looked as if they could stand a good deal of hard work, and hard fighting too, before giving in. But they certainly did not wear a very soldier-like appearance, for all that; they moved heavily and clumsily, and handled their muskets as if they had been more used to ploughs and spades than weapons of war.

Awkward though they seemed, however, these very men were to be able, only a few years later, to give King Charles of Sweden (who was then thought to be the best soldier alive) such a beating that neither he nor his army ever meddled with Russia again. But as they were now, they made a poor figure enough; and so, no doubt, thought a big red-haired man in Russia uniform, who, with his arms folded on his broad chest, and a scornful smile on his face, was watching half a dozen of them light a fire.

"Pretty fellows you are to call yourselves soldiers!" cried he, in broken Russian, "when you can hardly tell a butt of a gun from its muzzle, and don't even know how to kindle a fire yet. We manage things better in Silesia, where I was born and bred."

"Well, if your country is so much better than ours, why didn't you stay there? asked one of the Russian recruits, sulkily.

"Because I was wanted here to make you Russian lubbers into soldiers," answered the Silesian fiercely; and a mighty hard job it is."

The recruit muttered something between his teeth, but did not venture to make any direct reply; for this Silesian, Michael Kratsch, was a noted bully, and the strongest man in the regiment, and any one who tried to argue with him generally ended by getting a broken head for his pains.

While Kratsch was still fuming and finding no one to vent his anger upon, a little drummer-boy, coming past with a can of water much too heavy for his thin arms, stumbled against him by accident. Like lightning Big Michael faced round and dealt the poor little fellow a kick which sent him to the ground, screaming with pain, and caused him to spill every drop of precious water that had cost so much trouble to bring.

An angry murmur ran through the group of Russians, and the Silesian turned savagely upon them.

"What are you growling at, you dogs? If you have anything to say to me, say it out. You ought to know by this time, I should think, that one honest Silesian is a match for half a dozen such as you!"

"Are you quite sure of that?" asked a deep voice behind him.

Every one looked round with a start, for nobody had noticed a soldier standing near the group, and listening to the Silesian's boastful talk with a smile of quiet amusement.

The new-comer picked up the little drummer boy very tenderly, refilled his can from a bucket that stood near, and sent him away rejoicing. Then he came up to the tall Silesian and looked him full in the face.

Kratsch eyed the stranger from head to foot, and did not altogether like the look of him. His dress was nothing grand, to be sure, being simply the plain green coat of a Russian private, so soiled and threadbare that an old-clothes man would scarcely have taken it as a gift. But he was as tall as Big Michael himself, while his huge limbs and brawny chest made such a show of strength that most people would have thought it wuch better to shake hands with him than to fight him.

"So!" said the green-coated man, quietly, "one Silesian is a match for half a dozen Russians, eh? Well, I can see that he's their match at *bragging*, anyhow!"

The Russians chuckled at this unexpected hit, and one of them laughed outright. Kratsch's face flushed purple with rage, and for a moment he seemed just about to fly at the speaker's throat. But there was something in the stranger's bearing, and in the calm, steadfast glance of his keen black eye, which cowed even the fierce soldier, who drew back with a sullen growl.

"Well," said Greencoat, quietly, "we Russians have a saying that corn doesn't graw by talking. If you are a match as you say, for any half-dozen of us, let us see what you can do."

"Could you throw that stone farther than I can?" as the Silesian, pointing to a heavy stone at his feet.

"I can better answer that when I have seen you throw it," replied Greencoat, as coolly as ever.

Michael Kratsch threw off his coat, and baring an arm as thick as an ordinary man's knee, hurled the stone seven good yards away.

The Unknown threw, in his turn, so carelessly that he seemed hardly to exert himself at all, yet the stone fell a foot beyond Kratsch's mark.

The Russians raised a shout of triumph, and Michael's face grew as black as midnight.

"Are you as nimble with your feet as with your hands?" growled he, through his teeth.

"Try," answered Greencoat, simply.

Kratsch pointed to a broad ditch a little behind them, and taking a short run, shot through the air like an arrow. The ditch was fully fifteen feet wide from bank to band, yet he alighted several inches from it.

"Pretty fair," said the Unknown, smiling; "but I think I can match it."

And so he did, for his leap overpassed Kratsch's by six inches at least. At the sight of the heavy Russian faces grinning from ear to ear over his discomfiture the Silesian's eyes flashed fire.

"You haven't done with me yet," he roared, "smart though you think yourself. Dare you wrestle a fall with me?"

Without a word the stranger threw off his coat and stepped forward.

It was a grand and terrible sight to see the two giants strain their mighty limbs and seize each other with their iron arms, both faces growing suddenly hard and stern as they grappled. Every man among the lookers-on held his breath as the great struggle began.

Thrice did the Silesian make a tremendous effort to throw his enemy with a strength that seemed able to tear up an oak by the roots. But the Russian, though shaken, stubbornly kept his feet, until Kratsch paused, breathless and utterly spent.

Then the watching eyes all round saw the stranger's arms tighten suddenly, the Big Michael's huge broad back bend slowly in. Furiously he struggled against the overmastering clutch, but he had no more chance than an ox in the coils of a boa. At last the Unknown lifted him fairly off his feet, and hurled him backward with such force that he fell with a dull crash against a large stone behind him, and lay stunned and motionless.

Just then was heard a cry of "There he is! there he is!" and several richly dressed men, running up to the spot, bowed reverently to the green-coated soldier.

"We have been looking for your Majesty," said one of them, "to give to you these dispatches which a courier has just brought from Moscow."

At the word "Majesty" the Russian recruits all fell on their knees, considerably startled to find that this shabby-coated private was no other than the Czar himself, Peter the great of Russia.

"Up with you, lads!" cried Peter; "kneel to no one but God. You are Russian soldiers, and I'm your General; that's all."

Then he turned to Kratsch, who lay groaning on the ground, with his left arm broken.

"I'll forgive thee this time, fellow," said the Czar; "but if ever I catch thee ill-treating a child again, look out! As for these soldiers of mine at whom you laugh, within five years they shall be the wonder of all Europe."

And so they were.

The New Silks.

Every little while there is an odd little announcement through the columns of fashion journals that plain black silk has re-asserted its supremacy and acquired new and distinguished prestige. The assertion is made at regular intervals every year, and has been for twenty-five years past, and it is always funny, and simply means that the writer of the paragraph has obtained a new black silk dress and is bound to give it importance. Every good black silk always has a character and a standing of its own which is unaffected by the changes of fashion, but it addresses itself mainly to those who make no pretensions to fashion—to elderly ladies and well-to-do women who want a solid dress which looks sufficiently handsome for all occasions and is not out of place upon any. To such persons no other fabric ever takes the place of a nice faille or gross-grained silk, and every lady, whatever her pretensions, likes one black silk in her wardrobe because of its convenience.

But of late there are new styles that dispute pre-eminence with old-time favorites—the black surahs, a soft, swilled silk with a satin finish, have established themselves in a place from which it will be very difficult to dislodge them. They are not high-class or remarkable silks in any way, but they are adaptable. They lend themselves to graceful arrangement, they are supple and youthful, which "rich" black silks of the gros-grain type are not, and they are not only durable but comparatively inexpensive. No wonder they are popular—no wonder they are in demand and have forced the New York manufacturer, John N. Stearns, to produce a "winter" surah of superior quality and finish in seventy-five different shades and colors, of which the wines, the garnets, and the new reds with a copper tint in them, promise to be the favorites for the present and coming season. The difficulty with the Ottoman silk is that it is less durable than silks less distinctively marked, but it is handsome and effective, and the late designs alternate with satin stripes, which are enclosed in lines of color, and combined with a plain Ottoman fabric.

But the brocaded silks and satins are best suited for a really elegant toilet, for the designs grow constantly more striking, more artistic, better contrasted, and more tastefully adapted for the purpose of display, without vulgarity or ostentation. The finest designs are large, and show conventionalized formi of fruits with leaves, or leaves and a flower. They are in solid colors, such as evening blue, pink, cream, white, and black, and they require but little addition—for the simpler the form in which they are made the better—but the little should, of course, be of the best quality. Much of the beauty of the design is derived from the contrast in texture, and the effects obtained from the combination of armure or Ottoman in the ground, with dull satin or amure leaves, and a veining which seems to be executed in embroidery stitch. The whole *ensemble* is very rich, and few will believe, when exhibited on the counters of leading dry goods stores, that they are of American (and New York) manufacture, the general impression in regard to American silks having been obtained from the spun silks, which has a finish so much like the obsolete poplin.

Other novelties produced by our own manufacturers consists of stripes—"hair" stripes—in two colors, black and another, as, for example, black and mauve, black and electric blue, bl[illegible] old gold, black and bronze, and man[illegible] combinations. Upon these are brocaded [illegible] ower designs in a third color, which is in contrast to the ground tone, but produces no violent shock. On the contrary, the effect is rich, yet bright and cheerful, and seems to suggest them as suitable fabrics for dinner dresses or evening receptions at home. The richest among the stuffs intended for suits and costumes are very beautiful satin brocades in small figures, intended for combination with plain velvet or plain satin duchesse. The grounds are dark cloth shades, the figures look like jewels, are not only small, but in high colors—old gold, ruby, and amethyst—and would have the effect of embroidery upon satin, at a little distance. Sunset silk is a rich brocade in very handsome and effective patterns in white, with blue or pink color through it, which gives it an undescribable glow—a sort of reflection of color, which is infinitely more delicate than color itself. All the new brocades have amure effects—those that are imported as well as those that are made here—and the figured plushes are reappearing for cloaks, and combination with a new satin that is woven with a shorter loop than satin duchesse, and is, therefore, better adapted to give good wear, while it is equally thick and contains as much silk.

The tapestried silks are yet principally used for upholstery, but some ladies are beginning to combine them with velvet, and to use them for the fronts of "picture" dresses in conjunction with Watteau trains of dull, thick satin or velvet. The silver and gold brocades will doubtless constitute an important element this season, as last, in the construction of magnificent evening toilets—but these will occupy attention later on. At present it is the forehanded—those who have only one or two new silks of a season, and who know exactly what they want—who are providing them in advance of the gay season, while the majority are occupied in settling the present more important question of autumn cloth and woollen suits, deciding whether braiding is or is not to be, and how a cloth suit can best be made to look jaunty and becoming.

Have You a Headache?

Take the glass part of a thermometer out of the frame; hold the bulb under your tongue; wait one minute. Now look. It is 98 degrees. That tells you how warm your blood is. Now hold it against your foot. Don't be in a hurry; give it a chance to feel the exact state. Down it goes to 65 degrees. That tells you how warm your feet are,—33 degrees between your tongue and your feet.

Don't you know that equable circulation means good health, and that the loss of it means bad health? Let us see. You have a headache. Your head is hot; it throbs. Your feet are icicles. Now put your feet in a pail of hot water. In six minutes you say, "O mother, how good I feel! That rush in my head is all gone!" You have headache about half the time? No? Well, then, pain in your side? No? Well, I venture that every day you have some bad feeling about the head and neck or chest or back? Now let me tell you something. It is very rare that a hot foot-bath will not remove all these bad feelings for *the time being*. What does this mean? Why, it means that there is too much blood in the head or neck or shoulders or back, and that there is a lack of it in the feet and legs. A hot foot-bath draws the blood down below, and takes the excess of blood from the upper parts. That's exactly the philosophy of it, of course the hot foot-bath is a bad thing, but it serves to illustrate the law.—*Dio Lewis*.

The Queen, we are glad to see, proposes to give her granddaughter quite a nice dower without asking the country for any part of it. This is right, but ought it not to be followed in all cases? And what is the use of giving the young man who is to marry the granddaughter offices which have no duty attached to them for the simple purpose of adding to his income? If the places are sinecures why not abolish them instead of making them the means of supporting impecunous Royalty?

Preparations are being made in Montreal for the holding of a winter carnival similar to that of last year.

A Hashish House in New York.

We paused before a gloomy-looking house, entered the gate, and passed up the steps. The windows were absolutely dark, and the entrance-way looked dirty and desolate. Four pulls at the bell, a pause, and one more pull were followed by a few moments' silence, broken suddenly by the sound of falling chain, rasping bolt, and the grinding of a key in the lock. The outer door was cautiously opened, and at a word from my companion we passed into the vestibule. The outer door was carefully closed by some one whom I could not distinguish in the utter darkness. A moment after the inner door was opened, and never shall I forget the impression produced by the sudden change from total darkness to the strange scene that met my eyes. The dark vestibule was the boundary line separating the cold, dreary streets and the ordinary world from a scene of Oriental magnificence.

A volume of heavily scented air, close upon the heels of which came a deadly and sickening odor, wholly unlike anything I had ever smelled, greeted my nostrils. A hall lamp of grotesque shape flooded the hall with a subdued violet light that filtered through crenated disks of some violet fabric hung below it. The walls and ceilings, if ever modern, were no longer so, for they were shut in and hung by festoons and plaits of heavy cloth fresh from eastern looms. Tassels of blue, green, yellow, red, and tinsel here and there peeped forth, matching the curious edging of variously colored bead-work that bordered each fold of drapery like a huge procession of luminous ants, and seemed to flow into little phosphorescent pools wherever the cloth was caught up. Queer figures and strange lettering, in the same work, were here and there disclosed upon the ceiling cloths.

Along one side of the hall, between two doors, were ranged huge tubs and pots of majolica-like ware and blue-necked Japanese vases, in which were plants, shrubs, and flowers of the most exquisite color and odor. Green vines clambered up the walls and across the ceiling, and catching their tendrils in the balustrades of the stairs (which were also of a curious design), threw down long sprays and heavy festoons of verdure.

As my companion, who had paused a moment to give me time to look about me, walked toward the far end of the hall, I followed him, and passed into a small room on the right, where, with the assistance of a colored servant, we exchanged our coats, hats, and shoes for others more in keeping with our surroundings. First a long plush gown, quilted with silk down the front, and irregularly ornamented in bead and braid with designs of serpents, flowers, crescents, and stars, was slipped on over the head. Next a tasselled smoking cap was donned, and the feet incased in noiseless list slippers. In any other place or under any other circumstances I should have felt ridiculous in this costume, but so in keeping was it with all I had seen, and so thoroughly had I seemed to have left my every-day self in the dark vestibule, that I felt perfectly at home in my strange dress. We next crossed the hall to a smaller room, where a young man, apparently a Frenchman, furnished us on the payment of two dollars each, with two small pipes and a small covered bronze cup, or urn, filled with a green dry shrub, which I subsequently learned was *gunjeh* (the dried tops and leaves of the hemp plant), for smoking. My friend, on the payment of a further sum, obtained a curious little box which contained some small black lozenges, consisting of the resin of hemp, henbane, crushed datura seeds, butter, and honey, and known in India as *Majoon*, amongst the Moors as *El Mogen*.

Passing from this room we ascended the richly carpeted stairs, enarbored by vines, and paused upon a landing from which three doors opened. Upon one a pink card bore Dryden's line,

"Take the good the gods provide thee."

The nob turned by my friend's hand allowed the door to swing open, and, welcomed by a spice breeze from India, we were truly in paradise.

"This," he said in a whisper, "is the public room, where any one having pipe or lozenge, and properly attired, may enter and indulge—eat, smoke, or dream, as best suits him."

Wonder, amazement, admiration, but faintly portray my mental condition. Prepared by what I had already seen and experienced for something odd and Oriental, still the magnificence of what now met my gaze far surpassed anything I had ever dreamed of, and brought to my mind the scenes of the *Arabian Nights*, forgotten since boyhood until now. My every sense was irresistibly taken captive, and it was some moments before I could realize that I really was not the victim of some dream, for I seemed to have wholly severed my connection with the world of to-day, and to have stepped back several centuries into the times of genii, fairies and fountains—into the very heart of Persia or Arabia.

Not an inharmonious detail marred the symmetry of the whole. Beneath, my feet sank almost ankle-deep into a velvety carpet—a sea of subdued colors. Looked at closely, I found that the design was that of a garden; beds of luxurious flowers, stars and crescents, squares and diamond-shaped plots, made up of thousands of rare exotics and richly colored leaves. Here a brook, edged with damp verdure, from beneath which peeped coy violets and tiny bluebells; there a serpentine gravelled walk that wound in and out amongst the exquisite plants, and everywhere a thousand shrubs in bloom or bud. Above, a magnificent chandelier, consisting of six dragons of beaten gold, from whose eyes and throat sprang flames, the light from which, striking against a series of curiously set prisms, fell shattered and scintillating into a thousand glancing beams that illuminated every corner of the room. The rows of prisms being of clear and variously colored glass, and the dragons slowly revolving, a weird and ever-changing hue was given to every object in the room.

All about the sides of the spacious apartment, upon the floor, were mattresses covered with different colored cloth, and edged with heavy golden fringe. Upon them were carelessly strewn rugs and mats of Persian and Turkish handicraft, and soft pillows in heaps. Above the level of these divans there ran, all about the room, a series of huge mirrors framed with gilded serpents intercoiled, effectually shutting off the windows. The effect was magnificent. There seemed to be twenty rooms instead of one, and everywhere could be seen the flame-tongued and fiery-eyed dragons slowly revolving, giving to all the appearance of a magnificent kaleidoscope in which the harmonious colors were ever blending and constantly presenting new combinations.—*H. D. Kane, M.D., in Harper's Magazine for November.*

Dyeing the Hair.

Dyeing the hair is a nasty habit, and as vulgar as it is nasty. Yet a great many people from whom better things might be expected, persist in doing this. Why will they? It deceives none. There is an artificiality about the appearance of dyed hair that is as evident as a second-class politician's faith in the virtues of lying. If it improved the appearance there might be some excuse for it. But it doesn't. On the contrary, it more frequently coarsens and vulgarizes the face, and gives a cheap made-up look to the whole person of the man or woman who is foolish enough to try it. There is nothing to be ashamed of in gray hairs as so many seem to think, but the very opposite. Good friends, *please* don't dye.

A story is going the rounds just now that a certain well-known and deservedly popular clergyman in Toronto is guilty of this dyeing practise. If true it argues very poor taste on his part. A gray-haired minister may be an object of reverent regard, and a very efficient aid to devotional feelings, but one who has the artificiality and made-upness of dyed hair about him never can.

We have already said that hair-dyeing is ridiculous. It is more than that. It is highly injurious and for health reasons ought not to be done. It is besides quite incompatible with perfect cleanliness and is essentially vulgar and low bred.

SIX MONTHS ON THE CONGO.

Full Text of the Great African Explorer's Letter—Friendly Natives Give Stanley an Ovation—A Populous and Wealthy Land—The Natives know Who their Best Friend Is.

Extracts of a letter from Stanley, the great African explorer, to a friend in Boston, have been published. The following is the letter in full. It is dated Stanley Pool, Congo river, July 14.

You must have read the sensational telegram that appeared in the English papers, stating that one of our stations had been attacked, and the chief of the expedition gravely wounded. It was sent by the Dutch house which, strange to say, has joined our numerous antagonists, and as the Dutch are located at the mouth of the Congo, the slightest rumor of trouble is exaggerated. It was to this silly telegram that I am indebted for being despatched so suddenly to Congo again, when I was very unfit as you know. The news was grave, it is true, but not of the character we were told. The chief had been shot in the arm, but no station had been attacked. Our chief was, however, heartily disliked, and it seems that the sus[illegible] combined to discourage him. This proved successful, and he left the expedition without a responsible head, and for the post there were half a dozen clamorous claimants. It even became disorganized, for no one's orders were respected by the mass, and the chiefs of stations also getting discouraged from such a state of affairs, many of them had gone home. This was a sad state of affairs, but no station was in danger of attack.

Six months have brought wonders. The natives, after comparison, have begun to learn who their best friend is, and my short absence from the Congo did more to impress them favorably toward me than my three years' work of patient and just dealing. All along the line I received an ovation, and each district testified its joy quite characteristically. It would be unbecoming in me to dilate on this. Since I have arrived carriers have appeared by hundreds, and the question of transportation has lost its importance; that is, I am no longer anxious about the future. Our stations can be supplied easily with native help, though I once doubted that natives here would ever appear in force enough to do reliable and efficient service. Now I am hopeful.

Since I arrived on the Congo last December I have been up as far as the equator, and have established two more stations, besides discovering another lake, Mar tumba, and exploring for one hundred miles or thereabouts, the river known on my map as the Ikelambu, but which is really the Malundu. It is not as large as I stated in my book, but a stream the size of the Arkansas, deep, broad and very navigable. The big stream which I expect must drain the largest part of the south Congo basin must be somewhere higher up. Having become better acquainted with the country I am really struck with the dense population of the equatorial part of the basin, which, if it were uniform throughout, would give 49,000,000 souls. The number of products and the character of the people are likewise remarkable. The gums, rubber, ivory, camphor, wood and a host of other things would repay transportation, even by the very expensive mode at present in use. The people are born traders, and are, for Africans, very enterprising and industrious. They are bold in their expeditions, and risk everything to turn an honest penny.

My reception by this people was very flattering. Two incidents which occurred will keep my memory green for some time. A populous district was divided against itself, and there was nothing but war, throat cutting, carrying off of women, and much other atrocious evil. One of the chiefs in more prosperous times had visited one of my stations below, and we had purchased a fine, large canoe from him, which we had with us. He recognized it as we were sailing past, and called out. We went ashore and made up our minds to halt and buy provisions. It was then I learned that the chief was at war with his former friends, and among the names of the chiefs that he mentioned was one who had pledged brotherhood with one of my subordinates. The causes of the war and all else I soon learned, and I then asked:

"How long have you been fighting?"

"Two months."

"Can I not do something to stop it?"

"Oh, yes, if you will. They will all listen to you. We are well tired of it, because we lose money and life, but we dare not ask for peace first."

I sent two of my boats to the rival chiefs and told them if they wished to see me and to make brotherhood with me to stop the war. "We leave it to you," they said. "You decide as to who is wrong, and let the guilty party pay a fine." Three days' talk settled the matter, peace was declared, and I was elected father and mother of the country. A little below there was another populous district called Hoindi. They heard of what I had done and sent me a very hearty welcome. Here also I was elected father and mother.

I have been delighted with my trip and enjoyed robust health. Indeed I feel at this moment as strong and as active as ever. The only anxiety I have is for the new Europeans, who, before they are acclimated or before they have learned the simple art of doctoring themselves, are a great trouble, though I have two doctors to attend the sick.

Censors of the Press.

What is to be done with this plan of making the collectors of customs censors of the Press and judges of what is obscene or the reverse? When is a book obscene? Smollett's works are pretty "high." So is Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." So are Daudet's works and Zola's, and many others to say nothing of Pindar, and others of that stamp. Now these are openly sold in all our book stores and may be found, TRUTH suspects in Parliamentary Libraries at Ottawa, Quebec and possibly Toronto. How is that? It is worth while to be quite sure about not straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. It is said that the number of obscene, or at least very high French novels in the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa will be found very considerably large. How is that? Where are the censors? And why is the weeding out process not very stringently proceeded with? What about the nude statuettes of the female figure in the shop windows? TRUTH supposes that only prudes object to this sort of thing. Possibly. Still nude women whether in paint or Parian don't help things greatly. Some are even old fogeyish enough to fancy that they do more harm than either Paine or Voltaire. If the latter are left alone, almost nobody either reads or knows anything about them. It is quite otherwise when youths and maidens gaze with æsthetic and possibly lascivious eyes upon the suggestively nude figures which lovers of taste do worship. However, it is very likely that fashion makes all the difference. But what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. If the one class is to be put down, the other ought not to go Scot free, still less be lauded to the skies.

The New Public Executioner of England.

A telegram was recently received at Bradford from James Berry, who was in London, stating that he had been appointed public executioner for the Corporation of the City of London only, and that he was going to the Home Office, as he stated, to "receive and sign." Berry is about 30 years of age, is at present employed as a messenger by Mr. Joseph Wilson, boot and shoe dealer, Ivegate, Bradford, and was some time ago, for a short time, a member of the Bradford Borough police force. He was a friend of Mr. Marwood, and had frequent discussions with him on the best and most effective modes of "despatching" criminals.

Among the new winter materials are woollens, with patterns in chenille; there patterns are flowers or leaves in cameo shades on plain grounds; some are outlined in fine cords around the chenille figures.

Some Notable Dates.

Friday was a red letter day in the history of days, for it was on the 12th of October that Christopher Columbus landed on Watting's Island, one of the Bahamas, in the year with which every school boy is familiar, and which needs no mention here or now except to say that in nine years more it will be four hundred years since that event took place. It need scarcely be added that though Columbus was the first to proclaim to the world at large the existence of a new and vast region in the direction of the setting sun, he cannot be said to have been the first European discoverer of America. The ancient Scandinavians or Norsemen had at the commencement of the 11th century not only settled colonies in Greenland but explored the whole east coast of America as far South as lat. 41° 30' N, and there, in New Bradford in the State of Massachusetts they planted a colony. There is also satisfactory evidence for believing that in the 12th century the celebrated Welch Prince, Madoc, having sailed from his native country with a small fleet, landed and founded a colony on the coast of Virginia. Still all this does not take away from Columbus the great distinguishing and unique merit of having philosophically reasoned out the existence of a New World, and by practically ascertaining the truth of his propositions of inaugurating that connection between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres which has effected so remarkable a revolution in the world's history. All honor to Columbus and the 12th of October.

But if Friday was remarkable for some occurences, some births and some deaths, Saturday is not unnoticeable in the same way though it has no discovery of America to show. There is quite a nice catalogue of births, but space refuses to permit reference to any but that of Sophia, the old Electress of Hanover, who, by giving England a King in the person of George the Furst[illegible], it is to be presumed, that country under great and lasting obligations. There is no use in trying to clear up the genealogy of the old lady, and thus to show how she or her son duly heired the British throne. Every school girl can do that. Curious to think, however, that she was born as far back as 1630, before the troubles of Charles I. her stately, but sadly unreliable relative, had begun, and before he was very far on the journey which sent him to his grave without the head.

And what about the deaths? Oh, there were quite a number. Beza the reformer dropped off in 1605. Harrison, so well known in the English Parliamentary wars, was executed in 1660. Poor Murat, the brother-in-law of Bonaparte, got himself shot in 1815, and Mrs. E. Fry passed on to the majority in 1845. Ah, perhaps that last mentioned person was the most remarkable of them all. Mrs. Fry, has made her name a household word to the world over, and has done so without it having to be said that while she attended to the wants and miseries of the world she neglected her own family. As a wife and mother she was most sedulous in attending to all domestic duties, so that when the ear heard her, it blessed her in the house as well as out of it. Good for them if the same could be said of all fussing philanthropic females so called who have a mission to put themselves forward as intense "workers" in any good cause but who rear a most unkempt collection of neglected brats, and make their husbands standing reminders of the "little Pa," whom Dickens has sketched so graphically and who painfully felt what an awful affliction a woman with a mission may occasionally become. Those who want to rival Mrs. Fry had better take the private domestic side of that lady's conduct as well as the more public as the object of their meditation and the model for their copying. If they do and think, there are some whom TRUTH knows and whose hearts may well ache and whose consciences ought to give many an ugly twinge.

Out of Doors.

There is great variety as well as luxury in the cloaks and mantles of the present season. "Carriage" cloaks—that is, visiting cloaks—take the pelisse form, and are of embossed or broche velvet, or brocaded satin, with sash, and high, open sleeves, or short dolman sleeves. New cloak fabrics are of satin, or velvet with plush spots, flowers or large leaves, and these are lined with plush and trimmed with heavy chenille fringes and passementeries. A superb black velvet pelisse is showered about the throat and down the front, as well as upon the sleeves, with soft, "marabout" chenille fringe. The lining is quilted apricot satin. A cream cloth mantle, for theatre and opera wear, is richly trimmed with passementeries made in silk and gold; and a still more costly one, of white brocaded velvet, shows the design exquisitely outlined with gold embroidery against a lining of gold satin, and lovely fringes of gold and cream white chenille.

Braided cloth garments will doubtless be more popularly employed than for many years past, so many new effects having been produced by the intermixture of different kinds of braids, and the greater skill in the use of them. Narrow double-fold braids, combined with narrow Hercules braid—the latter set on end in what is known as the [illegible]nife-blade' pattern—are highly effective; and though these styles are yet confined to imported garments, and therefore expensive, because done by hand, yet there is a probability that the inventive genius of a woman has solved the problem of how to execute these difficult and artistic combinations by a simple machine attachment; and if this is the case, braiding as ornamentation, is yet in its infancy, and a new lease of life may be anticipated for it. Some beautiful effects have been produced upon the new light Vicugna cloths by embroidery braiding in ecru silk and gold. These are expensive, but the gold does not tarnish, and such styles never become common.

India Cashmere visites are in as high vogue as ever; they, also, are expensive and uncommon, and one is considered a necessary part of an outfit, much as a Cashmere shawl was formerly.

The new cloth redingotes are in different tones of color from those which prevailed last year—smoke-grays, fawn-brown, mouse-color, and snuff-brown are in high vogue. The newest style has a cape, and the recent addition of plaits or fullness in the back gives all the freedom required for the slight tournure or drapery.

The cape, is added to some cloaks with good effect, but it is, of course, for those that are most suitable for wraps, and that are made in checked cloths—mixed checks, such as bronze, brown, garnet, and black, with ecru lines. Epaulets for the shoulder are a feature of some of the new coats, and festooned cords, with shoulder ornaments, thrown across the breast, are quite frequent.

Fitted capes are a pretty autumn novelty, which achieved immediate popularity. They are set high and gathered on the shoulders, are lined with silk, and often richly trimmed with beading or embroidery. Capes made entirely of feathers are a little too suggestive of the primitive man or woman to become popular. In silk plush they are beautiful.

Shut up for a season—The pepper box.

How comes it to pass that some people are so full of a project or enterprise till it is fairly matured and till they are fairly into it, and then when the irrevocable step has been taken, shrink back with perfect horror and would give all the world if they could only undo what a day or two before was thought the very best thing possible? The judgment gets beclouded, the whole facts of the case distorted and out of sorts, and the worse appears the better cause. How is this? It is like a fascination almost of the nature of a temptation, and ends as soon as there is no remedy. It is difficult to say. In all such cases there is more or less of weakness and instability of judgment, and a certain restless unsettledness which is sure to issue disastrously. In all cases the wise will let well alone. They may discover their mistake when it is too late. Two chances to one they will. But in that case, mum's the word. They don't tell everybody that they have played the fool.

A School Girl's Suicide

Floating in the Deleware near Fall street, Trenton, N. J. recently, was found the body of a young and very light complexioned colored girl neatly attired in black. Andrew S. S. Gordon, a colored barber, of 540 South Warren street had been searching for his youngest daughter, Mamie, who had left her home the previous evening. He recognized in the drowned girl his missing child. She was one of five unusually bright and intelligent children. Her home was comfortable, and the family respected in the neighborhood. With her brother she attended the Centre street public school, they two being the only colored children allowed to go there. She was apt in her studies, liked by her teacher, and popular with her fellow pupils.

Early in the week a vulgar parody on "Over the Garden Wall" fell into the hands of the teacher of Mamie's class after it had been circulated around the room among the girls. The teacher took it to Principal Thomas M. White, and he talked to the class about it and expelled one girl, who was believed to have been most in fault. He threatened to send letters to the parents of the other girls. On the following day the expelled girl was reinstated, and the Principal again lectured the class and repeated the threat to send letters. Miss Gordon's good standing in school and her extreme sensitiveness about being thought to have done anything that would reflect discredit on her race made the prospect of the Principal's carrying out his threat very alarming to her. She seems to have got the idea that the note was to be sent to her house on Friday, and as that day approached her dread worked upon her so that she neglected her books, refused to play with her companions, and lost all of her habitually good spirits. Her parents noticed that she seemed to avoid being alone with them, but, knowing nothing of the circumstances, did not pay much attention to it. On the Wednesday she told her brother that if the Principal wrote the letter she would kill herself. The previous night she asked him if he knew whether her parents had got any letter yet. He told her he thought not, and she replied:—

"I can't stand this. I am going to drown myself or take poison."

Soon afterward she left the house, saying she would return soon. As she did not return at a late hour her father became anxious and began to search for her. When her brother told his story of her despondency and its cause, the anxiety of the family were doubled, the police were informed, and a search was kept up all night and until the body was found in the morning. There is little disposition shown to blame any one, as it does not appear that the reprimands of the Principal were unusually severe. County Physician Dunham decided that no inquest was necessary.

"Fast and Loose."

Reader, do you know what that term means, or are you intending to come to Canada? If so, I will tell you. In order to thoroughly find out and appreciate the technicalities of the term it is necessary that you should be of a convivial disposition, and drink and treat the "boys" whom you will find in plenty around each bar. Soon you will have a reputation, which is the commencement of the "game." In order more fully to follow out the working, suppose some kindly dispositioned fellow goes into an hotel at any port of entry and treats a stranger or two: he will soon find himself acquainted with the leaders of the "dogs," who in turn gamble with the "farmers." These "farmers" and their gangs of "painters, whitewashers, and builders" follow every new arrival in order to work him, and when well "worked" the victim will find himself "given away" to the D. D. s of either the U. S. or of Canada for them to have the picking of his bones or whatever is left, to make the most of. On leaving by the cars, these thugs follow him, and by the time he arrives at his destination he finds himself simply notorious. Then comes in the harvest of the "farmer," for now they have to sell him, so while some are spreading their reports and betting against him in the city, the others alternately watch the house, or secure rooms close by, and then in succession begins the history of the victim, such as had been gathered, interspersed by crimes attributed that had no existence. "If we don't take him we'll kill him" is a favorite expression. "He's got money and the N. T. D. D. s will give $1,000 for him" is another. "Who is he, anyway? lay for him in a gang. He's sold; no, he isn't, he's straight, you bet. He's sold. What am I going to do about all I've laid out? I've been after this thing over six months," with other expressions covering every possible act. Reiterating such things constantly, no wonder it plays considerably on the nerves of a man trying to brace himself up from a spree, or steady his nerves already high strung and imaginative to the last degree. Is it any wonder, then, that men of weak nerves rush off to the Mayor's office and claim protection as we constantly see and hear of them doing? For the traps that are set for young and old who are ever noticed taking a glass or two of spirits are something indescribable. A visit to two or three saloons and partaking but of liquor, without even an association with the crowd, is enough. A reputation is secured and your ruin has commenced. So beware before you start, both young and old, of the consequences you incur by drinking liquor in Canada and allowing the "dogs," "thugs" and "farmers" to play fast and loose.

A Beggar With the Wrong Trade Mark.

A miserable ragged fellow was seated on the low wall of St. Paul's Churchyard. Suspended from his neck was the familiar sign, "Please Help the Blind." A young merchant passing by looked at the beggar, paused, looked again, and then walked up to him and pretended to strike him with the cane he carried. The medicant dodged the blow. "Ha! ha!" the young man almost screamed; "you dodged that just as I expected. You humbug! you fraud! you scoundrel! Now will you go about your business or shal I call the police?"

The medicant's face showed alarm, but he uttered not a sound. The angry merchant bade him speak quickly. A crowd gathered. The beggar went into a paraxysm of earnest, almost frantic, gesticulation. The merchant grew furiously angry, and as he stormed, and the beggar made pantomimic gestures, a policeman came up.

"What's the matter here?" the officer inquired. The medicant made signs that he did not know, and that he was ignorant apparently of everything.

"Why, the villain is no more blind than I am," said the merchant. "I saw him turn his head to look at me as I was passing by. I pretended I was going to strike him and he dodged the blow."

At this the medicant's face worked as if he were in mortal agony.

"Och, bad cess to it, I must shpake or I'll bur-r-r-st!" he said; "I'm not bloind at all, at all. And have I the bloind soign on? Sure it's all a mistake intoirely. I thought I had the diff and doomb soign on me, so I did. Plase let me go, gintlemen, that I may be afther foinding my brother. Sure he'll be bringing disgrace on the family. Upon me word, sur, me brother is bloind complately, and begorra he musht be shtanding somewheres wid me diff and doomb soign hanging onto him, and him a singing out: 'Plase help the bloind.'"

OHIO.—The temperance workers in the State of Ohio have not been successful in obtaining a majority for the prohibitory amendment to the State constitution. The vote polled in its favor was so large, however, as to plainly indicate that the day is not far distant when prohibition will be a law in that State. We have not yet seen the exact figures, but the vote polled for the amendment was something like 310,000, out of a total available vote of 709,335. Of course the temperance people will be encouraged to persevere, and those engaged in the liquor interests will have timely warning to stand from under. The whole question has been so thoroughly agitated that matters will not long stand in their present shape.

FASHION NOTES.

Fanchon bonnets will remain in vogue.

Gray felt is the rage of the moment for hats and bonnets.

Sometimes a fresh trimming suffices to transform a dress.

Tiny checks are fashionable in both silk and woollen fabrics.

Combinations of stuffs are as popular for cloaks as for dresses.

Combinations of brocade and shot glace are very fashionable.

Dots, macaroons and stars are popular designs in wool broches.

Bisque figures, unless they are very fine, are excessively vulgar.

The blouse redingote will be the favorite with tall and slender women.

A singular English fancy is to combine ashes of roses with gold color.

Velveteen is the favorite fabric for trimming old woolen dresses.

Checked and brocaded fabrics are prettily combined with plain stuffs.

Imported hats and bonnets are noticeably larger than those of last fall.

Dark Russian furs—black fox, hare, otter and sable—will be much worn.

Capes or large collars are worn on tight walking jackets by young ladies.

New shoulder capes are cut to produce a full epaulette effect on the shoulders.

Moss green, reseda, sage green, and all shades of dark green are very fashionable.

Hats have high crowns and small brims, or else moderate crowns and broad brims.

Ladies spend their spare change for fine glass ornaments this fall instead of bisque.

Many new felt hats are high crowned with narrow brims and the trimmings all on one side.

Egyptian red is the most lasting of all the æsthetic colors; it will be as popular as ever this winter.

The combination of velvet or velveteen with woolen fabrics grows in favor as the season advances.

Large bonnets are worn to excess on the other side, but American women will not give up the Fanchon.

Velvet epaulettes mounted on stiff muslin and wire appear on many handsome imported dinner costumes.

There is a tendency toward the revival of colored wraps for occasions of high ceremony and for carriage wear.

The most exclusive and fashionable dressmakers of Paris announce the arrival of the short waists of the first empire.

Wide worsted braids are much used in trimming fall suits. Sometimes a line of fine gold soutache edges the wide braid, but this is only for home wear.

Amber-tinted velours of long, strong pile, with marabout fringes of the same color form many elegant sorties de bal, the ornamentation consisting of passementeries of brown and old gold silken cords, outlined with gold soutache; pendants of rat-tail chenille showing gold and brown complete the decorative effects.

Shooting a Bear.

Even the oil excitement has failed to drive all of the wild animals out of McKean county. It is but a few years since the dense forests in the vicinity of Bradford were populated by bears, wolves, wildcats, panthers and deer. Oil and civilization have combined to drive them away, and panthers and wildcats have disappeared. There are still left, however, a few wolves, a score or two of bears, and any number of deer. Jim Jacobs, the veteran Indian bear hunter, yearly visits his favorite haunts in the wilds of McKean county. He has probably killed more wild animals than any living hunter east of the Rocky Mountains. The stories of his exciting adventure would fill volumes. Not long ago a farmer living in the eastern part of the county reported that several of his sheep had been killed by wolves. Recently John Anderson, a farmer, living on Minard Run, five miles east of Bradford, on the line of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, was awakened by the barking of his Newfoundland dog. At the same time he heard a strange scraping noise on the roof of the shed in the rear of the house. Mr. Anderson and a hired man, George Tibbetts, armed themselves with guns and cautiously crept out of a side door. They found the dog barking at a big black bear which was perched on the roof of the wood shed. Mr. Anderson's gun was accidently discharged, killing the dog. Tibbitts kept cool, and, holding the gun within six feet of the bear, shot it in the neck. With a howl the bear dropped from the shed and shambled off into the forest. As the night was dark the men did not care to pursue the wounded animal. Its bloody tracks were seen the next day, and several men were soon searching the forest for it.

Didn't Know Who it was.

The talk drifted from ships to boats, and an officer in the United States army attempted to enlighten the most modest looking man of the lot on rowing. He told him how to rig a boat, how to balance himself in a shell, and how to measure his stroke. Mr. Frank Mayo, who was in charge of the stranger, became silent, then amused, and finally exclaimed: "For God's sake, captain, hold on! You don't know who you are talking to."

"Well, I did a little rowing when a boy and ought to know something about boating," replied the captain, with a flush on his face.

"Well," said Mr. Mayo, "you are talking to Edward Hanlan."

The captain removed his hat, then extended his hand.

"Mr. Hanlan, I beg your pardon. I did not catch your name at first. If I had stuck to my trade and talked army I should not have made a fool of myself. What shall it be? Yellow label?"

Railway Wages in British Columbia.

From the Victoria *Evening Press* the following official list of wages on the Canada Pacific railway (A. Onderdonk, contractor,) in British Columbia: Overseers $125 per month, rock foremen $3 50 to $4 per day, earth foremen $2 50 to $3 50, bridge foreman $3 50 to $4 50, bridge carpenters, 1st class, $3 50, 2d do. $3, masons $2 50 to $3 50, stonecutters $3 to $3 50, blacksmiths, 1st class, $3 50, 2d do. $3, blacksmiths' helpers $1 50 to $2, drillers $2 to $2 50, laborers, $1 75 to $2, hewers, $3 50, choppers $2 to $2 50, scorers $2 50, of ten hours per day. The contractors leave it optional with the men to board with them at $4 per week.

The Sun Turns Green in India.

A remarkable phenomenon has been observed lately at several places in the Madras and Bombay Presidencies, and has caused much interest, mingled with not a little alarm among the superstitious. For some days the sun presented a distinctly green color. Several explanations have been put forward, of which the most plausible appears to be that offered by the Government Astronomer, that it is due to the passage across southern India of clouds of sulphurous vapor from the Java volcanoes.

A western prize envelope professing to give a valuable secret for ten cents, is worth notice. One purchaser when he opened his treasure, found a sentence like the following:—"Never purchase anything without first examining it. If you had done this, you would never have paid ten cents for an old envelope, when you could have got a dozen good ones for the same money." True as gospel. An unseen bargain is sure so be found a very visible loss in due time.

The Queen did nobody any wrong in giving her grandson the Garter the other day, as there are an unlimited number of extra knights among the various royal families, the ordinary knights being only twenty-four in number.

The Workman's Song.

BY CLARENCE A. FONKERDEN.

I will write the songs of the workingman,
And I'll sing them, too, for am I not one?
Yea, I belong to the brotherhood,
And I'll work and sing till the work be done,
Till the whole be finished, spick and span,
And rounded off in the homely shop,
Where honest toil and sweet content
Give Life and Time their noblest prop.

Then, comrades, come, and sing with me,
To the end of the toilsome, weary days;
Blend we our songs with the din of work
Till the whole world join in labor's praise;
With the hammer's twang and shovel's thud,
And the steaming engine's whistle shrill,
Let the song of the workingman be heard
Till the heavens and earth with the echoes fill

To the plow, to the plane, in field or in shop,
Go we to the task with a merry song,
And the toil and moil shall be all made sweet
To the heart and hand of the working throng.
And anon when brawn and brain unite
In God and Nature's righteous plan,
The world shall give all honor due
To the honest, upright workingman.

Who tills the ground with his own right hand,
And makes his bread with the might of brawn,
Shall awake from slumber's sweet repose
Refreshed and blest on the morrow's dawn;
Who rings the ax and whirrs the saw,
As rightly becometh he who can,
Proclaims to the world in his homely way,
There is honor due to the workingman.

The manliest men on earth to-day
Are they who work and still rejoice;
Who well life's brunt and burden bear
And hymn its praise with grateful voice;
Each treads the earth as a noble man,
God's likeness in his honest face,
And shall in the whited light of time
In the rank of heroes take his place.

JANET'S LOVE.

BY LOUISE ALEXANDER.

Mr. Angus Loring paused in the midst of his solitary breakfast to meditate gloomily on the contents of a letter before him.

"A comfortable life I shall lead," he soliloquized, as he pushed back his chair and strode back and forth the room. "A pleasant life it will be, with a dancing, prancing girl, let loose about the house, and eternally jingling 'La Fille de Madame Angot,' on my Erard piano. I wish to heaven, Arthur Lynde or I had been at the bottom of the Red Sea, before he induced me to become the guardian of his daughter."

From which misanthropic utterances, it may very readily and slightly be inferred that Mr. Angus Loring was a bachelor. Certainly there was nothing very prepossessing about this gentleman's tall, spare figure, and gray eyes, that were cold and searching; evidently his was a nature without tenderness or sentiment. In fact, Mr. Loring was a solitary man, who sought no companionship, male or female; whose one passion was music—his idol, literature. Not a very congenial spirit then, it may be imagined, for a young school-girl, freshly recovered from a serious illness, which rendered a change of surroundings imperative, and further study impossible. Such was the necessity that was bringing Janet Lynde to the home her father had destined her, when he died. And Mr. Loring, who, when the prospect of taking her in charge had been in far perspective did not consider the idea so formidable, now turned in utter repugnance from the duty immediately before him. However, the arrival was yet a week off, and in the meantime Mr. Loring played his most intricate and classical music as though to banish from his soul all memory of the disagreeable future.

It was in the twilight of a winter's afternoon that Mr. Loring's ward arrived, accompanied by the maid that had been sent to fetch her; and as her guardian received her with formal and punctilious courtesy, he had to admit that in exterior appearance, at least, there was nothing formidable about Janet Lynde. Very small and quiet she looked in her simple black dress, as she answered with monosyllables his words of greeting, and then asked permission to retire. And soon Mr. Loring began to discover, that the elements he had dreaded in his ward's nature were not forthcoming, and except that they met regularly at their breakfast and late dinner, it would have been difficult for Mr. Loring to remember there was a feminine presence in the house. Gradually there grew up in his mind an odd curiosity concerning this mute young person, who sat facing him at the table. Could it be possible, he speculated, that she was satisfied to live, solitary as himself, in a large house without human sympathy or companionship? Never yet had he found indications of sadness, or discontent disturbing the tranquility of her face, nor had he heard the tones of the obnoxious "Madame Angot" brought forth by the agency of those slim hands. How did the deft little fingers employ themselves? And what sweet serenity there was in the curves of her red lips! More than once Mr. Loring surprised a quickly suppressed smile, or a sudden flash of the dark eyes, and it had come to pass that the reserve which, at first, had been a source of self-gratulation to Mr. Loring, now gave away to a tantalized annoyance, as the days and the weeks went by, and found him no nearer understanding the unusual young person who still obeyed the precept of childhood, "to speak only when spoken too."

Coming home one day, much earlier than customary, Mr. Loring's steps were arrested on the threshold of his library by certain sounds issuing from behind the heavy oak door. Surely it was a woman's voice singing Beethoven's "Adelaide" in tones of purest, clearest soprano. How it thrilled Angus Loring's music-loving nature, as he listened to the liquid intonations and cautiously opened the door far enough to inspect the intruder within. There she was—his ward—on the topmost round of the ladder, apparently selecting a volume from the well filled shelf, while the melody of her song came as readily from her lips as a bird's notes. What a morsel she looked up there, and how delightful it would be to help her down from her high perch! At the thought Mr. Loring pushed open the door wide, and entered. The song ceased suddenly, and Janet's cheeks were flushed carnation pink, as she asked pardon for her intrusion, in the tones of a naughty child. Then, book in hand, she would have slipped away, but her guardian's voice arrested her at the door.

"By the way, Janet," he said, "do you never feel the need for more amusement in your life? You must find yourself very dull at times, I fancy."

"Not when there are such delightful books to be had," answered Janet, with a quick, bright smile, holding up the "Mill on the Floss;" "I do not even feel the necessity for some one to whom I might remark that solitude is a fine thing."

Mr. Loring's eyes flashed a delightful smile. Here was a young person who evidently read Balzac. He would further test her literary discernment.

"Sit down, and let me catechise you a bit, Janet," he said, as he handed a chair. "It's one of my beliefs that the great keynote of character is in one's choice of books. Of course, being a young lady, you do not like Dickens?"

"I have read every book of his twice over," said Janet, with the enthusiasm of youth; "indeed, so much did I like David Copperfield, that I might remark with Mrs. Blimber, that if I could have known Dickens I should die happy, as I do not care particularly for an acquaintance with Cicero."

And Miss Lynde's eyes were raised demurely to his, and gave Mr. Loring his first opportunity to observe how exquisitely clear they were.

"On my word you remember something of what you read," commented her guardian, with an amused smile, as he folded his arms and surveyed with furtive criticism the small head, crowned with red brown hair that rippled into irrepressible waves and curls, while Miss Lynde diligently employed the pause by turning over the leaves of a magazine on the table before her. So Mr. Loring had time to reflect that it could not have been altogether timidity that hitherto had kept this dogmaticy oung lady silent. What then was it, unless a repugnance towards the man who buried her alive in his great silent house?

Mr. Loring came out of his reverie with a start, and consulted his watch. "I must not forget that I am going away," he said, with something very like a sigh; "it is impossible to say when I may be back—certainly not under a month. I have made arrangements with my cousin—an elderly but very agreeable lady—who has just returned from abroad, to remain with you in my absence; she will probably remain permanently, as some time ago, I asked her acceptance of a home here. Now I must insist on you having more society—more amusement in your life. Ask one of your old school comrades, or as many as you choose, to come, spend a month or two with you. Turn the house inside out, if you will. I make but one proviso, Janet—be glad to see me when I come back—it will be a new and delightful experience to have some one welcome me home."

As he finished, Mr. Loring held out his hand, and as Janet returned the clasp, she answered gayly: "You shall be obeyed sir, in every particular. Good bye!"

As the door closed after her, involuntarily Mr. Loring sighed. It was impossible to hide from his penetrating eyes that she was glad he was going away, and indeed, as he argued impartially, why should she be sorry? Truly, there was nothing he had done to make either himself or his house so agreeable that she should be loath to part with either the one or the other. But when he returned, he decided it should be quite different. He would commence the careful study of this demure, charming little girl, whose reserved and yet ingenuous manner had stirred up strange feelings in his calm breast. Even in the midst of the important case that required his utmost vigilance and intellectual ability to bring to a favourable conclusion, the memory of that bright animated face and uplifted eyes haunted him. There were possibilities of intellect in that young ward of his, he reflected. How was it he had not found it out sooner? Here then would be a study more interesting, more satisfying than science, for she held the key as well as the index to the volume. So it was with great inward satisfaction that Mr. Loring found his case in the Supreme Court sooner reached, and more speedily concluded than he had thought possible, and himself on the way home again. Hitherto he had always telegraphed for rooms to be aired, and preparations to be made for his arrival, but all these considerations were swallowed up now, in the prospect ahead, of a certain youthful person coming forward to meet him with words of welcome. Where should he find her? In the library where they had parted? No; there, all was silent and dreary, as it had been before her existence was remembered. The whole house was silent as a tomb, Mr. Loring soliloquized impatiently, while he mounted the stairs to his own apartments. His feet pressed the thick carpet noiselessly, and just then voices in conversation issued from a room, whose door was slightly ajar.

"So this is Mr. Angus Loring," said a strange voice, manifestly feminine, "Mr. *Angular* Loring would be more appropriate I should say, from the look of his picture; and such eyes! Why, Janet, I could almost fancy he was looking at me in the flesh. How you can make a hero out of such an old and ugly man, is beyond my conception."

Mr. Loring seated himself in an easy chair, just where he could see and hear unobserved, with a total indifference to the fate of eavesdroppers.

"At least, he has very good taste in furnishing his house," said the strange voice presently, from another quarter of the room. "These mantle ornaments are superb—but how you manage to get away with your time, is a mystery to me. It is certainly barbarous of your guardian to have kept you shut up in this great prison, away from all civilized society. Either he is very selfish, or you are remarkably precious to him."

"Indeed, I shall not let you run down Mr. Loring," interrupted Janet, with a certain sound of decision in her voice. "He is very kind to me, does not interfere with my time or the way I employ it, and even at school, Jessie, you know I was never gregarious. I have been quite engrossed, this winter in my painting and music. But you should hear Mr. Loring! Many a time, he would have been horrified to know that I was sitting on the stairs, listening to him play Beethoven's and Schuman's great works. You should hear him render the 'Moonlight Sonata'— You would never doubt but that he had a grand and noble soul." Mr. Loring nearly betrayed his presence, in an effort to see Miss Lynde's face, as she spoke those rapid and enthusiastic words. "Bad symptoms" said Miss Vinter, shaking her head astutely, with the air of a person who knew all about such matters. "And how old might the interesting monster be?" with youthful *insouciance*. "Jessie, I really will not listen when you speak of my guardian so disrespectfully." And Miss Lynde turned with offended dignity to the piano.

"Oh! very well," responded incorrigible Jessie, with a light laugh. "But here under his own fig tree, Janet, I will predict, that you and the Angular being of your veneration will wind up, by getting married." But Miss Lynde had forthwith commenced, with great energy to play a polonaise of Schubert's, and there was a precision and firmness in the touch of those slender yet strong fingers, sufficient to surprise anew the man who for a year had lived in ignorance of the treasure, that his house had held.

"Mr. Loring!" The white hands came down with a crash on the ivory keys, in her surprise and consternation. "I am so sorry, I mean I am so glad to see you home again," with timidly extended hand, "Jessie, Miss Vinter this is my guardian, Mr. Loring." Rather a lame introduction, but Miss Vinter went through the ceremony of handshaking with great coolness, pursued a commonplace conversation for a few minutes, and then with a mischievous look at Janet, excused herself and withdrew.

"What will you think of me, Mr. Loring?" burst forth Janet, with almost deploring deprecation as soon as they were alone. "We are to have a party to-night, and music—what shall we do?" "What shall you do?" echoed her guardian with an amused and indulgent smile at her almost tragic tone of dismay. "Why, promise me to enjoy yourself, with all the gaiety of your innocent heart." He had got possession now of both her hands, and was looking deep into those haunting, limpid eyes. "And what have you been doing with yourself?" He asked presently, when the long lashes began to droop. "Has my cousin treated you well?"

"She has been very kind," Janet answered, "and since Jessie came, we have been to the opera twice, the Art Gallery and a reception. Oh! yes, I have seen a great deal of amusement since you went away, but I am very glad that you are come home again."

* * * * *

Mr. Loring was restlessly pacing up and down his flower-decked drawing room, with his eyes upon the broad stairway beyond, watching for the slight figure that was now constantly in his thoughts. But the plain, black-robed young lady did not appear. Instead there came gliding down a wonderful vision of *tulle* and silk—her lustrous robe garlanded with snow-balls, fresh roses on her cheeks, and innocent delight in her brown eyes. Angus Loring felt a momentary impulse to take her in his arms, snow balls and all, but instead, he folded his arms ,and viewed her with a pleased criticism. Truly, she reminded him of some small, beautifully plumed bird, in this new attire, and as he raised the slim, gloved hand to his lips said, "Janet, I fear I shall have occasion to mourn lost opportunities the rest of my life; the chrysalis state is over, you have emerged a gay young butterfly, that will soar away beyond me." And when Janet would have answered him, guests were announced, and Miss Lynde entered upon the duties of her first evening, as hostess. A very successful party it proved. And Janet found herself in a new and delightful atmosphere. As if in a dream she heard herself uttering gay speeches, and knew that she was surrounded by a throng striving for her smiles and bright words of *repartee*. Even Miss Vinter in her superb pink brocade, was not sought after to the extent of this small youthful creature in her pure white robe. At length, however, the evening was over, with all its excitements and pleasure, and even Miss Vinter had disappeared up stairs. Janet was going too, when her guardian detained her with a word. "It is needless to ask if you have enjoyed yourself," he said kindly, with a look at her pink cheeks and the brightness of her eyes.

"How will you be able, Janet, to go back to the every-day dullness of your life?"

"Oh! it has been very delightful," said Janet, gaily; "but one cannot expect life to be always a holiday—" "Spoken like a sage," answered her guardian with amused gravity. "Nevertheless, I have a mind to test your philosophy. Suppose I ask my cousin to chaperone you into society for the rest of the winter? Ah! I see that you would like it. Well then, consider it a thing accomplished, but there is a provision, before the contract is ratified. Six months from to-night you will come to me, in my study, confess your experiences, and consider whether peace be declared, or war still continued in the enemy's country." And so they parted for the night.

Very speedily the quiet mansion of Mr. Loring was besieged with gay callers, and cards for receptions, *reunions*, and all manner of amusements, and at all these festivities Janet came rapidly into favor. How innocent and happy looking she was, beside those others, thought her guardian proudly. There were moments when he longed to snatch her away from all these people, before they had time to dim the freshness of her nature, or taste its sweetness. But he had set a guard upon his impulses, in the steadfast purpose, to be generous to the young life, he held dearer than his own. Gradually he withdrew himself to the old quiet solitary evenings of music and literature. It was more than he could bear—he told himself, to witness the triumph of another man who had won the prize he coveted. Yet he could not but acknowledge that this young Marcelle—whose attentions were so marked, that he, as her guardian, was constantly being asked when Miss Lynde was to be married—he could not but concede that this young gentleman was entirely suitable in age and fortune, and character. But it was none the less hard to bear for that reason, and Mr. Loring concealed his disappointment in an accession of unapproachableness, that was both alarming and inexplicable to Janet.

There was a light tap upon the library door, where Mr. Loring sat, ostensibly reading, but in reality speculating as to the chance of Miss Lynde's remembering a certain agreement, entered into between them six months before.

"At least, it is proper, this Mr. Marcelle should acquaint me with his intentions," he was thinking, and then Janet slowly opened the door and advanced. There was a beautiful flush in her cheeks, and the delicate shade of her *ciel*-blue silk contrasted well with the pale roses in her hair.

"Do I disturb you?" she said timidly, "I feared perhaps you had forgotten—and as I am going to the opera with Mr. Marcelle, I thought I would remind you—it is just six months to night——" And then Miss Lynde quite broke down and stood like a beautiful bashful girl, pulling her *bouquet* to pieces.

"Come here Janet," said her guardian quietly, as he placed a chair beside him. "Do you realize, my child, that I stand to you in a father's place? Tell me, Janet, is Mr. Marcelle the happy man, to whom I shall be asked to give you? I had hoped you would have given me your confidence, but I am aware there is nothing in my manner to call forth confidences," and Mr. Loring made a difficult effort to smile.

Janet had listened to this sufficiently long and measured speech, with a slowly deepening flush.

"How could you think it?" she asked with rapid utterance, and rather irrational indignation. "Why, Mr. Loring, he is hardly more than a boy. How could I respect a man who has no positive ideas of life, whose very ideas are unformed and of course it is impossible to love, if one does not respect——"

"Logical as ever, I see, Janet," said Mr. Loring, smiling quite easily this time.

"I may as well tell you, Mr. Loring," remarked Janet, with an air of injured dignity, "that it is Jessie Vinton whom Mr. Marcelle is anxious to marry, but that is not known just at present."

"Then Mr. Marcelle is disposed of, as far as I am concerned, Janet;" and, with great magnanimity, "he is certainly a very estimable young gentleman, from all I hear." Then more seriously: "And you have nothing further to confide in me? No advice to ask or favor to request?"

"None whatever, sir," Janet answered faintly.

"But Janet," he went on hurriedly, "you must not imagine that I am blind; quite unintentionally I have come across evidences that your heart is engaged—some verses, very pretty ones too, in a book you had been reading. You may rely upon my indulgence, child, and if your love is given to a man capable of appreciating the gift, my consent shall not be wanting."

"You are very kind," said Janet, with great bitterness, "and if you are endeavoring to let me know, in a polite way, that you are tired of your position as my guardian, I can go away—back to school, any place you please, only I shall never marry, not even to please you," and suddenly Miss Lynde's lovely eyes brimmed over with tears and called into requisition a diminutive lace handkerchief.

Here was the spectacle of a woman in tears, a situation Mr. Loring had always previsionally abhorred. But could this be the cold and proud man who now so passionately and extravagantly entreated this tearful young lady to dry her eyes and weep no more?

"Pray, pray, don't cry," he besought her. "What have I said! Why should I want you to go away? Do you not know that from the hour I lose you, life will be a very desolate and empty affair to me? Have you not seen that I love you with all the force and fullness of a nature that love never before had reached? Janet, I had not meant to frighten or distress you, but I am not made of stone, child, that I can listen to such words when you should know that the treasure of your heart would make mine supremely happy."

And what did Janet answer to this rhapsody? A wondering gladness had slowly usurped the place of tears, and the large eyes raised to Angus Loring's face were beautifully tender.

"And you can really love me?" she whispered softly, as they stood there, face to face, beneath the clear glow of the chandelier. "You, so far above me in intellect and culture, can really love me? God has been very good to me." And the low voice was very reverent as it spoke these words.

"What is this you have said?" exclaimed her guardian, as he grasped Janet's hands in a strong pressure. "Tell me at once, that I was mistaken; that I am already ripe for my dotage, in the mad notion you would consent to marry me."

Surely there was nothing cold or searching now, in those long gray eyes, though there was an air of strongly enforced repression in his manner, as he uplifted the round chin, to gaze at the delicious mystery of Janet's face. But that was surely delighted, radiant happiness that curved those red lips in lines of infinite content. And what words were those he heard, so softly uttered, that he must hold her close to catch them?

"I shall never love any one but you, and if you will take so small and insignificant a creature to be your wife, I shall be unspeakably happy."

So Mr. Marcelle went alone to the opera that night, and presently the fashionable world received their wedding cards.

Marriage Insurance Companies ought to be called Marriage Assurance. They are intolerable frauds as every one will soon find out to his cost, who enters upon the pleasant arrangement proposed. A burnt child, etc., and one pretty well scorched has told TRUTH all his heart. Friends, friends, don't try to get a marriage portion that way. You will be done for, sure.

POPE LEO AT HOME.

Everyday Life of the Holy Father.—A Reception to Irish Pilgrims.

The *Capitan Fracassa*, of Rome, publishes a conversation which one of its correspondents had with the Rev. Philip Barry, canon of the Cashel cathedral. The canon is said to have spoken as follows:—"Leo XIII, is now seventy-four years of age. He is tall, thin, and bony. His face is of an ivory tint, and his eyes and lips are very expressive and smiling. He looks very firm. Simeoni says he resembles Voltaire, but Leo XIII.'s smile is totally different to Voltaire's smile. The Pope wears his age well, and walks remarkably straight. He has snow white hair and very finely marked eyebrows. His eyes are wonderfully intelligent looking and his voice is extremely harmonious. He speaks several languages as well as any professor of languages. He never says a foolish thing nor does a foolish thing, like poor Pius IX., whose policy was fatal to the Pope's temporal power. He rises very early and spends the first hours of the day in prayer, and generally in his bedroom. At six o'clock he says mass. At eight o clock he breaks his fast with a cup of chocolate, reading his correspondence all the time. At nine o'clock he receives Jacobini and those chiefs of religious societies who may demand audience. At noon he receives those Roman patriarchs who have remained true to him and the Ambassadors. At one o'clock he dines, his dinner rarely costing more that two francs, or half a dollar." "And he keeps so many cooks!" said the correspondent. "He is obliged to keep up appearances," answered the canon. "Once upon a time Popes were great eaters and drinkers, and were given to every kind of extravagance, but Leo XIII, is nothing of all this.

IN THE GARDEN.

"After dinner he takes a little walk in the Vatican grounds, or he visits the museums and galleries. Sometimes he is carried in a chair quilted with white satin. He is very fond of the garden. He frequently receives visitors in the garden and talks of flowers to them to avoid other subjects. The first and second time I saw him was in the garden. When I went with the pilgrims he was preceded by three noble guards, and at his side was Mgr. Macchi, his secret chamberlain. He wore a wide-brimmed hat and a large red cloak. We were presented to him one by one. He looked at us and scrutinized us well, I saw he recognized me, but he treated me like the others—as if he saw me also for the first time. 'Are you all Irish?' he said; 'I am happy to receive the faithful of that nation!' He then looked again at us as if he would have read into our souls. 'Your bishop,' he continued, 'brought me offerings from a people pressed with poverty.' Then seeing me still on my knees, he offered me his hand to raise me. 'I had thought,' he continued, 'that the offering would have decreased, but it was not so. We live on charity' (and here he smiled sadly), 'for all we had has been taken from us Oh, these persecutions!' he cried with a loud voice. 'They purify us, even when the leaven is pure and immaculate.,'

AT AN AUDIENCE

"I seem to see him now," said the canon. "His head looked like a relief on the blue sky. The sun was setting, and he looked up to the sky, as if seeking an inspiration there. 'I have heard,' he then said, 'that, notwithstanding the general state of anguish in Ireland the churches are full of people. May the Lord be praised and blessed, and may my prayers bring peace on the people! Lord hear our prayers and judge us!' He then blessed us, and the audience was finished. I have never seen so much power united to so much sympathy. At four o'clock the Pope resumes his official audiences in the Vatican. At seven o'clock only he takes a little rest, but at eight o'clock he returns to work in his private room, where he remains until ten o'clock, when he retires for the night, not always to sleep, though, for it is during the night that he reads and writes for his own pleasure, his favorite subject being the 'Science of St. Thomas' and essays on the work of that saint, which he receives from every part of the world, whenever and wherever published."

A Belle's Account of Bathing at the Sea-side.

How splendid it is! Half the globe is our bathing tub. You sit on the edge of it and paddle your feet in the water, which on the other side is paddled by people you will never see, and couldn't understand if they spoke. The great waves that dash over you, and would reflect a pine if they could get near enough, are substance of the same waters that swoon, as the poets say, under the palms. I go down to the beach to bathe, and foreign countries seem close to me. I touch the water, and by the liquid chain I hold the spice islands in my hand. But what coolness, and freshness, and litheness, when you come out! I always feel sinuous, like a snake; not as if I had hard bones, but only flexible, massive muscle. Bathing makes people graceful, I think, by the sense of suppleness it induces. How natural the story of the mermaid is! As children, we used to say that hairs left in the water became water-snakes; and I am sure if I were left in the water alive long enough I should taper off into a fish. As long as the brine is in my skin I perfectly understand the smooth sinuosity of piscatory motion.

I think these things and laugh while Marie brushes my hair after the bath. I have a novel in my hand, to be sure; but I think of the novel in which I am living, and of which I am one of the characters. Then I take a little nap—yes, a morning nap in the sea air after a bath is the very balm of roses. Just try it. When I wake, Marie, who has brushed my hair already takes it from under the cap and dresses it. There are girls here who positively have it dressed immediately after brushing and without the nap; and at dinner they wonder where I get my color and spirit.—*Boston Globe.*

How Long Twenty Seconds may Seem to be.

At the trial in New York, of Eugene A. Moulle, a bartender, for shooting Chris Moore, a gambler, Mr. Morriac, a bookkeeper in the Fourth National Bank, was asked what time elapsed between the striking of Moulle by Moore and the shooting of the latter.

"It all occurred in about two minutes."

"Are you sure?" asked Judge Gildersleeve.

"Yes."

"Now," continued the Judge, as he took out his gold watch and gazed at its face, "I've got my watch, and will time you. Recall the circumstances and tell me when you think the shot was fired, fixing this moment as the time of the first blow."

The audience and jury waited while the witness sat silent.

"Now!" he cried, after an interval.

"Just twenty seconds," said the Judge, looking at the watch. "I congratulate you upon your accuracy. Your'e only a minute and two-thirds out of the way. Witnesses say in court repeatedly that certain things take two or three minutes when really it is only about ten seconds. They forget how long a time two minutes is. A horse can run a mile in two minutes."—[New York Sun.

A Parrot Stung to Death by Bees.

A parrot belonging to a railway signal-man named Jackman, living at Wimborne, Dorset, was stung to death by bees. The bird had been hung out of doors almost daily in fine weather, and had never been attacked before. It is supposed that it must have struck at a bee with its beak or wings, and that the bees near at once flew into the cage and attacked the bird.

Canada is going to have a visit from the apostle of "sweetness and light" unless, perhaps, the worthy gentleman, like Lord Coleridge, changes his mind, and leave the Provincials in the cold shades of neglect and contempt. There is so much of that sort of thing going that Canadians ought to be well broken in to it by this time.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A simple and suitable way to dress lettuce and tomato salad, is to beat up a fresh raw yolk of egg, add a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, three tablespoonsful of best oil, a pinch of salt, a soup spoon of red pepper, and vinegar to taste. These proportions are enough for four persons; increase according to number.

TO BROIL OYSTERS.—Procure large ones, wipe dry and broil over bright coals; do not bread them, and place them on a hot dish upon toast. Serve very hot.

Reception biscuits are made by mixing self-raising flour with cream, which roll into a thin, smooth paste; prick, cut and bake immediately. They should be kept dry in a close tin box. If the flour is not self-raising, salt it lightly and mix with it a dessert-spoonful of baking powder.

LUNCHEON DISH.—Trim the beards from as many oysters as may be required, wrap each in a very thin shaving of fat streaky bacon (cold boiled bacon is the best); run them one after the other on to a skewer, and hold them over a toast in front of a clear fire until the bacon is slightly crisp; serve on the toast immediately.

VEAL FRITTERS.—For these the remains of cold veal should be cut in small neat pieces; dip each in batter and fry a light brown; in serving pile them high on a dish, pouring over them a good brown sauce, well thickened with tomatoes when in season, or, if not, the gravy must itself be thick and strongly flavored with tomato sauce.

FRIENDLY LOAVES.—Beat half a dozen mealy potatoes with a quarter pound of grated ham, two eggs, a little butter, and a little cream, taking care not to make it too moist; form it into balls or small loaves, and fry them a nice light brown; they should be fried in butter. Pile them on a napkin, and serve with a garnish of fried parsley.

MINCE MEAT.—One pound finely-chopped beef suet, two of rump steak (slightly broiled), three of apples, two of currants, two of raisins, one nutmeg, tablespoonful of cinnamon, rind of two lemons, quarter of a pound of mixed candied peel, one pound of sugar, two quarts of cider boiled down to one with a quart of maple syrup, a glass of raspberry jelly; a heaping teaspoonful of salt.

BAKED BEETS.—Wash them perfectly clean; put in a pan with a little water, and bake until they are tender; the time varies with the size of the beet, an hour being small enough allowance for a beet of medium size. When they are done remove the skin and serve in the same way that you do a boiled beet.

FARMER'S TEA-CAKE.—To two cups of sour milk allow one large teaspoonful of soda; dissolve this in a little hot water, then stir it in the milk; half a teaspoonful of salt is required, and enough buckwheat flour to make a stiff batter. Put this in a well-buttered tin and bake for half an hour in a hot oven.

TRAVELLER'S TOAST.—Mince any scraps of meat and season nicely; mix it with sufficient milk or cream to make it moist, and stir it over a gentle fire for five minutes. Draw it from the fire a moment, and mix with it the yolk of an egg well beaten. Keep hot, but without simmering in the least. Cut thin a slice of bread, and toast it on both sides; cut off the crust, spread the hot mince upon it, heaping it high in the middle.

GENUINE HOT SLAW.—Chop half a small cabbage very fine; put in a saucepan half a teacupful of vinegar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and the same quantity of pepper, one well-beaten egg, a piece of butter the size of a butternut, three-quarters of a tablespoonful of sugar; stir well; when it begins to thicken pour in cabbage, and cook until the cabbage is tender, stirring all the time to prevent burning.

Dr. Wilson's Address.

No more inspiring address was ever given to students, or to any other body of young men or maidens, than that which Dr. Wilson gave at the University Convocation recently. It was a thoroughly stirring, manly address, and if these young fellows who heard it don't try to do their duty with all the might of brain and muscle with which Heaven has endowed them, then they are unworthy of their advantages, and should be hurried back into obscurity, with all possible speed.

The doctor is very indignant that anyone should dare to allude to his college as a "godless" place. Possibly enough the term may be a relic of a more barbarous age, when outsiders could not so well appreciate the beauties of morality and religion combined, and matters may have greatly improved since the Doctor took them in hand. Unless common report, however, is a very liar, as mighty in untruth as the Cretans of old, and an ignorant prejudiced numskull to boot, we very much fear that the term "Godless" applied to University College, could not be considered altogether a misnomer, and this not very long ago either.

That vulgar, stupid, but let us hope rapidly expiring notion that a liberal education tends to unfit a man for the every day humdrum duties of life, received a sturdy blow from the learned Doctor. And the thanks of the community are due to him for giving it. Manly words like these spoken from high places, will do much to drive such invertebrate callow notions as these into that limbo of vanities to which they properly belong.

The mere acquisition of so much knowledge possibly may, but *education*, a University education that too, in the best sense of the word, never can make a man a worse farmer or a worse mechanic, any more than it can make a worse doctor, lawyer or minister. An acquaintance with mathematics and the languages, need never spoil a woman's housekeeping. Her pudding may be delicious, and her husband's socks—if she has a husband, which she ought to have—neatly darned, though she have a good deal more than a boarding school smattering of the languages, and a pretty fair acquaintance with metaphysics into the bargain.

A Big River.

Lieut. Story, who went on the last trip of the revenue steamer *Corwin*, to distribute among the Tchuckchee Indians, of Alaska, $5,000 worth of presents, given by the Government in recognition of the shelter afforded to the crew of the stemer *Rogers*, burned in 1881, reports the discovery of an immense river hitherto unknown to geographers. The Indians informed him that they had traversed the river fifteen hundred miles, and that it went up still higher. It is Story's opinion that the existence of this river accounts for a large amount of floating timber in the Arctic, popularly supposed to come down the Yukon. The Indians stated that the river in some places is twenty miles wide. It is within the Arctic Circle, but in August, when Story was there, he found flowers and vegetation not hitherto discovered in a latitude so high.

A Foolish "Dare" that Resulted in a Wedding.

Quite a party of girls were at the station, Delaware Water Gap Railway, one day awaiting the arrival of the evening train, when, in a spirit of mischief, one of them dared the gayest of the party, a girl from Pittsburgh, to rush up behind some new arrival, seize him by the arm, and exclaim, "Oh, George! I'm so glad to see you!" The lady "took the dare," as the saying is, and, selecting a good-looking fellow, went through the programme; but by the time the words were uttered her confusion was so genuine that the gentleman really thought she had mistaken him for some other person. He accepted her stammering apologies, watched her take the 'bus for home, and took the same route himself. The next morning they met at breakfast, a most unromatic meal; but Cupid had done his work, and a mutual liking ensued, which several weeks of constant companionship strengthened, and now they are discussing trousseaus and marriage bells.

MISCELLANEOUS.

There must have been some very aggravated cases of selfishness and perversity before the C. P. R. Syndicate could issue an order against turning over seats in the cars or taking parcels in beside the passengers. Of course such a thing is all nonsense and can't stand.

Shaw, the missionary in Madagascar, seems to have been shamefully used by the French authorities. The two Governments are discussing the question of how much compensation is to be given to him, and well they may. It is said that the French Admiral must have been off his base.

It is said that there is wonderful activity in the English Government ship yards. Whatever is the meaning of that? Is there to be war or what? Perhaps the world is not ready as yet for the absolute cessation of war, but the nearer it gets to it the better. It is a poor coarse, butcherly way of setting disputes at the best.

Is the world never to hear the last of that miserable gillie John Brown? It gets intolerably sickening to hear Brown, Brown, continually drummed into one's ears. In the name of all that is preponderous, what do Canadians care whether that worthy had a full sized statue erected to his honor or was left at last to dance upon nothing? Let the world have a rest.

Toronto Bicyclists present quite an imposing appearance as they trundle down to business of a morning. If they only knew how many pretty eyes looked admiringly upon them, they might be lifted up in an unseemly manner. They are quite unconscious of the glances, however, and pursue the even, noiseless tenor of their way, with bosoms undisturbed by any thoughts and fancies but such as may honorably dwell in manly bosoms perched on high.

King Death very provokingly stepped in and forbade the banns of marriage the other day. Earl Mountcashel having attained the ripe age of 91 was about to be married to a young girl yet in her teens. The Grisly Terror plainly did not approve of the match, and broke it up unceremoniously, chuckling to himself, no doubt, over the way in which he had blasted the girl's ambitious hopes. He might have waited at least until she had fairly become the Countess Mountcashel.

Some people are dreadfully hard on "only sons." Poor fellows, they are said to be selfish, vain, and intolerably cocky. If they have two or three doting sisters matters are said to be even worse. Their will must always be law. They are coddled and petted out of all reason. The girl is to be pitied who gets one of them for a husband, She will find a great big baby on her hands instead of a man, a selfish, over-grown, blubberous schoolboy, instead of a husband she can love, honor and obey. Is all that so? In many cases it is to be feared it is. Still, we have known very passable "only sons."

So the Queen, poor woman, is bothered not only with getting up statues to John Brown, but with excessive gambling in Royal palaces. She would not obeject to the latter evil in moderation. But the play is quite too awfully wicked, and the stakes quite too awfully high. How is the happy medium to be hit upon? If the thing is right one surely can't have too much of it. If wrong *per se* why have a little? The servant girl's illegitimate child was so small that she thought it was not worth making a fuss about. Others had quite a different idea. Gambling is gambling whether the stakes are for coppers or continents, and if even the Queen sanction it so far it is to be feared she will have to let it have free course.

The new "Hour" standard adopted by the Time Convention which met in Chicago lately will be a blessing to all travellers. There will be three "times," eastern, central and mountain. Trains from New Brunswick as far as the meridian of Detroit will be run on "eastern" time; those from the Detroit line to nearly the western line of Kansas on "central" time, while those from the last point to a line between Nevada and Utah will be run on "mountain" time. The full measure of the value of such an arrangement can be appreciated when it is remembered that hitherto in places like Buffalo for example, some trains run on Buffalo time, others on New York, others on Philadelphia, others on Columbia, others on Detroit and others on Hamilton time.

There is quite a number of things which many people do, about which there ought to be a very emphatic "Don't." We would like to let our readers have the benifit of a few of those "Dont's." "Don't" go with your hands in your pockets. "Don't" cleanse your ears or your nose or trim or clean your finger-nails in public. "Don't" chew tobacco. It is a bad and ungentlemanly proceeding. "Don't" expectorate. It is not needed, and is simply a bad habit. "Don't" whistle in the streets. "Don't" blow your nose in the presence of others, especially "don't" with your fingers. "Don't" gape or cough or sneeze in public. The misery is how can you help it sometimes? "Don't" be over familiar. "Don't" in any case offer to shake hands with a lady. The initiative must always come from her. Perhaps this will be enough of "Don'ts" for one week. There is another which had better be added. "Don't" scold your children or your servants before other people. It looks bad.

The New Governor General will soon be here. It is to be hoped that he will fulfil the highest expectations formed of him. This is very seldom done, but it may in this case. We sincerely trust that it will. Some may not be quite sure if Canada need to import her chief magistrate, but so long as she does she ought to have the genuine article of its kind. It takes a wise man to manage Canadians to purpose. If Lansdowne fancy the little clique which is understood to constitute society at Ottawa, is the genuine representative of all that is cultivated and correct in Canada, he will be wofully mistaken, that is all. His Lordship has a fine opportunity for showing his "broad sympathies," and his possession of the inestimable characteristic called by Dr. Chalmers, the prosperous management of human nature. Some men are such donkeys with their supercilious air and sniffling idiocy. The country is new and the people both rough and democratic. It is as well when even Governor-Generals know how to manage the creature. So let it be with governors and all men in authority that their ways may be made plain and their reigns be rendered prosperous.

Autumn Leaves.

It is stated by those who ought to know that the autumn coloring of the leaves of the maple, oak and other trees on the American Continent is not due to the action of frost, but to certain chemical changes which accompany the ripening of the leaves. American maples taken over to Europe will perfect their foliage for a few years—that is, the brilliant coloring will be put on—but they rapidly loose the habit, and in a few years the leaves will fall from the trees while still green, according to the habit of the European species. Mr. T. Meehan, the well-known Philadelphia horticulturist, now says that in the New Jersey marshes there are many trees of European species which, though failing to color their leaves at their home, manage to put on the most brilliant hues here. He also mentions from his knowledge that, in some parts of this country, imported European trees do not assume the autumn colors for several generations.

ENGLAND ADVANCING.—The Chicago *Signal* says:—The temperance question is coming to the front in England as a factor in politics. English conservatism will thrust it back among social questions if possible, but the growth in political intelligence will not permit it to remain there. In a recent speech that famous hero of the people, John Bright, spoke of the cause of temperance as "a great cause more intimately connected with the advantage of the people than almost any other public question that can possibly be discussed." This appreciation of the vital importance of the question is the most hopeful sign of the times in England.

HOME MATTERS.

Next Thursday is thanksgiving day.

Mr. H. Stickle moved to Norwood this week.

Mr. Jonas Caverly and family moved to Belleville yesterday (Thursday).

Milne & Clute and Parker & Butler expect to move into their new premises next week.

Mr. Jacob Acker has leased the Windsor house, Madoc, and took possession last week.

The new Scott house stables are well under way, and will be ready for use in a few days.

Mr. Geo. T. Hubble is building himself a fine brick house on his property on the Frankford road. The brickwork is completed.

The newly organized brass band of Marmora intend giving a concert in the town hall of that village on Wednesday evening, 14th inst. Proceeds in aid of their funds. No doubt "the boys" will be well patronized.

Remember the Beulah anniversary services on Sunday. Sermons at 10:30 by Rev. T. Brown (Bible Christian), 2:30 by Rev. E. N. Baker, of Madoc, and 7 by Bishop Carman. At the tea on Monday the above and others will deliver addresses.

Quarterly meeting in the Stirling C. M. church and Sunday next, the sermon to be preached by Bishop Carman. There will be no service in the M. E. church in the morning, and in the evening both congregations will meet in the latter place, to listen to a sermon from Rev. R. Walker.

Mr. Walter Martin lately received an order for a pair of men's lace boots all the way from British Columbia. They are now ready for shipment (by parcel post, in two packages), and from their solid construction one would think they could travel considerably further than the Pacific without being worn out.

Wednesday night was "Hallowe'en," and the usual amount of deviltry was indulged in by the gamins. Their chief performance was upsetting the steps and platform at the front of St. Andrew's church, doing some damage. A dose of salt from a shotgun might teach such mischief makers a lesson some night.

Mr. Marshall Wescott started on Friday morning last for Fort Worth, Texas, to return some time next summer, when he will decide upon a further course. He was accompanied on the start by his wife and mother, who visit Rev. Mr. Rankin at King, north of Toronto, the former going on then to Collingwood to visit other friends; both ladies returning to Stirling in a few weeks.

The North Hastings uniform promotion examinations take place as follows: Promotion to fifth class and admission to high schools: At Stirling and Madoc, on December 20th and 21st, at 9 a. m. Promotion to fourth class: At West Huntingdon school house, Madoc village, Best's school house (Madoc), Queensboro, Bridgewater, Stirling, Springbrook school house (Rawdon), and Marmora village, on December 20th and 21st, at 9 a m. Promotion to junior and senior third class: In each school house on December 1[illegible]th, at 9 a.m.

The *Review* of last week says: To-day and to-morrow (25th and 26th) the first ore under the new management will be put through the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Co.'s works at Deloro. On Friday the new lessees, Messrs. Stevens, Newbury and Rothwell, will make a thorough personal examination of the whole works. We are informed that the prospects of this property never looked more encouraging. We hope the brightest anticipations of the new lessees may be more than realized. The mine will be in complete operation in two or three weeks.

The confirmation and consecration services announced were held in St. John's church yesterday (Thursday) by his lordship the bishop of Ontario. Eleven candidates were confirmed. The church was crowded, and the service was very impressive, the bishop delivering a sound, sensible, practical lecture to the candidates and to the church at large. We go to press too early to give as lengthy a notice as the occasion deserves. Among those present were Rev. Messrs. Godden, Harris and Leitch, Dr. Rossvally, and others. The bishop proceeded to St. Thomas' church, Rawdon, in the afternoon, to consecrate the church and graveyard.

On the evening of the Oddfellows' concert, as Mr. Geo. H. Boyce was purchasing his tickets, he accidentally dropped a $5 bill, not missing it for some hours. Next morning a diligent search was made, but the missing note refused to appear, and was given up as a "goner." On Monday morning last Mr. Boyce had occasion to use his umbrella, and on opening it the lost bill fluttered out. The umbrella was not encased, and had been carelessly thrown around different places since the concert, and had stood, when not carried, in the entry of the photograph gallery, but fortunately had guarded well its treasure, to restore it in due time to its rightful owner.

The young men of Foxboro' and vicinity engaged in a day's sport hunting wild game of the forest last Friday. W. G. Simmons and Thos. Copland were chosen captains. Early in the morning the men and boys started out on their wild career, with ten on a side, each side determined to win and carry off the laurels. Each man was requested to adhere strictly to the game laws enacted by the Foxboro' hunt club. They all worked well, and returned in the evening, heavily laden, to John Crawford's hotel, where he had prepared a grand oyster supper for them. J. Simmons, P. Hague and D. W. Faulkner were chosen judges, and by careful examination and count it resulted in Mr. Simmon's scoring about 1,500 and Mr. Copland 1,000, the losing side to pay for the tea, Mr. Everet Madden making the largest score. Tea was then prepared, and all sat down, with a number of others, to partake of the delicacies prepared, which were first class. The evening was spent in a sociable and agreeable manner, all returning home at an early hour, having enjoyed a good day's sport.

Dr. Rossvally.

The sermon on Sunday evening last, and the lectures Monday and Tuesday evening, by Dr. M. L. Rossvally, "the converted Jew," were all of the deepest interest and profit. The Dr. is a thorough Jew, and is brimful of his subject, showing a complete knowledge of the habits, religion, etc., of his race. On the platform were displayed a brilliant array of the paraphernalia of the Jewish worship, the uses of which were fully explained during the lectures. The audiences were addressed in a free, conversational style, being questioned at times, and accorded the privelege of asking any questions they might wish. They also had the privelege of examining the different articles exhibited, such as the Pentateuch written by a Jewish scribe on parchment in the Chaldaic language, and other rarities, which all seemed genuine, and the whole collection must have been of great value. The singing of the Dr. and his daughter formed a very attractive addition to the programme. His voice is a clear, deep bass, of much power and fine tone, while hers is quaint and of a peculiarly charming nature, though alone it would scarcely be called sweet or musical. Another lecture will be delivered on Friday evening in the same place, on "The Jew," admission 10c., when the ceremony of the Jewish wedding will be performed. Those who have never heard Dr. Rossvally, no matter where they place their anticipations, will hear a better or different exposition than they expect. His style is easy and familiar, and his subjects are so entirely new and original that any one will be at once interested and profited.

Since the above was put in type, and just as we go to press, we are shown a copy of the *Christian Guardian* of Oct. 31st, which contains entire a letter from the New York *Christian Advocate* of Aug. 2nd, and also a shorter letter from A. Browning, of Campbellford, both of which contain statements very damaging to the reputation and veracity of Dr. Rossvally—in fact, proclaiming him a fraud of the worst type. Whether these be true or not the writers should know, and, while deeply pained to find such well supported charges against one who evidently has great scope for usefulness, yet imperative duty as a public journalist compels us to refer thus to this matter. It will be remembered that the Dr. referred to sertain "persecutions" in his Sunday evening sermon, which no doubt are the charges in the letters mentioned, and which are too lengthy to produce here at so late an hour. While sincerely trusting that he will be able to clear himself of the serious charges, yet as a plain duty to many readers this latter paragraph is published.

STILL LATER—Dr. Rossvally has called at the last moment and requested insertion of the following:

"In reference to the matters referred to above, I respectfully ask a generous public to withhold judgment in the premises until they have opportunity to hear me on Friday evening, or see proceedings of court when published, which they *will* be, Rev. Mr. Browning's statement to the contrary notwithstanding. Proceedings are to be entered against my traducers. I will explain all on Friday evening, when it will be fully understood. I have telegraphed to Bishop Carman in regard to the matter, who has replied, and we will meet this week.

"M. L. ROSSVALLY."

Railway Smash-up.

On Saturday morning last, as the Madoc passenger train was proceeding to Belleville, it collided with a gravel train which was going up empty. The ballast train was just slacking up to enter the siding at the gravel-pit below the junction, when the other train hove in sight around the curve. The trainmen saw the danger too late to avert it, and jumped for their lives, some being severely injured, others escaping unhurt. The trains met, with terrific force, the two engines being seriously injured, nearly all the ballast cars smashed, and ruin and wreck distributed generally. The passenger car arose on its hind trucks, throwing the passengers backward, then settled down suddenly with a crash. The personal injuries are as follows: John Taylor, brakeman, of Belleville, sustained a fracture of the right hip, and was otherwise hurt; Hiram Phillips, of Eldorado, bad his head badly cut, one of his hips was injured, and two ribs fractured; and Mrs. Wright, of Madoc, was badly injured about the back. Mrs. Wright at last accounts was scarcely expected to recover. Nearly all the other passengers were severely shaken up, one being thrown through a window, and a knife penetrating the hand of another. Dr. Faulkner, of Foxboro', and Dr. Burdett, of Belleville, were at once sent for, and took care of the sufferers, who were taken to Belleville with the rest of the passengers on a relief train. The damage to the cars and engines is variously estimated at from $10,000 to $20,000. By night the track was cleared, so that trains were running as usual. The appearance of the two engines showed that they must have met with terrible force, the cowcatchers being torn off, headlights shattered, and the machinery generally wrenched and twisted. The only wonder is that lives were not lost, or at least more bodily injury done. The wrecked cars were said to have been piled twenty feet high.

The *Ontario* of Monday gives the following as to the cause of the accident: It is stated that conductor Snider of the Peterborough train, neglected to sign the words "red signal" on the order which he left at the junction for the inspection of conductor Carr of the Madoc passenger train, signifying that a train followed Snider out. The latter carried a red flag as far as the gravel pit where the ballast train was supposed to stop, but it was then taken in. It is said had the Madoc train been a few seconds later, the ballast train would have been out of danger on the siding running into the pit. The two injured passengers were taken home Saturday night. They are doing well.

LETTERS FROM READERS.

It is to be distinctly understood that any opinions expressed in communications are those of the writers—not necessarily of any one else. Under no circumstances will any letter be inserted unless the real name of the author is in possession of the editor.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT WORKS.

To the Editor of The News-Argus.

There is abundant evidence of thought everywhere directed to progress in every branch of industry, and that this age is not advancing majestically is the cry only of those benighted, thick-pated ones who are not contemplative or seek not for its manifold evidences. That such should be the case, and that communities should possess those so callous to this go-a-head spirit, is most lamentable; and that one community should, considering the stimulus, unity and zeal exercised in communities similar and adjacent, in the face of these facts, be out-vied in the struggle for equality, if not better supremacy, is evidence of a spirit foreign to material progress, and reminds one forcibly that there exists a motley community whose aims are not mutual. Well, with this preliminary outburst, let us, as a citizen, take under consideration, not as we are in any way concerned with the workings of the establishment under observation, or expect to deal with or profit by it, the subject of this article—agricultural implement works. Is it too large for contemplation? too large for us rustic villagers? No. The plan of setting on foot such an undertaking is to ascertain whether there are some fifteen or twenty men in this village and vicinity who will each subscribe from $500 to $1,000, and then induce the co-operation of some leading manufacturer. In speaking to a gentleman, since the commencement of writing this article, I was assured by him that he would give one acre of land adjoining the railway for such buildings. I am satisfied that some of our citizens, and especially well-to-do farmers, could not invest their funds in a better industry in point of obtaining good returns, and the upbuilding of an enterprise so needed and essential. Belleville, after much clamouring, has succeeded in having established "stove works," controlled by a joint stock company, and it becomes us as a people to unite in encouraging and devising means to make our village prosperous. Dr. Johnson, the lexicographer, who took pleasure in ridiculing Scotchmen, in his definition of oats says "they constitute the food of horses and Scotchmen." The canny Scot, seeing this, said "Where will you find finer horses and better men?" So, in Stirling, where will you find better men, more energetic, more zealous? But where will you find less concentration of undivided union to push forward the place to a higher social and mercantile position?

FARMER.

A WRONG OPINION.

Many a dollar is paid for prescriptions for some disease that never troubled the patient, and when the sole difficulty was worms, which a few of Freeman's Worm Powders would remove. These powders are pleasant, safe, and sure, contain their own cathartic, and are adapted for children and adults.

Mr. McGregor, of Norwood, having occasion to go to Belleville, drove to Hastings and left his horse at the Coughlin house. On his return in the evening he discovered that the tail of the animal had been "clipped."

A WONDERFUL RESULT.

A single bottle of Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup has frequently destroyed from 100 to 200 worms. It is pleasant to take—no other cathartic being required. Tape worms have also been removed by it, of 15 to 35 feet in length. It is effectual for all varieties of worms afflicting both children and adults.

The One-Price Clothing Establishment.

I have just received the balance of my Fall Purchases, and can say to the public that I hold the largest stock of GENTS' FURNISHINGS in town, consisting of the Newest and Most Fashionable Goods in the market, viz., Scotch, English and Canadian Tweeds, Worsteds, Overcoatings, Persian Lamb Caps, Gloves, Mitts, Collars, Cuffs Silk Handkerchiefs.

JAS. BOLDRICK.

P.S.—I also have a complete range of ROBES.

NEW GOODS!

The undersigned have just received a large lot of

SUGARS & TEAS

Of all grades, and they keep a full line of other FAMILY GROCERIES. Their stock of

WINES, LIQUORS AND PROVISIONS

Is complete. Also, Bakery on the premises. All the above lines of goods will be sold cheap, and special inducements for cash.

All accounts, etc., past due the firm, and all due each member of the firm before the partnership, must be settled by cash or note before the first of November, or they will be placed in other hands for collection.

SEELEY & LAGROW'S

E F PARKER has removed the balance of his stock saved from the fire to the stand formerly occupied by H G Thurber. Any person wanting good bargains will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.

Fresh Stock of

GROCERIES

Just in and opened.

A Boom in the Harness Trade!

T. H. McKEE

Has very great pleasure in intimating that he has removed to his very commodious and centrally situated

NEW PREMISES,

On the corner of Front and Mill streets, Stirling, in the very heart of the central part of the town. To one and all who have stood by him through all the years he has been established, and with whom business has been a pleasure as well as a profit, he returns his sincere and hearty thanks, and is determined to do all in his power to serve their interests more fully in the future than in the past His experience, and ability to do

Good Work at the Lowest Possible Rates,

Will both be placed at their service. The present state of the trade is very favorable to buyers. In fact, the past season's trade has been marked by this all the way through.

Hoping to receive a liberal patronage, I remain, respectfully,

T. H. McKEE.

As You Were!

MARTIN & TURNER

—HAVE REMOVED—

Back to their Old Stand

And NEW BUILDING, where they have more room and larger stock, and are better than ever prepared to supply the wants of their customers. A new consignment of

Coal and Wood Stoves just received,

And we invite comparison of patterns and prices. All the various lines of our usually large stock are again being filled up with new goods, and prompt attention will be paid, as ever, to all orders.

Hardware, Tinware, Coal Oil, Machine Oil,

ETC., A FULL STOCK.

ROOFING & EAVETROUGHING

And Jobbing of all kinds attended to on short notice, at Rock Bottom Prices.

MARTIN & TURNER.

A Quantity of

TIMOTHY SEED

FOR SALE BY

MILNE and CLUTE

Apothecaries' Hall.

PARKER & BUTLER'S DRUG Business

Is again in full blast, in that Fancy Block on North St., opposite Jas. Boldrick's store. We have on hand a supply of

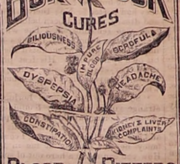
Drv and Mixed Paints, Coal Oil, Japan, Varnishes, Lead

Books, Stationery and Druggists' Sundries

in great variety. Paris Green of excellent quality.

All accounts that are due must be settled without delay.

BURDOCK CURES



BLOOD BITTERS

THE Great HERBAL Tonic FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH A Blood Purifier AND CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH CURE

GUARANTEE:—After fair trial, with no relief or cure effected, your money will be refunded. PRICE, $1.00.

Sold by DRUGGISTS & DEALERS Everywhere.

Burdock Blood Bitters

ACTS UPON THE BOWELS, LIVER, KIDNEYS AND THE BLOOD.

Canned Fruits and Vegetables.

The undersigned has just received a consignment of Canned Fruits and Vegetables from the Bay of Quinte Canning and Evaporating Company, Picton, Ontario. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Quantity of SHEET MUSIC Will be sold for less than one-third of Catalogue Prices.

His shop is constantly supplied with all kinds of

Drugs, Medicines, a full assortment of Diamond Dyes, Druggists' Sundries, Harper's Bazar Patterns and Liver Pads,

All of which will be sold cheap for cash.

G. H. BOULTER M.D.

OH! MY BACK!!

DR. HILL'S ENGLISH BUCHU Is One of the Best

Kidney

INVESTIGATORS IN USE.

Will cure all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Prostatic Portion of the Urinary Organs, Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder, Burning Urine, Gleet, Gonorrhea in all its stages, Mucous Discharges, Congestion of the Kidneys, Brick Dust Deposit, Diabetes, Inflammation of the Kidneys and Bladder, Dropsy of Kidneys, Acid Urine, Bloody Urine, Pain in the Region of the Bladder, PAIN IN THE BACK, Urinary Calculus, Renal Calculus, Renal Colic, Retention of Urine, Frequent Urination, Gravel in all its forms, Inability to Retain the Water, particularly in persons advanced in life. IT IS A KIDNEY INVESTIGATOR that restores the Urine to its natural color, removes the acid and burning, and the effect of the excessive use of intoxicating drink.

PRICE, $1; Six Bottles for $5.

Send for Circular. Sold by all Druggists.

W. JOHNSTON & CO., DETROIT, MICH. SOLE AGENTS.

STIRLING

TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren's,

Craige's Block, Manufacturers of Cheese Vats, Milk Cans, Sap Pans, Sap Buckets, Spoils and every article in the tin line of business.

Also dealers in Stoves, Tinware, Fancy Goods, Coal Oil, Machine Oil and Cheese Factory Furnishings.

Eave Troughing, Roofing, Steam Fitting and all sort of outside work promptly attended to and done in best workmanlike manner.

H. & J. WARREN.

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA CHOLERA INFANTUM DIARRHŒA, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy, those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

New Enterprise.

The undersigned, having purchased the property on the Ridge Road, known as

Seeley's Mills,

And having rebuilt and put all the machinery in first-class order, he will be prepared in a few days to

Crack all kinds of Grain,

Also CORN MEAL GROUND.

Having a competent man engaged to take charge of the Mill, all work entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed.

M. SEELEY, JR.

TO LET.

A Room suitable for a milliner, or large office, over our store in Craige's block.

FOR SALE.

A good CUTTER and two BUGGIES, for either cash or satisfactory note.

Chas. Craige & Bro'

SHAW & RALPH

MILL STREET, STIRLING

HAVE RECEIVED A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

Crockery & Glassware,

And invite inspection of the same. Prices will stand the test of comparison. Several choice CHINA TEA SETTS of beautiful design. Also, full supplies of

Provisions of all kinds, and Fresh Groceries,

In full stock. BREAD fresh baked every day. Give us a call, and we guarantee satisfaction. Stand—Mill street, Stirling.

SHAW & RALPH.

How to Save Money!

BY BUYING YOUR

GROCERIS & PROVISIONS

AT

O. Hewat's Popular Grocery & Liquor Store.

OF COURSE. It is an acknowledged fact that you can get better value for your money there than at any other store in town. Nothing but good fresh Groceries, etc., kept in stock.

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Of the best quality always on hand. FISH of all kinds by the barrel or lb. FLOUR and FEED, Oranges and Lemons, Canned Fruits and Vegetables of all kinds. Give my TEAS a trial. A nice lot of PORK for sale cheap.

O. HEWAT.

GLEN ROSS MILLS

In Full Blast Again!

COME ON WITH YOUR GRISTING!

D. MORGAN, Proprietor.

HEALTH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT!

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds,

Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for Contracted and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 NEW OXFORD STREET (late 533 OXFORD STREET), LONDON,

And are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s. and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the world.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford street, London, they are spurious.

The Stirling News-Argus.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1883. Vol. V, No. 9.

$1.25 per annun. $1 in advance.

DR. SPRAGUE

Has removed his office to his residence, the fourth house west of Dr. Faulkner's Drug Store.

J. NICHOLSON MUIR,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, Notary Public, Land Agent, etc. Calgary, N.W.T.

GEO. A. SKINNER,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AND SOLICItor, Stirling, Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,

BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Alex. J. Robertson, L.D.S.,

Surgeon Dentist,

Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.

Visits Stirling Professionally Every Thursday, and may be consulted at the Scott House.

Particular attention given to the finer operations in gold, and the restoration of lost organs.

Walter L. Ridout,

ARCHITECT.

Plans, specifications, &c, prepared for all classes of building, and work superintended if required. Address, for July and August, Brunswick House, Colborne.

Head Office: Address W. R. Strickland, or W. L. Ridout, Architects, No. 12 Can. Perm. Buildings, Toronto.

M. W. SINE, V.S.,

Graduate Ontario Veterinary College,

registered member Veterinary Medical Ass'n. Treats all diseases of domesticated animals. Calls by mail or telegraph promptly attended to. OFFICE—"Review" block, Madoc.

Stirling Lodge NO. 69, A. F. & A. M.

G.R.C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, over Gilbert's store, on

Thursday Eve., Nov. 15, 1883,

Visiting brethren welcome.

M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE NO. 239, I. O. O. F.

Meets in the Lodge room, Craige's block,

Every Wednesday Evening

At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R.S.

W. C. REID,

DEALER IN

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,

—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—

CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO.

The new White Grape—Prentiss—is a pure native seedling of superior quality, and has been thoroughly tested with regard to hardiness. A good stock of vines for sale now for fall planting. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

NOTICE.

Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk.

S. R. HUFFMAN

Piano Tuner,

BELLEVILLE, late of London and Detroit, WILL VISIT STIRLING every six months, in December and June, for the purpose of Tuning Pianos and Organs. Best of references given. All orders left at W. H. CALDER'S JEWELRY EMPORIUM will be attended to. Orders from the country will be attended to at an advance of prices.

Geo. W. Walker,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville.

Office next door to Bank of Commerce, directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week, if possible, before starting, then you can be waited upon as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.

(Box 122.) GEO. W. WALKER, Dentist, Belleville.

Blacksmithing.

R. B. JONES,

Having rebuilt his shop, destroyed during the late fire, is prepared to serve all his old customers, and as many new ones as favor him with a call. Horseshoeing a specialty. General jobbing promptly attended to. Shop on Front street (old stand).

STIRLING HOUSE,

Stirling, - Ont.

Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.

MUSIC HALL on the premises, 20 ft. ceiling 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.

ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

Farm for Sale.

The west half of lot 9, con. 9, Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The land is in a good state of cultivation; good buildings; good cedar fences; well watered, and close to cheese factory. For particulars apply to

HENRY BERRIDGE, Springbrook P. O

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

Are now preparing for an

Immense Trade in Fall and Winter Boots and Shoes.

With Enlarged Premises and Enlarged Stock.

A large lot of TRUNKS of all descriptions for sale cheap.

STIRLING

TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren's,

Craige's Block, Manufacturers of Cheese Vats, Milk Cans, Sap Pans, Sap Buckets, Spoils and every article in the tin line of business.

Also dealers in Stoves, Tinware, Fancy Goods, Coal Oil, Machine Oil and Cheese Factory Furnishings.

Eave Troughing, Roofing, Steam Fitting and all sort of outside work promptly attended to and done in best workmanlike manner.

H. & J. WARREN.

Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT of WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA CHOLERA INFANTUM DIARRHŒA, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy, those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

TO LET,

A Room suitable for a milliner, or large office, over our store in Craige's block.

FOR SALE.

A good CUTTER and two BUGGIES, for either cash or satisfactory note.

Chas. Craige & Bro'

FOR THE

KIDNEYS, LIVER and Urinary Organs

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,

Toronto, Ont.; Rochester, N.Y.; London, Eng.

FOUND.

On the Marmora Gravel Road, on Oct. 30th, a paper parcel, containing a girl's gray ulster, tippet and other articles. Owner can have the same by calling at The NEWS-ARGUS, proving property and paying for this advertisement.

SERVANT GIRL WANTED.

Good wages to a good girl. Apply at once to Mrs. Gray, at the manse, Stirling.

FOR SALE,

A good second-hand BUGGY and CUTTER. Apply to JOHN GRAHAM.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS

Notice to Contractors.

THE letting of the works at the upper entrance of the CORNWALL CANAL, and those at the upper entrance of the RAPIDE PLAT CANAL, advertised to take place on the 13th day of NOVEMBER next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the FOURTH day of December next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination at the places previously mentioned on and after TUESDAY the TWENTIETH day of NOVEMBER.

For the works at the head of the Galops Canal, tenders will be received until TUESDAY the EIGHTEENTH day of DECEMBER. Plans and specifications, &c., can be seen at the places before mentioned on and after TUESDAY the FOURTH day of DECEMBER.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 20th Oct., 1883.

New Enterprise.

The undersigned, having purchased the property on the Ridge Road, known as

Seeley's Mills,

And having rebuilt and put all the machinery in first-class order, he will be prepared in a few days to

Crack all kinds of Grain,

Also CORN MEAL GROUND.

Having a competent man engaged to take charge of the Mill, all work entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed.

M. SEELEY, JR.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time write for particulars to H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine.

Photographs! Photographs!

Frames! Frames!

Special Inducements for ONE MONTH at the Stirling Photo Gallery!

Card Photos only $1 per doz.
Cabinets 2.50 "

The above prices are good ONLY until the 15th of Nov. Parties intending to take advantage of these prices will please call early.

Also, a large number of CHOICE FRAMES and MATS on hand, which will be offered at Reduced Rates.

GEO. H. BOYCE.

REGENERATION.

Sermon preached in Marmora Methodist Church by Rev. A. Wilson, and reported for "The News-Argus."

TEXT, John, III, 3—Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.

In these times, when men are widening the way to the Eternal city, and trying to broaden out the conditions on which God proposed to save men, a clear understanding of a text so marked and definite as the one before us is of the utmost importance to us all. Some men find fault with all ministers because they impeach them with being too particular and rigid in their expositions of God's word, and in order to appear generous and liberal, they throw open the gates of eternal life to all characters and creeds, protesting that all may enter; but Jesus Christ has written with his own fingers on its pillars of light, "No, in no wise." The text narrows the way of life down to the very finest point, and yet leaves it in such plain terms that no anxious or inquiring one can mistake it. There is no uncertainty about this. It fixes a standard so high that no human being has any authority to lower it. The conditions are fixed and unalterable as the character of God Himself. A man may possess many excellencies of character, engaging manners, a kind heart, a becoming reverence for sacred things, a willingness to help the distressed, but after all the question is, Is he born again? You may flatter yourself that your prospects for future happiness are good, but remember the text says: "Verily, verily, except ye be born again." Except I am born again I can in no wise enter the kingdom. Now we shall briefly try to examine the conditions of the text, and how far we have fulfilled them. The expression "born again" is not one that Jesus Christ made use of for the first time in conversing with Nicodemus, or one with which he was unacquainted. They had a word which conveyed the same idea, though applied in a somewhat different sense. When any Gentile abjured the faith of his fathers, and took upon him the vows of Judaism, after being baptised with water and fulfilling other ceremonial observances he was admitted into all the privileges of a church member. This change from heathenism to Christianity, from idolatry to the worship of the true God, they were accustomed to think resembled a child new born, but, like many more in the present time, they took the outward profession for an inward change, the baptism and ceremonies through which the convert passed as the essential part of the change itself, since the Saviour, in instructing Nicodemus, makes use of an expression which signifies that he must be born again with or through power from above, thus at once making a wide distinction between their teaching and his own. Again, it is strangely true that all men who hold the belief of a future existence or of a God have some idea of the necessity of a change of some description and to some extent before they can enter that home of the soul, or stand in the presence of their God; their standard of change may be very low indeed, but still they have erected one to which they aspire. As we sit in this place of worship to-day, we feel in our own hearts that we are not in a fit state to enter a sinless world, or mingle with its sanctified throng. Our affections are not there; our delights and pleasures are not, like the Psalmist's, to dwell in the temple, so that we might be still praising him. We have laid up no treasure there; our intercourse with God, if we have any, is separated betimes by vast chasms of darkness and forgetfulness; the Word of God is not the lamp that throws its guiding light on our pathway; we shrink with terror and dismay from the thought of a dying hour and a judgment day; already we are prepared to cry for the hills and rocks to fall on us, and hide us from the presence of God; there is a strange restlessness about our actions, and a dread uncertainty of an outer darkness so deep that our mind staggers to think of it. We see a large class of men who are the slaves of passion, they are cruel, unjust, extortioners, making use of the most obscene and filthy expressions; the oath and the lie always linger on their lips; they are leaders in iniquity and crime. Of such our opinion must be that they are not in any position to enter a pure household, let alone mingle with angels and cherubim. With such facts as these passing before us and in our hearts every day, we must draw a line of separation somewhere in the world or in the church of God. What is on one side of that line cannot be on the other side. Certain conditions must be fulfilled before there is any possibility of their passing over. Our text says no, in no wise; or, in other words, there are exact terms of salvation laid down. But perhaps some one in my congregation will say: "You have selected the worst characters and presented the darker side of the picture. We are aware that there are many very excellent men in the world, honest, moral, respectable, chaste in their expressions, kind to a fault, sober, and observe the demands of all God's moral laws upon them to the last letter. Can it be possible that such a class of men will be excluded from the kingdom of God's glory?" That depends upon whether they lack the one thing or not, or whether they have been born again. If not, says Christ, the Son of God, who loves men, "no, in no wise," "verily, verily," etc. Then you must remember, again, that Christianity is not a natural product of the human heart, nor is it the outcome of social progress. No school of philosophers, however great, formed the laws that govern its subjects. "No," says Christ; "My doctrine is not of men; I am from above, and My kingdom is not of this world." Therefore, having no element of the human organization in it, those who would cross its sacred threshold and enter its mystic circle, or enjoy its hallowed influences or sing its spiritual songs and hallelujahs of triumph, must naturally or reasonably expect that, like other societies, it will demand a fee, and require a sign; and that fee is the surrender of self, and the sign is the blood of Christ sprinkled on the heart; or, more concisely still, verily I say unto you, it can do for the human race what is utterly impossible for them to do for themselves. The power of the Highest, or this regenerating influence, coming down upon men, can still the savage beast, can curb the fiercest passions, calm the tempests that beat on the soul. But, again, some who term themselves advanced thinkers, or who think that they can see truth much better than the rest of their fellow-men, say: "Granting that such things may be true, from all that we can learn about God we know that He loves men, that He is deeply interested in their salvation and their future welfare, and if so do you think He will be exact to the very letter with them? won't He find some way of permitting them to enter? and though they died sinful, and rejected proffered mercy, still in the future may there not be the possibility of a reformation, and yet the hardest return? At least we advise them to risk it." There may be, but there is no passage of scripture, fairly interpreted, that, directly or indirectly, holds out any such hope, whilst there are many positive statements against it. Christ says: "If you die in your sins, where I am ye cannot come." All the persuasive power of God has been exercised in this life, and if reformed in the next it must be by compulsion, which might just as well be exercised here with the same result. A sinful life is of no advantage in this world. Gain riches by fraud or incessant application to business, and an absence of Godliness from the soul, but on this side of the grave with trembling hands and fevered brow and tottering steps pile them up, let them monument the place where you crossed, but the boatman refuses to row them over. Let your mirth be the loudest, and drink every cup of pleasure, but for all that remember that the next life is real and practical, and few worldlings indulge in mirthfulness when called to meet death. Men are exact in business; our criminal laws are exact; our weights and measures are exact standards. If you intended to weigh a pound or measure a yard, but were deficient in both, your good intentions would not make up the deficiency or save you from censure. And God is exact. See how exactly He has constructed every bone and muscle, every fibre and cell in the human body. What delicate combinations of leaves and colors are visible everywhere in the vegetable world! See how He has created just the exact kind of food for all kind of living things throughout the world! Search as you will throughout His vast realms, and you can find nowhere anything carelessly constructed or heedlessly placed. All that we know of God from natural things plainly proves that He is exact. Again, history proves that in His providential dealings with the world He is exact. Many a prayer, many a hope, many a wish, followed Benjamin Franklin and his party when they started off to invade the ice king in his palace, if possible to set scientific doubt at rest, and on and on sped his vessel; now the ice partly covers or hardens the water, brandishing its glittering spears, but still on he elbows his way; the ice grows stronger, the winds colder, and the moan of perpetual winter smites on their ears, and no tongue can picture the suffering, the privations of that band of heroes. Why not spare them, and let their friends hear from their lips the strange stories of that frigid zone? But no. God's laws are exact, and the snow becomes their winding-sheet. All the world appeared to have been desirous that president Garfield might live; the best medical aid the union could procure was with him: but the disease steadily gained, and amid the tears of a sorrowing continent he died. Though we might wish winter to stay away, still the yellow leaves in our forest plainly prove that come it will. Outside of human agency and power there is intelligent, unbending law, the result of certain fixed causes governed by the great I Am, Himself. Now, I ask you, If God is exact to the very last letter in all these things, do you suppose that He will deal carelessly or fitfully with human characters, and permit the depraved and the unregenerate to enter that place of happiness, when our text affirms "no, in no wise," and all God's host of angels from their snow-white thrones each cry: "no, no, nothing that is impure, nor defiled, nor worketh abomination, nor maketh a lie, shall enter"? You may plant the savage and the civilized, the educated and the ignorant, together, house amongst house and family mingling with family, but for all that there is a social law by which they will separate as surely as night is separate from day. I have heard men say that they never could understand why they were left behind in the social rank, whilst others advanced. The secret is that they were not fit for the social rank to which they aspired. There is no hope of eternal life for you unless you are born again. Reverently take your bibles, when you go home to-night, and other points will present themselves for examination which our brief service will not permit us to enlarge upon. Now, I think such are the fair, logical conditions of our text that the Son of God laid down before Nicodemus, and before every member of this congregation, and before all the world. The question arises: How far have we fulfilled these conditions? Some clever, well-educated men think that they have fulfilled the demands of the text, or at least one of the leading demands, when, held in the arms of a devoted mother, they were presented before some servant of God, and received from his hands the rite of baptism, and that the water which fell sparkling on the brow of childhood indicated a deeper and more important baptism of the soul with power from on high. Sometimes, well on in the darkness of the night, I have cheerfully, so far as duty was concerned, hastened to baptise a dying infant for a weeping mother; but whilst it is our failing for each of us to magnify our office, I have never thought to this hour that I had ever any power to regenerate or convey the grace of regeneration to the infant subject, and if any other one has, I would say, like those of whom we read in the Acts of the Apostles, when the brethren told them of what wonders God worked by their hands; Let us praise God, who has given such power amongst men. The prayers of a devoted mother and pious father, mingling with those of some earnest servant of God, may secure some spiritual help for the child, but not regeneration, because if so then all children baptised are regenerated, and all those who die without that rite are lost, because our text, uttered by the Son of God, says; "no, in no wise," an idea from which the best feelings of our natures revolt. I think the children who die in infancy unbaptised are as much among the lambs of the upper fold to-night as those who have had all the advantages of the ceremony. But I know it is argued that baptism takes the place of the rite of circumcision in the Jewish church, and God commanded that the father and mother who so far neglected their duty as not to perform the first act of devotion for their child in the days of its helplessness, their child should be cut off out of Israel, or they should forfeit the perpetuation of their family descent by this heathen act, not by any means that the child should be cut off out of the family of God, because in the passage before us there was no doubt whatever but Nicodemus was circumcised, he being a Pharisee, thus belonging to a sect that was particularly observant of the Mosaic law, yet Christ insists on regeneration. In after years, when a contention arose between the Gentile converts and the Jewish, the apostle says: "Circumcision availeth nothing, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature;" and again he thanked God that He had baptised none, or at least a very few, which would be an extremely strange expression if so much rested upon the act. Then, again, in another place in the Acts, when, through the preaching of the word by some of the disciples, people were converted, and baptised unto or in the name of Jesus, Peter and John, coming down from Jerusalem, kneeling down prayed, and they were filled with the Holy Ghost; and there can be no regeneration without this power from above. Ananias and Saphira and Simon were baptised, and yet the positive teaching of scripture with regard to these persons clearly proved that they were not regenerated, as do also the lives of hundreds of thousands in our own day who are leading sinful lives, while in infancy the parental affection of Godly parents carried them to God's house and had this rite performed for them. I think that it is a positive duty, which Christian parents ought to perform for their children, and also on their own behalf a covenant with God that their best efforts shall be put forth to train them up for Christ, and I think that childhood is the time when it should be performed. But don't rest, my hearers, on the fact that you were baptised, no matter by what priestly hand administered or at what font consecrated. No, in no wise, except ye be born again. But, once more, some points in connection with this change have caused a good deal of discussion. Some suppose it is a gradual transformation or change from the sinful to the pure, from the natural to the spiritual, just like the dawn breaking over the mountain tops, gradually lifting the darkness from the valleys below. It may be, but the danger lies in our trying to improve our character and build up a chaste manhood slowly and by degrees, so slowly indeed that human life may not be long enough to see it accomplished; coming to Christ so slowly that our strength fails us, and in the dimness of old age we fail to find Him; while some speak of feelings and distress, anguish of soul, or of a sudden bound out of self into Christ, out of darkness into light. All these points may have some truth in them, and may be the honest convictions of honest men, but the best term is being "born again," being re-created, made over again, a new force set up in the heart, old things having passed away and all things become new; a putting off of the old man and a putting on of the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness, as if there were a complete change of the man. But the point with us this evening is not so much about the doctrine itself, for in that we all agree, but in what relation we stand ourselves. Is there any religious change whatever wrought in our hearts? Are we struggling after any change, or have we fixed any point in the future when we intend to make this change. I should not be acting the part of a faithful pastor if I were not to urge these points upon you. You have seen men and women of your acquaintance changed, the whole current of their lives turned, the dishonest becoming upright, the immoral becoming pure, the blasphemous giving up their evil ways, the unchaste becoming holy, the untruthful speaking that which was right, the unsteady step of the drunkard cured; you have seen vast changes pass over some whom you have known, or do know, just as it was in the days of Christ, the demoniacs clothed and in their right mind at the feet of Jesus. How do you account for all this? It was no earthly power that worked the marvellous transformation. Prisons, reformatories, penitentiaries have a tendency to keep the evil disposed from perpetrating crime, but this sight is something beyond their power. It is nothing else but the power of God. Seek it to-night.

BAD DRAINAGE.

There is nothing more productive of disease in a neighborhood than bad drainage. Open the culverts and sluiceways and purify the locality. The obstructions in the human system may be remedied in a similar manner by Burdock Blood Bitters, which opens all the outlets of disease through the Bowels, Liver and Kidneys.

Mr. Robt. Kingston has traded his grist mill at Newcomb's Mills, in the township of Brighton, for a grist-mill at Wooller, township yf Murray, and has removed to the latter place.

A Word to the Wise.

As long as natural causes or imprudence lead to physical suffering, so long will the healing art maintain primary importance, and engage the attention of scientific minds. The study of medicine no longer consists in acquiring the art of compounding drugs, or prescribing a heterogeneous mass of ingredients, the properties of which the uninitiated are carefully kept in ignorance of. As knowledge advances common sense and reason are usurping the place of blind faith in conventional creeds and theories. The world has long since scouted the theory put into practice by the medical profession in Spain in a past age, that letting blood from the heels was an infallible panacea for all diseases. It is no longer a settled belief that ignorance of the many is necessary to enable the initiated few to administer to mankind those benefits which a wise Providence has bountifully dispensed for all who seek them where they may be found. The man, therefore, who, escaping from conventionalities, makes the gifts of God available to all, is a public benefactor. Such a man is Professor Holloway. He started with the principle, which is of Divine origin, that "Blood is life," and keeping it in view, has devoted a whole life to secure its recognition by the common sense of mankind. How he has succeeded, the living world is prepared to testify. With simple ingredients he has prepared remedies for internal and external maladies, the most serious and complicated, and guarantees their efficacy on the sole condition that they who try them will strictly follows his directions. He makes no secret of his art, and asks no faith which proof will not deserve. He tells us what our reason accepts, that while the blood is impure health is impossible; points to the countless diseases which are the result of its impurity, and demonstrates that that impurity removed, health returns. He has refuted the assertion that outward applications of his Ointment cannot affect an internal complaining part by once more satisfying our reason that the Ointment, by being rubbed upon any part of the body, will be imbibed and introduced into the blood by means of circulating fluids, in like manner as salt is forced into meat, however hard its substance, and penetrates even the bone, and preserves its marrow. That this is true, is evidenced by the cures without number of gout, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, tic-doloreux, enlargement of the glands, paralysis, knotted veins of the legs, diseases of the hip and other joints, which his drastic remedies have effected. Evidence so overwhelming has, to quote the words of a contemporary, resulted in this, that "the world, at variance on all other points, is here alone united and unanimous that Thomas Holloway is the supreme physician of humanity, and that his Pills and Ointment embrace and have dominion over all forms of external and internal maladies whatever."—*Australian Echo.*

A GOOD INTRODUCTION.

J. Kennedy, a merchant in Dixie, about three years ago introduced Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam to his customers by trying it in his own family for Coughs and Colds. Being pleased with results, large sales followed, and it is now the favorite remedy in that neighborhood.

ANOTHER WITNESS.

A. Chard, of Stirling, testifies to the efficacy of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which he used for a badly injured knee joint. It is the great household remedy for inflammation, pain, soreness, lameness, etc., and is used both internally and externally with infallible success.

Births.

Rawdon, Oct. 13, the wife of E. Canniff, of a daughter.

Rawdon, Oct. 3, the wife of Henry Hagerman, of a daughter.

Winnipeg, Oct. 8th, the wife of J. M. Bowell, of a daughter.

Marriages.

At the residence of the bride's father, Oct. 31st, by Rev. R. Walker, Wilford A. Porter, of Ameliasburg, P. E. county, and Eve, eldest daughter of John McCutcheon, of Sidney.

At the C. M. parsonage, Stirling, 5th inst., by Rev. R. Walker, Edward J. Demill, of Marmora, and Miss Emily Herrington, of Huntingdon.

Madoc, Oct. 9, F. E. O'Flynn and Alice, youngest daughter of John Dale.

Corunna, Mich., Oct. 15, Edward F. Angus and Mrs. Adeline Carr, formerly of Rawdon.

Clifton Springs, N.Y., Oct. 31, Thomas A. Lazier, judge of the Hastings county court, and Frances E., daughter of Rev. Dr. Hanckel, of Charlotteville, West Virginia.

Toronto, Oct. 25, W. N. Ponton and Miss May Elizabeth Sankey.

Sidney, Oct. 9, Frederick White and Miss Annie Berry.

Frankford, Oct 29, Edwin H. Bush, of Sidney, and Estella, daughter of John Consaul.

At the residence of George Drewry, Rawdon, 6th inst., by Rev. F. B. Stratton, Andrew Merriam, of Wisconsin, and Miss Electa Caverly.

Deaths.

Rawdon, Sept. 30, Maggie E., daughter of Lewis Green, aged 2 years, 3 months and 21 days.

Rawdon, Oct. 4, of consumption, Thomas Johnson, aged 51 years, 4 months and 8 days.

Seymour, Oct., Robert Hammond, aged 42 years and 6 months.

Rawdon, 3rd inst., H. R. Peake, aged 23 years, 4 months and 15 days.

Rawdon, Oct. 28, Veta, infant daughter of German Vandervoort, aged 3 months and 18 days.

Marmora, Oct. 19, David Fitchett, aged 53 years.

(Belleville papers please copy.)

Marmora, Oct. 13, Margaret Crawford, aged 22 years.

At Owen Sound, Oct. 23, Margaret, wife of T. W. S. Masson, of Seymour, aged 66 years.

Belleville, Oct. 28, George Taylor, deputy sheriff, aged 68 years.

Belleville, Oct. 14, Wm. Dickens, aged 57 years.

A WRONG OPINION.

Many a dollar is paid for prescriptions for some disease that never troubled the patient, and when the sole difficulty was worms, which a few of Freeman's Worm Powders would remove. These powders are pleasant, safe, and sure, contain their own cathartic, and are adapted for children and adults.

A WONDERFUL RESULT.

A single bottle of Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup has frequently destroyed from 100 to 200 worms. It is pleasant to take—no other cathartic being required. Tape worms have also been removed by it, of 15 to 35 feet in length. It is effectual for all varieties of worms afflicting both children and adults.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Stirling Cheese Factory.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the above factory will be held at the school-house of S. S. No. 7, Rawdon, on Saturday, Nov. 24th, 1883, at 9 o'clock a.m., to pay dividends, elect officers for the following year, etc.

H. CONLEY, President.

HELLO!

Have you seen

Mrs. Wm. Martin's.

Stock of

FANCY FRAMES?

They are the finest ever kept in Stirling.

MILNE and CLUTE

ARE NOW IN THEIR

NEW STORE, IN OLD STAND, with full and complete stock of Goods in every department. An inspection is respectfully solicited. ROCK BOTTOM FOR CASH. If you want to see what Cash will do, bring it with you and try it.

MILNE & CLUTE.

N.B.---All accounts and notes due the firm must be paid at once.

A MADMAN AT THE THROTTLE.

An Engine Travelling at a Fearful Speed.

An engine on the Pennsylvania rail road passed Latrobe recently at a frightful rate of speed. The operator in the signal station near by heard the rumble of approaching wheels and looked up the track in surprise. Like a flash the engine passed the signal station. The operator's eye caught for an instant the figure of a man standing at the throttle with blood streaming from his face. That was all. Then the engine disappeared in a cloud of dust.

An extra freight train coming west was not far from Derry station when it met with an accident. Derry is forty six miles east of the city. The trainwas a heavy one. In addition to the regular drawing engine there was a pushing engineon behind. Suddenly the drawhead of the forward car gave away, and

THE ENGINE, RELEASED FROM ITS HEAVY WEIGHT,

sprang ahead for a few feet, when it was stopped. A brakeman should have been sent to the rear to notify the engineer of the pushing engine of the accident, but it seems that this act of caution was omitted. Switchman John Bley and fireman James Maloney went to repair damages. Bley crawled under the front platform of the disabled car and Maloney was resting on one knee at the bull-nose of the coupling when the train started. In an instant Bley's body was being rolled over and over under the platform; he tried to jump to his feet, but was too late. He was pushed along by the platform and was caught between the car and the forward engine, which was standing on the track where the engine had stopped it. As soon as the train could be stopped the train men and engineer went to the assistance of the injured men. Maloney was shrieking with pain. He was speedily extracted and was suffering the most frightful agony. Tenderly the train men lifted the injured fireman from the ground and carried him to the engine. They placed him upon his back in the cab and went for switchman Bley. He was beyond all help. When his mangled and bleeding body was pulled from beneath the car life was extinct.

While the trainmen were standing about the remains

A WILD SCENE WAS ENACTED

in the cab of the engine. In spite of his terrible injuries and the great loss of blood fireman Maloney's strength was not exhausted. His terrible suffering had turned his brain. Delirium had seized him. Jumping to his feet he danced about and uttered such wild, frightful shrieks as only madmen can utter. There was no one there to control him. It would have been dangerous to have attempted it. He was at home on the engine. With the blood streaming from his gaping wounds the raving manic seized the throttle and pulled the valve wide open. The engine jumped away in an instant and started down grade at a frightful velocity. It was all done in an instant. Fortunately the track was clear and the madman had nothing to hinder him in his head-long race. The six miles to Latrobe were passed over in a twinkling. Then the maniac's strength apparently gave way. Before he fell to the floor unconscious he seized the throttle and turned it the other way. Perhaps it was done in failing. At all events, when the engine had reached the bottom of the grade, a mile further on, it came to a stand. There a party of trainmen found it, and on the floor of the cab they found the body of Maloney lying in a pool of blood. The body was taken to the office of a physician, who dressed the wounds temporarily and pronounced them fatal.

How to Propose.

St. Louis letter: "How shall a man propose in order to be successful in his suit," repeated one of the most intelligent society ladies, whose silver locks only serve to enhance the beauty of her still youthful face. "In my opinion, though all men know well enough how to make love, there is not one in a thousand who knows how to propose. My husband spent six months protesting and convincing me of his love, of which, by the way, I was well aware from the first, 'Will you marry me?' and finally one day said to me, with a disheartened air: 'You are like all the rest, a perfect enigma. I have spent months trying to win you, and I do not know that I have made any impression upon you; you are as hard to unravel as the scarf you wear around your throat.' 'This, I exclaimed, in the most innocent way, 'why, 'tis no difficult task to unravel it, if you only get hold of the right string.' He saw the point, took hold of the right string, and———"

"His arm took the place of the scarf?"

"Well, neither of us has ever regretted it."

A bright-eyed girl, who is a skillful angler for hearts, thinks a young man to be successful should propose after a very short acquaintance, take the girl by storm; as it were while she is pleased with a new beau, and before she has time to tire of him: then follow the proposal up with a vigorous courtship, lots of flowers and bon-bons, drives, theatres, parties, etc., and if she consents, insist upon a short engagement by all means. Another well known blonde beauty, who has created sad havoc and had much experience in this line, says, the only successful way is to propose when least expected. Allow no time for consideration, and then insist that the acceptance must be "now or never." She feels sure that is the only way that she will ever be captured, but she thinks very few men are bold enough to try that game. A handsome young widow, well known in social circles, who is not so rich as she was, says that the only successful way to win her is to offer a fine house, horses and carriage, with plenty of money to keep them up.

A dark-eyed girl, with a tangle of soft brown hair shading her brow, says: "If a fellow is desperately in love with a girl and persistent in his efforts to win her, he is sure to gain his suit. Widowers understand this point, and know how to make love and propose, and you will observe they are always successful. She knows one case where a widower went in and hung up his hat, announcing his intention of remaining until he was accepted, and the girl had to marry him to get rid of him. A widower beau makes her nervous about the result.

One sweet, dreamy-eyed girl, who is just on the threshold of society, says: "Love-making must be so sweet that she would wish her lover to be a long time making the approaches, and she would not shorten the delights of an engagement; if they tire of each other it would be better before than after marriage. She is not particular as to his style, but he must be tall and handsome, and sing and dance well, and, above all, he must know how to to make love." This girl's name must be kept secret.

A married lady, in whose household the little god of love certainly makes his abode, says the only successful proposition of which she knows anything was made without a word being spoken: "John and I sat looking in the fire a long time without saying anything, when all at once he put his arm around me, drew me to him, and kissed me. When father came in a moment later, he said: 'Major, I'm going to steal your daughter.'"

"The quickest courtship on record," said one old resident, "was that of Dr. Nick McDowell who, driving along the street in his buggy one day, saw a beautiful girl standing at a window. He immediately stopped and hitched his horse, rang the bell, inquired the lady's name, was ushered into the parlor, announced his own name, said he was 'pleased with her appearance and wished to marry her at once.' Nothing but the knowledge that she was actually in the presence of the celebrated physician kept her from fainting. To her plea of 'surprise at this unexpected announcement,' he replied: 'Now or never.' When she asked to take a week to consider,' he said: 'I am going down street to attend a critical case, and have no time to spare right now.'

"'Give me a day, then.'

"'I'll tell you what I'll do. When I am through with this professional visit, I'll drive around and get a preacher; if you've made up your mind to marry me by that time, all right," and he left her, breathless, and unable to articulate another word. When he returned they were quietly married. "No cards."

The Tourist in Canada.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Standard* says:—

To see the Old World you must go to the Maritime Provinces and some other parts of the Dominion of Canada. Only in Canada can you see old France. You will not find it in France to-day. In Canada the old forms of speech, old methods of dress and manners of life are preserved. The same is true of the Scotch in Cape Breton and other parts of the country. There are fewer people in Scotland, even in the most Northern Highlands, in proportion to the population, who speak only Gaelic than in Cape Breton. On that island whole communities are found who speak little English, many of them none whatever. The same is true of sections of the Province of Quebec near the writer's birthplace. It is natural that when persons leave their native land they should carry their customs with them; every instinct of patriotism, often of religion also, leads them to cling tenaciously to these customs. The countries whence they came feel the atmosphere of the nineteenth century far more than the quiet corners in which the immigrants have located. Halifax is more English to day than any city in England.

The sturdy Briton has pushed the dashing Frenchman out of all his professions on this continent. The Frenchman, however, has left the halo of brave deeds, and the romance of poetical and historical names on every spot where he has touched. Mr. Warner, in his deeply interesting book, entitled, Baddeck and that Sort of Thing," has remarked that to the French and Spanish we are indebted for the poetry, the romance of our early history. The Briton was not poetic, but he "meant business." We are glad, nevertheless, for the glamour of the Frenchman's poetry. In the Maritime Provinces, strictly, speaking, there are but few Frenchmen left. In the Province of Quebec they abound. In the provinces below they are found only in limited sections. But wherever found they retain the language and customs of their ancestors. Their language is not the miserable *patois* which some suppose. School-girls who can barely translate their exercises may so describe it; but those who have studied the subject deeply know better. One hears in Canada the French as spoken in France two hundred years ago. It is still spoken with remarkable purity. It bears to modern French the relation which the English of Shakespeare bears to the English of to-day. One constantly hears in Canada expressions which he finds in the old and best French dramatists. There are of course, expressions which have come from association with the Indians; there are Anglicisms; there are local expressions due to trade and the exigencies of life. These we have in English also. It is now admitted that most of our "Down-East-isms" were brought from England. They, too, can be traced to the leading writers of an earlier day. Precisely so with the French in Canada. This I affirm: There is better French spoken in Canada to-day as a whole than is spoken in France to day as a whole. There is worse French spoken in France to-day than is spoken in Canada to-day. There is far more of a *patois* in France than in Canada. No doubt in a limited section in France a better French is spoken than in Canada, but taking the country as a whole, the statement already made will not be contradicted by anyone whose judgment is worthy of consideration. It will pay a student of French to visit Canada.

Strange Companions.

William Brickerhoff is the owner of an aquarium. At one time it was well stocked with gold fish, which, through the neglect of a careless servant, became reduced this summer to a single survivor. This one has been the subject of the most jealous care on the part of Mr. Brinckerhoff, who objected strenuously to the introduction into his household in July last of a large maltese cat, the pet of his younger daughter, Beatrice.

The child, however, overruled her father's objections and secured a berth for her pet, promising to guard the gold fish from its attentions. That she had not kept this engagement was yesterday proved to her father as he entered the little parlor of his residence and found the cat its sole occupant save the goldfish in the globe, for which grimalkin was evidently preparing to make a fishing excursion. For this purpose, apparently, it leaped upon a chair at the side of the glass. The fish showed signs of consciousness of the cat's approach, but no fear. On the contrary, it rubbed its nose against the glass and splashed its tail in the water, as if to attract the cat's attention. The goldfish came to the surface blowing in a manner which Mr. Brinckerhoff characterizes as impatient.

Upon this the cat, raising itself on the edge of the bowl, reached over a paw. The goldfish swam gently directly under it, when the cat softly stroked its back, purring meanwhile with great contentment. The fish, however, seemed still unsatisfied, and, darting away from its strange companion, swam rapidly about the bowl and then sought bottom. The cat remained in its position as if puzzled.

Shortly afterward the fish came to the surface again and snapped at a fly which was crossing the water, and rested after having done so on the edge of the bowl. The cat, seeming to appreciate the situation, with a single swift imovement caught the fly and dropped it into the mouth of its funny friend. The latter then submitted contentedly to the back-scratching and endearment which it had before resented. Mr. Brinckerhoff ascertained from his little girl that the companionship had existed for some weeks, but she had feared to tell of it, as her negligence had allowed its formation.

Prayer and Breakfast.

Some years ago, when the country around Cincinnati was newer than it now is, a pious farmer was very busy clearing his land. He had a number of hands employed, and was anxious to accomplish a large amount of work while the weather was favorable. He called them early, and went out with them before breakfast was ready. A horn was blown, and they came in and ate and returned again to their work.

The farmer had been accustomed to have prayers every morning in his family. But to keep so many men from chopping and log rolling while he read and prayed was more than he could afford; so Satan suggested and the good man yielded. His pious wife saw with grief that the family altar was neglected; that her husband in haste to get rich, was departing from God. She talked with him; she pleaded with him, but in vain. At last she determined to try another experiment.

The next morning the farmer and his men went out, as usual, to their work. The sun began to climb up the sky, but no breakfast horn was heard. They grew hungry, and looked anxiously toward the house; they listened, but still the expected summons did not come. After waiting an hour or two beyond the usual time, they went into the house. No table was set, no coffee was boiling on the fire, no good cook over or before it. The good wife was knitting quietly, with the Bible on her lap.

"What does this mean?" cried the husband: "why isn't our breakfast ready?"

"I thought you were in such a hurry about your work that you would not have time to eat it."

"Have time to eat it! Do you think we can live without eating?"

"You can live without eating as well as without praying. The spirit needs the bread of heaven as much as the body needs the bread of earth."

"Well, well," said the farmer, "get us some breakfast, and we will have prayers again every morning, no matter how busy we are, or how many workmen I have."

She got the breakfast, and he kept his word. The lesson was a good one and was never forgotten.—*Sabbath-school Recorder.*

THE HAYTIAN TROUBLE.

British War Steamers on the Way to Hayti.

Recent Massacres at Port Au Prince.

A report has reached St. Thomas that the Haytian Government recently captured a vessel, supposed to be an American craft, which was trying to force the blockade. She was thought to be loaded with ammunition. On the 6th inst. five British war steamers from Barbadoes passed St. Thomas in the direction of Hayti to investigate the circumstances of the recent firing upon the steamer "Alps."

Order has been completely restored to Port au Prince. Fifteen hundred lives were lost, and damage to the exuent of $4,000,000 was done during the recent massacre. The diplomatic and consular bodies, fearing a repetition of the scenes of the 22nd ult. should the insurgent steamer "Eider" land, have agreed to take charge of her if she appears at Port au Prince. On the 3rd inst. the Haytian war steamer "Dessalines" arrived at Port au Prince under the American flag and after proceeded to Cape Haytien. The Government is trying to raise there the balance due on the steamer. On the 20th ult. the Government forces attacked Miragoane and were repulsed with severe loss. Generalissimo Pigiant was mortally wounded.

OUTRAGES IN PORT AU PRINCE.

A correspondent at Port au Prince sends the following:—"On Saturday, the 22nd, at 11 a. m., a cry was heard, 'Revolution!' 'Revolution!' It was then discovered that the general of the arrondissement, Penor, was shot. Five minutes afterward fire was put to all the leading mercantile houses. Many of the fire-proof buildings stood the fire. When that was discovered the rabble resorted to digging out the doors, windows and walls, gutting the stores and placing fire to them. Port au Prince may well be said to be in ashes. The greatest consternation prevailed. Bunting of all nationalities was immediately hoisted at the several consulates and private houses. The fire lasted until Monday morning the 24th. The English, French, and Spanish war ships, very fortunately for the foreigners, were in port, and the men of the respective ships were landed. Thanks to the determined steps of the representatives of these nations their efforts resulted in somewhat establishing order. A great many foreigners were roughly handled, and in many cases shot. A few Englishmen and one Cuban were brutally shot and severely wounded. The country was entirely given up, it is said, by the President for pillage and arson. The secretary of the United States legation, Mr. Eugene V. Garrido, charged by the Vice-Consul-General, Dr. John B. Terres, to procure a flag for his protection, left the legation for that purpose. While returning, enveloped in the Stars and Stripes, and when not over one hundred yards from the consulate, he was shot at by some thirty or more men who were stationed at his door. The secretary was compeled to retreat to a friend's residence close by, when a bullet came pretty near carrying away both. When he could manage to get out he found his residence reduced to ashes, and all he possessed gone. On Sunday at about 2 p.m. the unfortunate secretary was at the door of the legation receiving some of the poor families that were burnt out, an act entirely charitable and humane, when he was menaced and roughly handled by a mob who used bayonets and cutlasses."

Plain Diet.

The diet of children cannot be too plain. If they require to be encouraged to eat by the administration of dainties, there must be something radically wrong somewhere. It is unlikely that that something is constitutional, more probably insufficient exercise is taken or taken at the wrong time, or the nursery is stuffy, or the bedroom badly ventilated, or the parents have forgotten that sunshine and fresh air are as necessary to the healthy life of a child as wholesome food itself. The want of cleanliness, or frequent use of the bath, is many times the cause of indifferent appetite in children. Without cleanliness of clothes and person you cannot have healthy children. Without this the young blood seems poisoned, the child has neither buoyancy nor heart, appetite is depraved or absent, and he grows up as pale and slim as a sickly plant. Injudicious clothing is another cause of dyspepsia. It is bad enough to encase the body which has attained its full development in a tight dress, but it is ruinous for a child to be clothed in tightly fitting garments. Every organ of a child's body requires room to grow and expand; if it be in any way compressed, the circulation through it is lessened, and it is therefore sickly and weak. Children should be fed with unvarying regularity. The parents, having chosen the hours for their meals, ought then to see that the times are strictly adhered to. Irregularity in meal hours, and times of getting up in the morning and retiring at night, is not only prejudicial to the present health of the child, but it teaches him habits which are greatly against his chances of success in after life. I need hardly speak here of the quality of the food that is placed before a child; against indigestible or rich food, against sauces and spices of all kinds, including curries; against heavy food of the pancake, dough and dumpling kind, against unripe fruits, against very hot soup, against strong tea and coffee, or beer, or against over much meat. Pray, mothers, do not forget that an interval of rest should ensue between the meals you give your children, and do not ruin their young digestions by cramming them with cake, or buns, or any kind of sweets. To do so is worse than cruel, it is a sin, and a sin which you are but little likely to commit if you truly love them, and wish to see them grow into healthy men and women. Tarts and confectionery would be bad enough, in all conscience, for children, even if they were always pure and unadulterated. But they are often positively poisonous. Feed on plain and wholesome food regularly from day to day, permitting no stuffing between meals, and not forgetting the benefits that accrue from frequent changes of diet, more especially as regards dinner. Do this, and your children will live to bless you.

Two Questions and all was Over.

"Have you got quail on toast?" asked a seedy looking party as he entered a Market street restaurant the other day.

"Have you got an eagle on silver?" asked the proprietor.

And the conference adjourned sine die.—*San Francisco Post.*

The English Parliament prohibited matrimonial and baby insurance in 1612, under penalty of £500 fine. It would be well to revive and enforce the law.

Jack Moore, of Union City, Ky., was bitten by a mad dog. He went to Mr. Burgen, who owns a madstone, to have it applied. A correspondent of the Cincinnati *News-Journal* says: "It stuck three times. After each application it was boiled in fresh sweet milk, to which it gave a greenish tinge. The fourth time it would not stick, and the patient was pronounced cured. Mr. Moore is convinced of the efficacy of the cure."

Cut off his Revenue.

An old gentleman was sitting in a lawyer's office in this city the other day when a messenger boy came in and handed him a telegram. The old man put on his spectacles and spelled the telegram out with considerable trouble. When its full meaning seemed to flash on him, he sat for a moment as though dazed and then, laying his head on the table in front of him, he groaned audibly. The only other person in the room was a pale-faced man with a bandage over one eye, who, like the old man, was waiting to have an interview with the lawyer. Thinking that the telegram must have conveyed news of some family bereavement, he approached the old man and asked sympathetically:

"Bad news?"

"Yes," said the old man, wiping his eyes with a big bandanna, "tremendous bad."

"Yes; my gal—" The old man's voice broke down, and burying his face in his handkerchief he wept aloud.

The pale-faced man seemed much touched by this display of grief. "It is indeed, sad," said he, "when a loved daughter, the stay and comfort of your declining years—"

"So she was," broke in the old man.

"Is suddenly called away to that shadowy—"

"She weren't called," interrupted the old man, looking up, "she just went off herself. She hadn't no call to go."

"I mean," said the pale-faced man, "when a daughter dies—"

"Dies?" broke in the old man, "who said anything about dyin'?"

"Then she is not dead?"

"Wuss than that. Why, man, she's married."

"Married?"

"Yes, rot the luck, married to Zeke Jimpson this morning."

"Isn't he good for anything?"

"Good for anything? Why, I tell you he's worth five thousand dollars. She had worked that fellow down fine, she had, and I just came down to-day to arrange for a breach-of-promise suit. And to think that she should make it all up and marry while I was away. Why that girl has been worth three thousand dollars a year to me ever since she was sixteen years old, and she never went back on her poor old father before. Well, I'll have to scrape along and get all the money out of Zeke I can until they want a divorce." And the old man tottered out, wiping his eyes.—*Chaff.*

An Unique Bridal Tour.

A giddy but decidedly young married couple arrived at the wharf at the foot of Francis street, St. Joseph, Mo., in a skiff, one morning recently. The young husband jumped out as the prow touched the bank and after mooring his frail craft assisted his female partner out, when a reporter, who happened to be present, took an inventory of their cargo, which consisted of a frying-pan, coffee-pot and three or four bed quilts. The reporter asked the "captain" for an account of his trip. He said he would give it, provided his name should not appear. He was told to proceed and his name, which he did not withhold, should not be given. He stated that he was 18 years of age and a resident of Sioux City, that he fell in love with the girl who is now his wife—a shy maiden of fifteen—but that the girl's mother would not listen to their marriage. The old woman was called away to Kansas City and the couple concluded to take advantage of her absence and get married while she was gone. They carried out this programme and were united in wedlock. Knowing that it wouldn't do to remain in Sioux City until "the old woman" returned and being of a rather romantic turn of mind, they determined on a bridal tour in a skiff down the river, so they got together a camp outfit and stared on their journey, lying by at night and sleeping on the bank of the river.

The young groom frankly admitted that he was dead broke and wished to find a purchaser for his skiff and outfit. In this he was successful, and soon, arm in arm, he and his girl trudged up to the Hutton House. Seeing his bride snugly ensconced he sallied forth to see the town, but as he stayed over his allotted time the bride put on her bonnet and started out to hunt her liege lord. She had been gone but a few minutes when the young Benedict returned and finding his young wife gone, he indulged in a regular old-fashioned boo-hoo and started out to find her. He was successful, and they returned as happy as clams in high tide and paid their reckoning.

The Hooded Leopard.

In Africa and Southern Asia the cheetah or hunting leopard is important to the sportsman. The animals resemble the common leopard in their markings, but are more slender, having long legs and certain external canine characteristics that are very noticeable, so that it was long thought a connecting link between the dogs and cats. In Persia it is called the "youze," and they are carried to the field in low cars, whereon they are chained. Each leopard is hooded. And when the hunters come within view of a herd of antelopes, the leopard is unchained, his hood removed, and the game is pointed out to him, being directed in the pursuit by his sight. Then he steals along cautiously and crouchingly, taking advantage of every means of masking his attack, till he has approached the herd unseen within killing distance, when he launches himself upon his quarry with five or six vigorous and rapid bounds, strangles it instantaneously, and drinks its blood. The huntsman now approaches the leopard, caresses him, wins him from his prey by placing the blood which he collects in a wooden ladle under the nose of the animal, or by throwing to him pieces of meat, and while he is thus kept quiet, hoods him, leads him back to the car, and there chains him. If the leopard fails, in consequence of the herd having taken timely alarm, he attempts no pursuit, but returns to his car with a very dejected and mortified air.

Friendship.

Passing by a blacksmith shop one evening, I heard steady blows upon the anvil. I stopped, went in and asked the man why he worked so late.

"I am at work for my neighbor across the way. He has been burned out and is very poor. I rise two hours earlier and work two later, which makes two days a week for him. I have only the blows of my hammer to give him. So long as one has an arm, he must use it for the needy."

"That is right," said I, "but do you think he will ever be able to repay you?"

"Perhaps not," replied the blacksmith, "but I shall be no poorer, and his little ones will not die of hunger. We must help one another; if my house had been burned, I should have been very glad of his assistance."

I rode on, thinking with Burns,

'The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The gowd's the gowd for a' that.'

Dr. Freire, of Rio Janeiro, finds the earth of cemeteries where yellow-fever patients have been interred to be filled with microbes of the fever, capable of reproducing it,—a powerful argument in favor of cremation.

EATING THE KING

Barbarous Practice in the Kingdom of Dahomey.

The New Monarch's Strange Repast.

When a King of Dahomey dies the head of the deceased king is immediately severed from the body and placed in a vessel containing palm oil, salt and peppers, where it is retained, usually for years, until required for ceremonial uses pertaining to future coronations.

THE TONGUE OF THE DECEASED KING

is removed from his mouth at the same time and placed with the head, where it is reserved for another purpose—namely, the form called "eating the king." These preliminaries over, the number of slaves required for sacrifice and the amount of money for the rum, gin, and tobacco to be consumed, are collected. When all is thus ready, a deep grave is dug under a tree possessing a low branch overhanging the spot selected for the grave. A slave is then brought forward and placed in a basket with a cover to it. In this cover is an aperture through which the head of the victim appears when the top is closed down. The slave thus enclosed is forced to sit in a cramped position, his knees being forced up well to his chest. At the bottom of the basket is a strong loop or hook. A signal is then given, and the basket is turned upside down, and a rope having been attached to the hook or loop, it is hauled over the branch referred to above to such a height that the executioner can

SEVER THE PROTRUDING HEAD

from the victim's body. The head thus falls into the grave beneath. The basket remains suspended as long as blood flows from the body, and eventually the decapitated contents are carried to a place in the forest close by, where they are thrown, to be quickly torn to pieces by the wild beasts and vultures. Similar sacrifices are repeated from time to time, until the bottom of the grave is literally paved with heads and saturated with blood. In this condition it forms the foundation on which to place the dead and headless body of the decased king, wrapped in eight sheets of various hues. His predecessor's head is then brought from the vessel in which it was placed, and put on the headless trunk. Afterward the grave is filled up with the heads of more murdered slaves. Thus ends the first part of the coronation. The deceased king being thus put under ground, his successor has something more to do ere he can reign. The institution called "Je Oba" has to be performed. "Je" meaning to eat, "Oba" the king. To perform this the vessel of palm oil, salt and peppers containing the tongue of the deceased king is brought to his successor, who takes the tongue out of the vessel and eats it in the presence of a large assemblage.

HAVING EATEN HIS PREDECESSOR'S TONGUE,

he has virtually "eaten the king," and has thereby completed the ceremonial necessary to make himself King of Dahomey. Other cruelties followed under the very eyes of the king, the form of torture and death being varied to suit his savage taste. Thus a tree of great height and destitute of branches with the exception of a few small ones at the top, is climbed by a man with a rope in one hand and a sword in the other. Upon reaching the top he cuts off the soft green top of the tree, and then cross-slits the stem longitudinally downwards to the extent of about one foot, so that the stem opens. He then secures the rope to the top of the tree and descends. The rope is hauled at until the tree is so bent downwards that the top is close upon the ground. The victim's head is then placed in the slit in the stem, and securely fastened there with rope and string, and when the king is ready the rope which binds the top of the tree to the ground is cut away, causing the tree to spring back into the air to its original position, carrying the unhappy victim with it, who is suffered to perish up there by the slow process of starvation

Billiard Balls.

Only the tusk of the wild elephant furnishes ivory hard enough to make into billiard balls. The fierce temper of the wild beast hardens and solidifies the tusk, while that of the domesticated elephant is of no use for this purpose. Henry Adolph Meyer of Hamburg, Germany, is the largest dealer in ivory in the world. He sends men into Asia, Africa and India to buy up supplies, and there are sales at public auction every three months in London, which set the standard for prices over the whole world. The ivory is partially prepared when received by the ball makers. Those parts of the tusks that are of sufficient diameter and perfectly solid all through are sawed into blocks representing the diameter of the ball and are shipped to them in that shape. These blocks are first put into a lathe and an ivory harness ring turned from the outer edges before work is begun on the ball proper. After these rings are taken off along with the bark of the tusk an eighth of an inch thick, the ball cut in the rough is laid away to season for not less than six months, as it is liable to crack and shrink if used without seasoning. To finish the ball from the rough a block of hard wood, with a socket capable of holding one-third of the ball is well chalked and the ball inserted. The rotating motion causes the ball to adhere firmly to the wooden socket, and with a steady hand, a correct eye and sharp chisel the intelligent mechanic cuts the globe with perfect symmetry. With a sharp pencil he first outlines a centre, then quartering this is cut with a sharp chisel a delicate groove to the exact depth of the diameter of the designed ball, and with practised precision the ball is cut down to correspond with the depth of this groove. To detect any errors in the symmetry of the ball a sheet of this brass has a hole perfectly round cut in it one-third the diameter of the ball. The ball is placed in this hole and held to the light in such a manner that the light will show through wherever the brass fails to touch the ivory. After the chisel the finest sand paper is used; then pumice-stone and water, and the ball is finally polished with whiting and alcohol. To make the little black spot on the white ball a small hole is drilled and a piece of ebony wood forced into it. To color the balls they are first placed in a bath of muriatic acid and then in the coloring matter while boiling hot. The compounds of coloring matter are trade secrets.

Professor Nordenskjold announces that the hope he has so long held of discovering cases of fertile land behind the ice belt of the coast of Greenland has been annihilated by his successful expedition into the interior of that country.

Irish-Americans who have visited the old country during the summer report that the farming class has not been for years in so prosperous a condition. The report of Sir Rivers Wilson, Comptroller-General of Savings Banks, just issued, confirms this. Last year the average of deposits in Ireland was larger than in England or Scotland, reaching £6 1s. 6d., while in England and Wales it was £4 8s. and in Scotland £3 4s. 10d.

Ladies of Seville at a Bull-Fight.

Charles Dudley Warner's humorous account in the November *Century* of a fashionable bull-fight at Seville, describes the ladies in attendance as follows: "The ladies of Spain, except in some remote towns in the mountain regions, have laid aside the national costume, and dress according to the dictates of Paris, preferring even the French fans to their own decorated with the incidents of the bull-fight and the serenade. In Seville, the black lace mantilla is still worn at church, and to some extent on the street; but the hat is the cover of the new fashion, more's the pity, and the high combs have gone altogether. I do not know why a woman, even a plain woman, should be so utterly fascinating in a mantilla, thrown over a high comb and falling gracefully over the shoulders, stepping daintily in high-heeled shoes with pointed toes, and moving her large fan with just that nonchalant air so accurately calculated to wound but not to kill. In the whole assembly I saw only one or two national costumes; the mantilla and the high comb, with the short petticoat, brilliant in color. Nothing could be more becoming, and it makes one doubt whether woman's strongest desire is to please, and whether it is not rather to follow the fashion, when we see a whole nation abandon such a charming attire.

"But the white mantilla is *de rigueur* for a bull-fight, and every lady wore one. It was a little odd to see ladies in the open light of a brilliant, cloudless day, and in the gaze of the public, in full (as it is called) costume of the ball-room; but the creamy-white mantillas softened somewhat the too brilliant display, and threw over the whole the harmony of subdued splendor. What superb Spanish lace, blonde, soft, with a silken lustre, falling in lovely folds that show its generous and exquisitely wrought figures, each leaf and stem and flower the creation of dainty fingers! Such work as this, of such a tone and fineness, in such large mantillas, sweeping from the head to the train, is scarcely to be found in the shops nowadays. These were heir-looms,—great-great-grandmother's lace, long yellowing, and growing rich in locked chests, worn only on state occasions, and now brought forth to make a bull's holiday.

"We spent a good deal of the waiting time in scrutinizing the packed seats for beautiful women, and, I am sorry to say, with hardly a reward adequate to our anxiety. I am not sure how much the beauty of the women of Seville is traditional. They have good points. Graceful figures are not uncommon, and fine teeth; and dark, liquid, large eyes, which they use perpetually in *œillades* destructive to peace and security. And the fan, the most deadly weapon of coquetry, gives the *coup-de grace* to those whom the eyes have wounded. But the Seville women have usually sallow, pasty, dead complexions. Perhaps the beauty of the skin is destroyed by cosmetics, for there was not a lady at the bull-fight who was not highly rouged and powdered. This gave an artificiality to their appearance *en masse.* Beauty of feature was very rare, and still rarer was that animation, that stamp of individual character, loveliness in the play of expression, and sprightliness, that charm in any assembly of American women. No, the handsome women in the ring were not numerous enough to make any impression on the general mass, and yet the total effect, with the blonde lace, the artificial color, the rich toilet, and the agitation of fans, was charming."

Is the Old Faith Dying?

It is often said specifically that men of affairs, as a class, have lost their interest in the churches, and an attempt was lately made to test the truth of this assertion. In an Eastern city, with a population of a little less than forty thousand, the president and cashier of one of the national banks were requested to furnish a list of the fifty strongest business firms in the city, with the name of the head of each firm. The gentleman furnishing the list had no knowledge whatever of the use that was to be made of it. In classifying fifty-four names thus given, it was found that there were seven whose relation to the churches was unknown to the gentleman who had obtained the list; six who were not identified with any of them; and forty-one who were all regular attendants upon the churches and generous supporters of their work—the great majority of them communicants. In a Western city of a little more than sixty thousand inhabitants, a similar list of fifty-two names was obtained in the same way; and the analysis showed three whose ecclesiastical standing was unknown; one Jew; six not connected with churches; and forty-two regular church-goers, of whom thirty-one were communicants. These lists were both made up by well-informed and sagacious business men; the cities represented by them are not conspicuously religious communities; and the composition of them gives small color to the notion that the business men of our cities are estranged from the churches. It is astonishing that such a notion should ever have gained currency, in the face of the palpable fact that so much money is contributed every year for the support of the churches and the prosecution of their charitable and missionary enterprises.—*Century.*

Two Portraits of Queen Victoria.

Accompanying Mrs. Oliphant's article in the November *Century* are a copy of a recent photograph of the Queen and a frontispiece copy of Thomas Sully's oil study from life, made in 1838. Of the latter Mrs. Oliphant says: "The first time I saw the Queen was on the occasion of some great public ceremonial in Liverpool, when she must have been in the fullness of her early prime, somewhere about thirty. She was then much like the portrait which the readers of this magazine have now presented to them. Her eyes seemed to me her most remarkable feature: they were blue, of the clearest color, not dark enough ever to be mistaken for black, but with nothing of the washy grayness into which blue eyes occasionally fall on the other side. This beauty was very much enhanced by the straight-forward, all-embracing look, which, to my fancy,—that of an admiring girl some ten years younger,—was queenly in the highest degree. It was the look of one who knew, with all modesty and composure, yet with full conviction, that she could encounter no glance so potent, so important, as her own. She met the thousand faces turned toward her with a royal serenity which it is impossible to describe. By nature the Queen is shy, and shrinks from the gaze of the crowd, but her look was sovereign over all such natural tendencies,—the true gaze of the Queen. This is less remarkable now, perhaps, than it was in her younger days; but the reader will see something of this open-eyed serenity in the eyes of the portrait, though they are those of a girl of nineteen."

The dudine, after critically examining the magnificent proportions of the dude, timidly remarked: "George, darling, if I am going to wear the breeches after we get married, you will have to get them made larger than that."

How the Teacher was Trapped.

Mr. Johnson, the High school teacher in Brigham, was a first rate teacher, and if his obituary had been written no doubt would have declared him to be a "kind husband and father." But he was a man of peculiarities, for all that, and one was a disapprobation of kid gloves. "Unnecessary extravagance," he called them; "unhealthy, inconvenient, inadmissable."

Now his twin daughters Prue and Patty, being just fifteen, naturally thought otherwise, kid gloves being to the average young miss what water is to ducks. But all their wishes were of no avail. In winter their delicate hands were "made into paws," as Prue declared with mittens, while in summer they were allowed nothing daintier than lisle-thread.

One lucky day for them, when things had rolled smoothly at school, when the wind was in the west, the coffee clear, the steak "done to a turn," and all those trifles that make angels, or the reverse, of us, were favorably bent, Mr. Johnson announced at dinner that he thought it would be an excellent plan to form a Speech Improvement Society, said society to consist of the family alone, the object in view to be, as the name implied, correctness of speech. It is hardly supposed that the president of the society could be guilty of a lapsus lingæ, but it may be interesting to see how many mistakes ordinary people are liable to make in one week.

"But supposing, papa," said darling Prue, "supposing the sky should fall, or that you should be 'guilty of an inaccuracy,' as you say, what then?"

"My daughter," said her father, benignly, "in such a case I am safe in promising any reasonable reward you may claim?"

"Kid gloves?" ventured Patty.

"I am safe, I think, in saying yes," said her father.

"I choose pearl-colored," cried Prue.

"I will have brown," said Patty.

"And I would like drab," added Mrs. Johnson. This was at noon-time.

When Mr. Johnson came home at night he inquired how soon tea would be ready.

"Just as soon as the tea-kettle boils," replied his wife pleasantly.

"Error one!" exclaimed the teacher, with such a crushing sense of superiority that his wife and daughters wondered that they had ever dared dream of kid gloves.

"It is astonishing," said Mr. Johnson, "how people will persist in talking of 'boiled tea kettles' for supper. This is an instance of the many inaccuracies that are daily in use. I think our improvement society will be a success."

Meek Mrs. Johnson said nothing more during supper.

Right across the street from them lived an elderly widow, who was quite alone, and who was the object of many attentions from the neighbors.

That night a snowfall whitened the sidewalks. Mr. Johnson was an active and prudent man. He was up betimes, and cleared his own walk, and then put his head in at the door long enough to say—

"I will come into breakfast as soon as I have the old lady shoveled out."

"When you get her comfortably aboard the shovel," retorted Prue, "you might bring her in to see us, and hand our kid gloves in at the same time."

It was a subdued but very agreeable husband and father came into breakfast late, bringing three nice little bundles, which he laid beside the plates of his wife and daughters. Prue and Patty found their favorite shades in number five French kids, and Mrs. Thompson rejoiced in a whole box of dainty gloves.

"I am of the opinion, on the whole," said the teacher, "that criticism within the family circle is undesirable. In fact, I have made up my mind to drop the teacher, henceforth, when I open my door, and you may "boil the tea-kettle," my dear, when you please."

So that is how the kid gloves were earned.—*Journal of Education.*

He Felt Kinder Gone.

He had just got his oyster shop opened to the public the other day when in came a man who asked:

"Got any raws?"

"Yes, sir."

"Serve 'em on the half shell?"

"We do."

"Extra large?"

"We have some of the largest oysters I ever saw."

The price was asked and given, and, as it seemed to be satisfactory, the man ordered a dozen, adding:

"I've got a slight contraction of the muscles of the throat, and sometimes I choke. If anything happens to me, run me to the door where I can get the air, and then rush for a drink of water."

The caterer promised to observe the caution, but it was only when the twelfth and last oyster was taken in between two rows of teeth, which stood out like ten-penny nails, that anything happened. Then the eater suddenly raised one leg, his eyes bulged out, and he began to skip around like a goat dodging a club. The choke had come. The caterer seized him by the arm and ushered him to the door, and then hurried to the rear end of the restaurant for a glass of water. When he returned with it, half expecting to see the customer lying on the floor in the agonies of suffocation, no one was in sight. The man was not in the door, nor at the door, nor around the door. He was two blocks away, and the twelfth oyster had gone down to keep the company of the other eleven.

Just exactly another such thing won't happen in that place again.

American Cider.

Among the articles which Englishmen are glad to import from this country is sweet cider. Within the last three or four years a large trade has sprung up between New York and Liverpool, and a dozen merchants handle American cider in bulk. In Great Britain, English cider, made mostly in Devonshire, brings a less price than the American. Some cider also goes to France, but Frenchmen are not so fond of it as the English. The pressing is all done by steam, in October, November and December. The apples used are mostly of the ungrafted kind, and are perfectly sound; otherwise the flavor of the cider would be impaired. Last season more than two hundred and fifty thousand bushels of apples were crushed, and the product was twenty thousand barrels of cider. The juice is allowed to ferment until it reaches a certain stage, and is then filtered through sand to clean it thoroughly. It is drawn off in large vats, and is kept until it is wanted for barreling. The barrels are bunged very tightly, and the cider keeps without change for two or three years. Any stock which becomes sour by age is made into vinegar, and sells for three-fourths of the price of cider.

One Sibilla, who describes herself as "of the reign Victoria," and publishes her pamphlet at Manchester, urges upon women the importance of protesting against their "position" in the State Church considered as typified by worshipping covered." She has no fault to find with Christianity "rightly understood," but she thinks it has been much abused "to gild the thrones of tyrants and glorify priests and the male sex."

FACETIAE.

"I am beside myself," said Lorenzo, as he stood by a portrait of himself in the artist's studio. "It isn't the first time though, Lorenzo," sighed his wife in martyr tones.

"Vegetable pills!" exclaimed the old lady; "don't talk to me of such stuff. The best vegetable pill ever made is an apple dumplin! For destroying a gnawing at the stomach, there's nothing like it."

A bore, meeting a wit, angled for an invitation from the latter to call on him. At last the wit yielded, and gave the bore an invitation, saying, "Come at any time, as I shall be glad to see you on any day except the day you call.

"My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer. "The plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?" "A hundred dollars easy," was the reply.

Pun upon Pun.—Two Oxonians dining together, one of them noticing a *spot of grease* on the neckcloth of his companion, said, "I see you are a *Grecian*." "Pooh!" said the other, "that's *far-fetched*." "No, indeed," says the punster, "I made it on the *spot*."

When Filkinsbury moved away from town he was asked if he received anything in the way of a keepsake from the citizens. "No," he replied, "nothing; though I believe there was something said about my receiving the congratulations of the people on my change of residence."

Lord Odo Russell, while calling upon Prince Bismarck a short time ago, asked him how he managed to rid himself of that class of unfortunate visitors whom he could not well refuse to see, but whose room he found preferable to their company. "Oh," replied the chancellor, "I have a very simple method! My wife knows them pretty well, and when she sees they are with me, she generally contrives to come in and call me away upon some pretext or other." He had scarcely finished speaking when the princess put her head in at the door, and said, "Otto, you must come and take your medicine. You ought to have had it ten minutes ago." Lord Odo Russell had not till then had any idea that his room could be more welcome than his company.

CURRENCY.

The season for clubbing Michigan editors has set in, and there is every prospect of a rush of business.

It takes an oyster twenty-five years to petrify, and then he is no more palatable than the bivalves to be had at any charitable festival.

A New York thief says that Gen. Grant never carries any money to speak of, and that his watch isn't worth stealing. A thief ought to know.

The rumor that Frank James is looking for a half interest in a Missouri weekly paper is denied by his friends. He thinks the revolver mightier than the pen.

It has been demonstrated that any Maid of the Mist can pass the Niagara whirlpool, but that's poor satisfaction for swimmers not built on the steamboat plan.

The woman who doesn't like her nose can have it remodeled in Brooklyn for $25. She will be cautioned not to blow it for three months after the operation.

There is one county in Virginia which has not had a drop of rain for the last three months. What a nice place that must be for drying clothes and shingling houses!

A New York fire insurance president has just lost a country-seat valued at $75,000, and he hadn't a cent of insurance. He was probably looking around for a reliable company.

It costs only $7.50 to steal an old horse, file down his teeth, dye his coat and sell him to some man wanting a 4-year-old stepper. That was the figure given in Indianapolis.

An Esquimau in good health can eat his own weight in seal or whale blubber at one meal, and he does not afterwards stand up and make a fool of himself by offering or responding to a toast.

The man who has had 820 lawsuits within five years lives in Dubuque. He's so touchy that no one can knock him down or club his dog or steal his hens without his rushing after a warrant.

A Pennsylvania mule which had lived in a coal mine for nine years without seeing daylight was hoisted up the other day, and his first act was to kick a boy sky-high. Mules know what daylight is for as well as any one else.

Mr. McCurdy, of Jersey City, says he has had burglars in his house fourteen different times in the last six years. As he never had anything to steal, and has consequently lost nothing, the burglars have his heart-felt sympathies.

Ethical Culture.

It was in September, 1879. The train that bore Bob Hawkins to college caught him away from the arms of his mother, and the kisses of his sisters. Very glum was Bob Hawkins, and very reluctant he to go to school.

"Aw, shaw!" he growled; "I donkare to go, nuther, so what's the use? Doggone the collidge, it don't do no good, an' I won't know no more w'en I come back than I do w'en I go away. I'd drather drive a team 'r learn a trade 'r somethin. Dod fetch the thing anyhow."

June, 1883. Ambrose Hawkins returns to his ancestral halls on the farm; his family weep for joy. All rush to embrace him as he steps from the train. Ambrose Hawkins gazes fixedly on them through the oriel window that includes one eye, and delicately extending two fingers for them to grasp, he murmurs:

"Aw, fathaw! gently, my de-ah fellah, gently; aasy on the rings, ye knaw; bless you, me mothaw—how? no, thanks; kiss you when we get home, ye knaw; how do, brothaw—brothaw—well, bless me soul but aw I've forgotten the boy's name, S stah, de-ah, will you kindly hand these brawses for me boxes to the luggage-mawstah? Aw this—is this—is this the vehicle."

And all the way home the old man didn't say a word, but he just drove and thought and drove, and nearly all the night he sat up twisting hickories and laying them to soak in the watering-trough down by the cow-barn. And he told a neighbor the next day that Charles Francis Adams was right, and that he had about four years of college l'arning to un'larn fer Bude afore the boy could holler at a yoke of steers like he used to, but the boy seemed to be comin' round all right, and he reckoned he'd do, by-'n'-by."

"Then, if I undertand you," said a merchant to a customer, "you do not intend to pay me the amount you owe." "Your understanding is correct, cap'n." "And you call yourself an honest man, do you?" "Yes, sir. If I were not honest, I would tell you that I intend to pay; but, being honest, I do not wish to deceive you."

Mr. Wolohin, of Albany, Fla., set a hen on hen's eggs. He lifted her up the other day and found her keeping warm three young kittens, a powder gourd, and a door knob; and he's putting in his time now wondering how it occurred, instead of laying for his neighbor's boy.

BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"Anstice has one of her 'weird seizures;' she is sitting, looking rapt, with a black stump of a pencil in her hand, that is writing, slowly and deliberately for the most part, but occasionally with a jerk that shakes her arm off the paper. Even if one could doubt Anstice's word, one could see *she* isn't writing. I may be weak-minded, but I will acknowledge to feeling creepy; and I wish that the person who dragged forth that little demon of a Planchette from the oblivion of the dark closet might see a ghost every night!"

Mary Steyner proves her possession of a "creepy," feeling by a little shrug and shiver.

I look up from my work, a stork in which I have been stitching the long, precious morning hours, and whose legs have proved to be stumpy and will have to be taken out,—yes, they are undeniably stumpy,—I look up, and say, indifferently, "It is only fun. What harm does it do? But it so seldom tells the truth that I am tired of it."

"It? IT? What is it?" cries Mary Steyner excitedly. "You don't seem to realize what a mystery it is! Do you believe it is—*spirits?*"

Mary Steyner drops her voice, and pronounces the last word in an awe-striken tone.

"Nonsense!" say I. "Spirits would nevercome back to write such stupid things and tell such lies!"

"Not unless they were bad ones," says Mary Steyner reflectively. "While it was Planchette it didn't seem quite so dreadful, because there was the bit of metal on it, and one could talk about magnetism, and if one didn't understand in the least what magnetism was or had to do with it, still a word is something to cling to. But now that Anstice has discovered that a pencil in her fingers writes just as well without the board, the mystery begins to disturb me. I'm thankful enough that the pencil won't write in my fingers. I tried it, for fear it would!"

"Ask Dr. Felix about it," says Mary Maurice, who is softly playing a Chopin nocturne at the piano.

"Dr. Felix is in the library, too, pretending to read a book, but really watching Anstice. He has been talking about it most learnedly. My small powers of comprehension were completely benumbed by the first sentence, and before he had finished the room whirled around me. He talked about 'unconscious cerebration,' and 'cerebral automatism, and 'unconscious volition;' and jelly-fish and the molecules of monkey-brains were in some way mixed up with it all! Then he ended by saying that it 'was not altogether explainable!' Anstice listened as sweetly as if it were all perfectly lucid and satisfactory. The thing itself wrote, once, that it was Satan: that theory has one advantage over Dr. Felix's,—it is more comprehensible. Girls, you don't suppose it is that man do you?" Mary Steyner speaks in a tone of suppressed eagerness and excitement.

"That man?" repeat Mary Maurice and I simultaneously, with a vague idea that she must meant Satan, yet not remembering to have ever heard him definitely classed with humanity before.

"Dr. Felix, of course," says Mary Steyner, impatient of our dullness.

Mary Maurice and I look at her in wonder. The supernatural theory which explains the manifestations of which Anstice is the medium, we know; and Dr. Felix's "natural" theory we know,—that is, so far as his profound philosophizing has been able to enter our untortured brains; but what is this?

"You know there is such a thing as mesmerism; and one mind sometimes has extraordinary power over another mind," says Mary Steyner.

We know: our knowledge is of that extremely limited character which inspires us with the vast respect for the subject.

"He's a most uncanny little man," says Mary Maurice.

"He's always watching Anstice, and I know she is never out of his thoughts," pursues Mary Steyner. "But I shouldn't have thought of his having anything to do with the writing if Anstice had not told me that she had noticed that it would not write as freely when she was alone. One day when I was looking over her shoulder Dr. Felix's name was written over and over again; and once it wrote hers and his and drew a ring around them. Anstice laughed and blushed and thrust the paper out of sight; she said it was very absurd, sometimes. I asked her if she thought it was spirits, and she said she couldn't form any opinion, it was so mysterious; she kept trying it, not for the sake of what it told her, which was often nonsense, but for the sake of finding out. She felt as if she might be on the brink of a great discovery. I thought then that she was inspired with Dr. Felix's zeal for scientific investigation; but yesterday she told me that she thought it must be spirits,—something was written which only she and her mother knew, and she was sure that she had forgotten it; it was not in her mind. I reminded her that it had never told anything correctly which she did not know; but she said, mysteriously, that I did not know all that it had told her. Something is making her pale and nervous. Uncle Rufe was in the library this morning, and he told her that she didn't look like herself,—said he thought she would do better to employ her faculties with the material affairs of life rather than in trying to 'raise spirits from the vast deep.' And Dr. Felix said she was of 'too sensitive and impressionable an organization to trifle with an uncomprehended phase of brain-power:' he said it ponderously, but that was the gist of it."

"I don't see how he can have anything to do with it," said Mary Maurice. "He certainly doesn't encourage her in experimenting with it."

"His philosophizing does encourage her: it makes her want to find out. But perhaps he has nothing to do with it. I only offer the idea as an addition to the theories already proposed: it can't well throw less light upon the subject than they do. But there is one fact in connection with this affair,—and a fact is a great thing to me in the present dazed condition of my brain: Dr. Felix wants to marry Anstice."

"To marry Anstice!"

I mutilate my stork, and Mary Maurice plays a discord. I am utterly indifferent to the mysterious manifestations which are disturbing Anstice's soul and stupefying with wonder the brains of the household. Neither Planchette nor a pencil *per se* makes any revelations to me, and I am not anxious to have them. I am quite contented with life, without caring to feel out into the darkness that bounds it. But facts impress me. This one impresses me very disagreeably, for Anstice is my sister, and I do not wish Dr. Felix for a brother-in-law. I do not question that the information is a fact, for we are all in the habit of regarding Mary Steyner as very acute. We three are cousins, and we are all Maries; with the names all resemblance ceases; but we understand each other as we none of us, not even I, her sister, understand Anstice; and for quick perception and shrewd observation we look to Mary Steyner.

Moreover, this is not an utterly new idea to me. I have refused to heed my own suspicions, but for weeks I have felt as if I were, like Anstice, "on the brink of a great discovery."

"Why should he want to marry Anstice?" says Mary Maurice, turning around on the piano-stool. Mary Maurice is inclined to be argumentative.

"In the first place, he is in love with her," says Mary Steyner.

If I ever questioned the shrewdness of Mary Steyner's observation, it would be now. It is as easy to fancy the differential calculus a prey to the tender passion as Dr. Felix.

And yet when one is young it is not so very difficult to believe in love as a universal motive. I reflect that in the uncomprehended "soul of things" even mathematics may be rooted and grounded in love. It is not *impossible* that Dr. Felix is in love with Anstice!

"Secondly, being a thorough materialist, Dr. Felix has a very strong appreciation of wealth as a positive good."

Mary Steyner has expressed admiration for Dr. Felix; therefore this surprises me, and I say so.

"I admire him more than ever, he is so beautifully consistent," she says. "He has some of the weaknesses of humanity, and he falls in love; but not for a moment would he indulge himself in any such emotion if there were no material good to be gained by it. Given love and wealth, he devotes himself to their attainment with systematic persistency. I don't see how Mary Maurice can call him 'uncanny.' His character refreshes me, like the multiplication table, in the midst of Anstice's uncanny performances. When that pencil goes scribbling off by itself, and I begin to feel cold chills down my back, my only comfort is to think of Dr. Felix and remember that twice two still makes four!"

"Anstice won't marry him," says Mary Maurice.

"*Marry him!*" I echo, with disdain.

It is audacious of any man to wish to marry Anstice. Have not a round dozen already been made to feel this? Was not even Charley Bramhall,—Prince Charley, as we always called him, our old friend, our knight and champion from childhood, whose father has been Pythias to Uncle Rufe's Damon all his life,—was not Charley sent away with disdain last month when he suddenly developed this audacity? Our Anstice looks like an Annunciation lily; she is clothed with stateliness and purity as with a garment.

Diverse in our opinions and feelings as to other matters, we are a unit in our worship of Anstice. Her beauty is a perpetual pride and delight to us. (We three Maries are all plain.) We are even proud of the sensitive reserve which prevents her from taking us all into her confidence, as we take her and each other into ours. I am especially proud of the fact that she is my sister, and not in the least hurt that nobody hears of it without strong impressions of surprise.

Audacious as it would be to my mind for a king to wish to marry our Anstice, what can be said of such a desire on the part of Dr. Felix? He is poor, and of no reputation, except for learning, which I do not think we estimate very highly. He has lately come from a German university, and is Uncle Rufe's secretary. He is not altogether plain of feature, but he is small of stature, and we none of us approve of little men. His manner has not a particle of polish; he is brusque to the verge of rudeness. We three Maries think his manners detestable; Anstice says she rather likes them,—that they are a refreshing change from the manners of the society young men whom we meet.

What else Anstice thinks about Dr. Felix I have never thought it worth the while to ask, and now that I think of it, I remember that she has never said.

I have remodeled the legs of my stork, and again the one important one is hopelessly bad. Mary Steyner jumps up and says that a little fresh air is necessary to preserve her sanity after such exercises of mind as she has had this morning. Mary Maurice goes out with her. I go in search of Anstice.

She is not in the library. Dr. Felix sits there alone at a table, with a pencil between his fingers. His hand is perfectly motionless, and he has on what Mary Steyner calls his "investigating expression." He is invoking the spirits, or "the uncomprehended brain-force," or whatever the power may be which moves the pencil in Anstice's fingers. He looks more like a Bedlamite than one would suppose it possible for Dr. Felix to look. The pencil does not move. He is too absorbed to observe me, and I go out, closing the door softly.

It strikes me as probable that Mary Steyner will soon find her only consolation in the multiplication-table, for Dr. Felix is becoming, like Anstice, an apostle of the uncanny.

I noiselessly open the door of Anstice's room, and find her prone upon her bed, her face buried in the pillow. She raises her head and shows me a tear-stained face. She is trembling from head to foot. Never have I seen our serene Anstice in such a plight.

She seizes me, clings to me.

"Mary, I must tell you! I can't bear such a burden all alone," she says. "Look at this."

A sheet of paper written all over is lying on her desk; beside it is the little black stump of a pencil, the very sight of which fills Mary Steyner with horror. It has been worn down from a pencil of goodly proportions to its present condition in a short time by the invisible demon—or "force," according to Dr. Felix—to whose use it is devoted. I think with amazement of the amount of ghostly counsel which Anstice must have received!

The writing is somewhat scrawly. I do not find it very easy to decipher; Anstice, being experienced, reads it readily but she insists upon me doing it for myself.

"I want to be sure that my eyes do not deceive me,—that I don't imagine any of it," she says.

I read first a name which is signed at the bottom of the sheet, and which is very plainly written: it is the name of our dead mother.

A detached sentence which is very plain is this:—"Be comforted by the knowledge that your mother is always near you."

"Mary, you remember her writing:—does that or does it not look like it?" Anstice asks this as one asks a question upon which life depends.

I do remember our mother's handwriting: she wrote a delicate Italian hand, sloping very much. This writing is round, upright, almost back-handed. I am about to answer Anstice's question with an emphatic "No," when I catch sight of a capital letter that is peculiar and is as our mother made it; farther on there is another that reminds me of her writing. I hesitate.

"I don't think it does, as a general thing; but there are some little peculiarities—"

"You see them? I thought you would!" cried Anstice. "It is of no use trying to deceive myself. It *is* mother." She drops her face in her hands, and is shaken by weeping.

I am moved, but not as might be expected. I do not take kindly to the supernatural. I am conscious of a strong sense of revolt. I do not feel that I have heard my mother speak. My strongest feelings are a decided objection to the whole business, and anxiety about Anstice, who seems deeply distressed.

"If you really think so," I say "I should think it would be a happiness."

"*If* I think so! Don't you think so?" asks Anstice.

"I don't see very much to make me think so," said I.

"But you don't know all she had told me, Mary. She reminded me of things that happened when I was a little girl, that I had quite forgotten. And, Mary, you remember the ring that I lost nearly a year ago,—the little sapphire set between two large pearls? She told me that it was in the finger of a glove that I had discarded and tossed into the bottom drawer of the chiffonier, to be thrown away; and I found it there!" And Anstice produced from her jewel-case the sapphire ring, and held it up before my astonished eyes.

"But when you asked about the watch that Uncle Rufe lost years ago, it wrote that he would find it within a week; and he hasn't," say I. "And it said that Aunt Katherine had gone to Cleveland, and told with whom and in what train, and we discovered that she hadn't stirred out of her house"

"Yes, but it was not mother's spirit that wrote those things. Sometimes I think, Mary, that these may be evil spirits who tell falsehoods. But everything that has purported to come from mother has been true."

"But this does not seem to make you happy," say I.

"It is what she told me that makes me unhappy. She says—oh, Mary! she says that I must marry Dr. Felix, that we were created for each other, and that I shall interfere with the designs of Providence if I refuse him, and bring trouble upon us all, especially upon—upon Charley."

I am more than "on the brink of a discovery." I have gone over, and the wonder of it has swallowed me up.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wrestling Camels.

Wrestling matches between camels is an amusement in which the Turks take great delight, although they sometimes get fine animals maimed in the sport. The camels are trained to wrestle when quite young, and take much pleasure in the fray. A correspondent writes: We had a young one on board, only a month old, and as he was born under the flag he was christened "Uncle Sam." One of the Turks amused himself on the voyage making a "pehlevan" of him, and when he was six weeks old he was more than a match for his master, using his legs, neck and mouth with such dexterity, and displaying such wonderful strength in so young a thing, that he became a very rough playmate, and often hurt the men by throwing them down. This feature seems to be natural to the camel, for when two strange ones come together where there are any females they have a wrestling match for the supremacy, and the conquered one ever after acknowledges his inferiority by not so much as daring to glance at a female. Well-trained animals seldom injure each other, being taught to throw their antagonist by getting his neck under their fore leg—the right one—and then throwing the whole weight of their body on him and bringing him to the ground."

A Fortunate Escape.

At Neuilly, near Paris, a lady of independent means was much annoyed by the gradual disappearance of her jewels, laces, and other articles of value, of which she believed she was being systematically robbed. Her servant's honesty was beyond question, and the supposed thief, it was conjectured, could only be some unknown person who gained access to the apartment during the night. The lady had a son, an officer in the army, whom she informed of what was going on, and it was determined that he should keep a watch in the corridor leading to the apartment, with a revolver in his hand, waiting for any emergency. He waited one night for three hours, but nothing unusual occurred, and he was on the point of retiring to rest when he perceived in the darkness some one proceeding cautiously along the passage. He fired, a scream was uttered, and the mystery was cleared up. He found his mother there, her hands filled with trinkets; and it turned out that the lady who was a somnambulist, had stowed away all the missing property in a closet used for lumber. By a fortunate chance the sleep-walker was not wounded, and what might have been a tragedy ended in a laugh at the matron's expense.

A Bad Burdie.

A man by the name of Halstead, living in the vicinity of Mount Vernon, Ga., went into the woods to chop down a tree, accompanied by his little four-year-old son, whom he placed under the shade of a neighboring tree. He could see the little fellow plainly from where he was at work. When the tree was almost down and the father stood resting before delivering the final strokes he heard his boy exclaim: "Purty 'ittle burdie; O purty 'ittle burdie!" Impelled by some mysterious motive, the father determined to take a look at the "'ittle burdie" himself, and leaving his work but not his axe behind, he walked over to the tree where his offspring sat. There within three feet of the little chap he found a huge moccasin snake, with head erect, acting in the roll of "burdie" before an admiring audience of one. Telling the boy to run, he advanced upon the reptile stealthily and chopped it in twain before the conclusion of the first act, which ended the performance and the moccasin's future personation of the character of "burdie." The snake was four feet in length and proportionately thick.

Nevada, a State that manages to spring more natural curiosities to the regular month than most others develop in a year, has in her waters a whistling fish. It is a sucker and the whistling is done with a pursed mouth, after the human fashion. A veracious newspaper goes so far as to say that the fish can be taught to whistle a simple tune.

The mania for competition so characteristic of Americans has got into the clam-opening business. Two men in New York laid a wager of $125 as to which could open an equal number of clams quickest. The winner got away with 504 to the the 397 of his opponent. The contest was said to be very exciting. We should think so—for the clams.—

The new house to be built by J. C. Flood, one of the bonanza four, on California street, San Francisco, will be the finest private residence in this country. It is to cost about $5,000,000 without the furniture, which will cost perhaps $2,000,000 more. Every room is to be frescoed by artists brought from Italy for that purpose.

USEFUL HINTS.

Hair Falling Off.—This defect occurs from weakness either of the body generally or of the hair bulbs, or follicles, themselves. Frequent cutting undoubtedly strengthens the growth of the hair. Frequent brushing and washing are quite the best methods for preserving its health and cleanliness, and ought, along with the assistance of the one-sided comb, to be solely trusted to. The irritating small-tooth comb ought to be banished from use entirely. At the same time, it is of importance to note that unless good assistance is given by proper attention to diet, exercise, ventilation, and such other matters as tend to promote the general health and vigour of the body, external remedies will be of very little use. The following shampoo liquid is very good, and may be used safely:—Take of carbonate of ammonia, ½oz.; water, one pint. Dissolve; then add tincture of Spanish fly, 5oz.; old rum, 1 gallon. Moisten the hair and scalp with a little of this mixture, rubbing well in. Afterwards wash off with cold water; then dry well. This makes a capital hair tonic. John Wesley recommended rubbing the scalp morning and evening with a raw onion until it becomes red, and then applying a little honey.

Spoiling.

To spoil house plants—water them too much.

To spoil butter—do not work out all the milk.

To spoil a carpet—sweep with a stiff half worn broom.

To spoil pancakes—bake them on a lukewarm griddle.

To spoil a breakfast—grumble all the while you are eating.

To spoil potatoes—let them lie and soak in water after boiling.

To spoil bread—use poor flour and sour yeast and let it rise until too light and it runs over.

To spoil scissors—cut everything from a sheet of paper to a bar of cast iron.

Ammonia water or a cloth dipped in whiting, cleans paint nicely. Sapolio is also good. Cold tea is the best thing to clean varnished wood. The tea and tea leaves saved from the table for several days and steeped will usually be sufficient. It removes spots, and gives a much fresher, newer appearance than when soap and water are used.

Photographing in Colors.

"How soon can I have my photographs?" asked a lady who had gazed for the fraction of a second at the camera in an establishment in Eighteenth street.

"She will get them in as short a time as she would an ordinary phtograph, and they will show the colors in the fabrics of her dress and her complexion. The process is quick and simple," said the operator. "In six days, with all the colors."

"Do you take the colors with the camera?"

"No; the preliminary process is the same as in photography. We take ordinary photographic negatives by instantaneous photography. The patent lies in producing the colors after the negative has been obtained. The paper on which the photograph is printed is covered with a light wash of colors according to the notes taken by the operator at the sitting. No skill is required to apply the wash. This is sensitized by a process protected by a patent. When we print from the negative on this paper the colors take up all the lights and shades, and the result is a perfect colored photograph. The process was invented by Bonnaud, a Frenchman, and the photograph is called a Bonnaudtype."

"Do you confine yourself to portraits?"

"Oh, no; we take photographs of houses, paintings, subjects for advertising, and samples. Here is a set of briar-wood pipes, and a set of lampshades. Now the drummers for the firms manufacturing these, instead of taking the pipes and the lampshades with them in their travels through the country, can take photographs, or the manufacturer can mail the photographs directly to the retailers. This simple photography is a large branch of our business."

Large and Small Heads.

A writer in the *Journal of Science* says the idea that a great intellect requires a large head is not supported by facts. An examination of busts, pictures, medallions, etc., of the world's famous celebrities, almost tends the other way. In the earlier paintings, it is true, men are distinguished by their large heads, but this is attributable to the painters, who agreed with the general opinion, and wished to flatter their sitters.

A receding forehead is mostly condemned. Nevertheless, this feature is found in Alexander the Great, and, to a lesser degree, in Julius Cæsar. The head of Frederick the Great, as will be seen from one of the portraits in Carlyle's works, receded.

Other great men have had positively small heads. Lord Byron's was "remarkably small." Men of genius of ancient times have only what may be called an ordinary or every-day forehead, and Herodotus, Alcibiades, Pluto, Aristotle and Epicurus, among others, are mentioned as instances. Some are even low-browed, as Burton, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," and Albert Durer.

The average forehead of the Greek sculptures in the frieze from the Parthenon, is, we are told, "lower, if anything, than what is seen in many modern foreheads."

A Trade for Women Which They Neglect.

"Who'll have the next now? Only a few more left—I mean what I say. A magnificent penknife of finest make. Just look at what you're getting! No common cutlery, but a genuine Sheffield, warranted to cut something besides butter. You shall have it for seventy-five cents. Want to close out the lot or I wouldn't let it go less than $1. What's that? Do I hear any one say seventy?"

These words were rapidly uttered the other day in a cheery voice that struck the ear rather musically than otherwise. The speaker was an English woman. Her dark eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed. The peculiar interest that attached to her was the fact that she possessed the distinction of being the only female auctioneer in the United States. She said she had followed that calling for the last fifteen years, both in England and America. She had picked up a penknife from the table beside her and launched forth into the above flood of words to demonstrate how easy it was for a women to talk like an auctioneer. It only required the gift of gab, she said, and nature had been generous to the gentler sex in that respect.—*New York Sun.*

"Why," said a defeated candidate, "am I like the earth?" "Because," said a listener, "you are covered with dirt." "Wrong; guess again." "Because you are always 'round." "Wrong; try another." "Because you are wicked." "'Try again." "Give it up. Why are you?" "Well, it's because I'm flattened at the polls."

EGYPTIAN HORRORS.

Visit to a Mad House Where Cholera was Suspected.

The following frightful description of a visit to an Egyptian mad house is taken from a letter by the Cairo correspondent of tee *Egyptian Gazette*:—

Grave suspicions were entertained by many that the Government Lunatic Asylum at Abbasseeyeh was a hotbed of cholera, and that the existence of the disease within its walls was being concealed. No difficulty was made about my being admitted to the place. We were ushered through a deep, dismal archway into the recreation gound of the asylum, where the mad people were wandering about in a solitary, purposeless way. Turning to the left beneath an arcade we entered a dark doorway, just as the last of

A HERD OF IDIOTS

had been driven in before us. We took ten or fifteen strides along a sombre passage, and on reaching the wall made a quarter turn to the right and stood facing a long, lofty corridor, lighted only by a few small windows near the ceiling, secured by iron bars. All along this corridor, at the base of the wall on the left hand, the lunatics sat squatted on their haunches in a long and almost interminable row. To all appearance they were a quiet, inoffensive, miserable-looking lot of creatures, literally clothed in sackcloth. Their only garment consisted of a coarse sackcloth shirt, descending to their knees, with an aperture through which to pass the head, and sleeves falling half way to the elbows. They had not a particle of linen about them. On our right were the bedrooms; lofty, spacious, sombre apartments, entered through low doorways. The bedsteads were similar to those in use in the native hospitals and barracks—iron frames and planks. The bedding and bedclothes were filthy in the extreme, and swarming with vermin. Each room was crowded with beds placed about an arm's length from each other. The stench was intolerable, both in the apartments and the corridors. No regard was even paid to the most elementary notions of cleanliness.

AN INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE.

At length we reached what I can only describe as the chamber of horrors—the apartment in which refractory patients were mastered and treated. It was a lofty, spacious room, with plenty of light. Here a most horrible sight greeted us. All around the walls, at regular distances of about six feet, were arched cavities commencing at the ground and extending to a height of about two feet six inches. The extremities of a curved iron bar were firmly fixed in the masonry on either side of each cavity. The purpose of this arrangement was as follows:—When a man became violent he was placed with his legs bound and with his back against the iron bar, in a sitting posture, his arms being firmly lashed to it. The cavity in the wall was supposed to prevent him injuring his head by swinging it backward and forward or by dashing it from side to side against the masonry. As we entered this veritable torture chamber the first thing that met our gaze was a recumbent figure surrounded by three or four attendants.

ON THE RACK.

We discovered a machine bearing a close resemblance to a weighing machine on the bascule principle, only that the bottom part, that upon which the goods are placed to be weighed, extended some three or four feet from the back piece. The top of this back piece was padded to the depth of about a foot, the padded part being covered with red Morocco leather. On this machine was seated a patient, with the back of his head against the padding and his legs extended toward us. The three or four attendants by whom he was surrounded were engaged in binding his arms to rings fixed behind the back part of the machine. The left side of this wretched being's head, at the height of his eyes, was covered with blood, and his left eye was almost closed, all the part surrounding it being much swollen and inflamed. While the attendants were engaged in tying him up he was sobbing, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and he rocked his head gently from side to side as if in pain, occasionally glancing toward us. While we stood gazing at the horrible sight he did not attempt to offer the least resistance. Of course the injury which he had sustained may have been self-inflicted, but it is equally likely, I think, that he had been knocked down by one of the keepers. The appearance of this prison was filthy in the extreme. The stench was insufferable. The kitchen, which was close at hand, was a gloomy, dirty sort of place. The women's quarters were even worse than those of the men. They were very crowded, and their generally filthy condition is beyond description. Many of the women were hysterical, and two of them were naked.

A Chinese Passport.

If you intend to proceed into the interior of that country by river you must get a "house boat"—a sort of monster gondola built in junk fashion—you must engage a cook and interpreter, and you must finally obtain a passport, without which you may be turned back by any little mandarin's representative who may choose to challenge you. The house-boat and cook were found for me by the energetic manager of the Hotel des Colonies at Shanghai; the passport, owing to the kindly care of Mr. P. G. Hughes, the much-esteemed English Consul, came just in time to allow me to avail myself of a fair wind and a good strong tide. The passport would have made a first-rate sheet for a bed, both in point of size and in toughness of material. What it said I shall never know. The man who inscribed it will carry his dread secret to the grave for all I could decipher. Suffice it to say that it contained upward of 400 large Chinese characters, two alone covering nearly six square inches, and that by a Chinese gentleman of my acquaintance it was pronounced "Welly can do," which was satisfactory.—*Correspondence London Telegraph.*

Couldn't Be Expected to.

Two ladies entered a Yonge street car one day recently and took seats beside a lady well known to one of them. She gave her friend an introduction, and directly this one remarked:

"I think I saw you at the —— Street Church on Sunday, several weeks ago."

"Yes."

"You seemed to be as much disgusted with the sermon as I was, for I saw that you were terribly uneasy."

"Yes," again.

"Did you ever hear a worse preacher in all your life?"

"Well, perhaps."

"I never did, and I haven't been there since."

The conversation then rattled off on on some other subject, and by and by the two ladies got off.

"I wonder why she didn't agree with me about that preacher?" queried the one who had blasted him.

"Why, how could you expect her to? She's that very minister's wife!"

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

What our Eminent People are Saying and Doing.

No photographs of Rev. Phillips Brooks can be bought.

Madame Janauschek diverts herself with water-colors.

Mr. Irving's scenery is insured for a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

Mr. Barrett is being modelled for a statute in his part in *Francesca da Rimini* by Mr. Sheehan.

Robert S. Rantoul, Jun., of Salem, is entertaining Hon. Mark Napier, who defended Arabi Pasha in Egypt.

One of the waiters at the Brunswick, in New York, can talk in six languages, and two Italian counts serve at Delmonico's.

The widow of the historian J. R. Green has completed the revision of her husband's *Conquest of England* according to his directions.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague's daughter Ethel inherits her mother's good looks and the artistic talent of her aunt, Mrs. Jessie Hoyt.

Miss Longfellow will devote herself at Newnham College to the higher mathematics, and Miss Annie to art and the classics.

More than a thousand of the aged poor of the borough were entertained at tea lately in the Town-hall by Mr. E. Woodhouse, the Mayor of Leeds, England.

Ned Shannon, a Philadelphia stevedore who has saved 163 people from drowning, had his own little boy drowned while hundreds were looking on."

Mrs. Fred Lander (Jean Davenport) spends the autumn in Paris; one of her sons is at Harvard, and the other is studying for the stage at Dresden.

For his behavior during the cholera pestilence in Egypt, the Queen of Italy has decorated Father Emanuel Kenners, a Franciscan of the Convent of St. Isadore in Rome.

The neighborhood of Rossetti's house, in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, must have been worth living in. Cecil Lawson, the painter, lived next door, and Maclise and George Eliot a few doors away.

The U.S. Minister to France, Mr. L. P. Morton, is said to resemble Leopold I., the former King of the Belgians, although there is thought to be something particularly American about him.

A new poem is on the *tapis* by Robert Browning, who has passed the season under Monte Rosa's brow, five thousand feet above the sea-level, and now betakes him to Verona for the winter.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania habitually wears the Roumanian peasant girl's dress when in her summer house among the Carpathians. Her rooms there are adorned by her own handiwork.

Madame Nilsson brings twenty-nine boxes of gorgeous costumes designed by Worth and other French artists. It is rumored that she has been invited to spend the operatic season with Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt.

Mrs. Anandibai Josbee, now studying medicine in Philadelphia, dresses like an American lady, with the exception of a curious scarf of cashmere-like designs and colors around her neck, crossing in front, and tied about her waist. She speaks good English.

Baron Schleiden, who is now visiting the German Minister in Washington, was the representative of the free cities known as the Hanseatic League, in President Pierce's administration, and is one of the most polished, accomplished, and popular diplomates ever accredited there.

Pens, inkstands, and paper-cutters are sent from all parts of the world to Oliver Wendell Holmes, in hopes of autographic acknowledgments. His study overlooks a wide view of the Charles River and Back Bay, and its walls are lined with choice editions of English and foreign classics.

Hunting seems to be an unhealthy occupation this year in England. Mr. Whitehead, M.P., was shot by his son, who mistook him for grouse; Lord Lonsdale is in a bad state from having been thrown at a five-barred gate; and Sir Stafford Northcote is now suffering from the effects of an ugly fall.

The Countess and her Cats.

At the Kensington Vestry Hall, before the Hon. E. C. Curzon, Sir Henry Gordon, and others, Justices of the Peace, the Countess de la Porre, residing at 38 Pembroke square, was summoned for permitting a number of cats to remain on her premises, so as to cause a nuisance injurious to health. Mr. Harding, Clerk of the Kensington Vestry, attended to support the summons, and said the offence was one of many years' standing. The Countess—I am willing to do anything, Mr. Harding—her ladyship has made that promise on more than one occasion, and I regret that I cannot place any reliance in it.

Mr. Bird (a magistrate)—How many cats are there? The Countess—I have five cats, and also feed some stray ones. Mr. Harding explained that the Countess was summoned not long since at the Hammersmith Police Court, when the prohibitory order was granted from the keeping of cats at 39 Pembroke square, where she then resided. She has since removed to 38. The Countess—This prosecuting is a cruel thing; it is through a neighbor. I have two dogs. Mr. Abbott, the Sanitary Inspector, said when the Countess was summoned on the last occasion she had eighteen cats and nine dogs. Mr. Harding—They were shut up in a room, and one could naturally imagine the filthy smell. Mr. Bird—Do you confine the animals in a room? The Countess—Certainly not. There being no witnesses to prove the offence, the bench dismissed the summons.

Lord Charles Beresford is in a huff because he isn't satisfied with his honors for bombarding Alexandria, abuses Wolseley, the Queen, and everybody else connected with it. Somehow the world does not think he is a very great man.

Don't Argue.—Even though you find it hard to remain silent, don't rush into an argument when in company. A disputatious person is never a favorite. If you do not agree with what is said, it is best to remain silent. Of course, if your opinion is asked, give it clearly and firmly, and yet in a manner that cannot be construed as offensive by those holding different views; and if the matter is one with which you are only partially or not at all acquainted, own the fact rather than slavishly follow what another has said.

While waiting for a train, a Missouri sheriff, with a prisoner whom he had brought from Nebraska to be tried on a charge of horse-stealing, made some visits to an adjacent bar-room. The result was that while the sheriff's regard for the law was for the time being almost obliterated, that of the prisoner was greatly magnified. A policeman took charge of the sheriff, and the prisoner thereupon went to the depot-master, and said, "They've arrested my sheriff, and I want to turn myself over to you." When the train came along, the inebriated sheriff was placed under the care of the partly inebriated prisoner, and the journey was continued.

HOME MATTERS.

Stirling Orangemen had no doings whatever on the fifth.

Front-street sidewalk has been fixed, so you forego your little teeter as you walk past the Pennock property.

Mr. E. F. Parker's store is nearly ready for occupation, and he will open out a fine assortment of new goods in a few days.

Parker & Butler will move into their new premises next week, as will also Jas. Milne & Co., hardware. Ground is broken for the new NEWS-ARGUS office, and it will be pushed to a speedy completion, and at once occupied.

Mr. Samuel Mundell, sr., for many years a resident of Stirling, yesterday (Thursday) morning at 10 o'clock was seized with a fit of apoplexy in his yard, and expired four hours after. The funeral takes place to-morrow (Saturday), at two o'clock, from the house.

On Wednesday last Mr. H. Utman was in the hardware store making some purchases, and on going out left his pocket-book, containing about $150 in cash, on the counter, where it lay for an hour or so before discovered. It was sent up to him, but had not yet been missed.

Yesterday (Thursday) being thanksgiving day, union services were held in the C. M. church at 10:30, and in the M. E. at 7:30, Rev. Mr. Stratton to preach in the morning, and Rev. Mr. Leitch in the evening, but indisposition on the part of the first named gentleman necessitated his place being taken by Rev. Mr. Leitch.

The anniversary services at Beulah M. E. church were an immense success. The crowds on Sunday were all the church would hold, and the sermons by the three rev. gentlemen named last week were good On Monday evening the place was again packed. The proceeds of the collections and tea amounted to $127. The Stirling choir supplied the music.

The attendants at St. Andrew's church on Sunday last enjoyed an especially rare treat in the form of two sermons from Rev. Dr. Burnett, of Pictou, N. S., who was stopping over a Sunday with Rev. Mr. Gray. Dr. Burnett's visit was caused by the sad circumstance of the death of his daughter Emily, who died recently at Hamilton, where he had been to attend the funeral. Deceased was a sister of Mrs. Gray and Miss Alice Burnett.

We publish this week a sermon on regeneration, preached by Rev. A. Wilson, of Marmora, in his church. It causes quite a strain upon our limited space, and as a result the "boiling-down" process has to be vigorously resorted to, and this explains the brevity with which some important interests are treated. We purpose publishing a sermon by some local minister at intervals hereafter, at the special advice and request of many influential and kindly interested readers.

Messrs. Jas. and Wm. Gallagher, of Huntingdon, have bought Mr. D. Sine's farm, in the 6th con. of Rawdon. Mr. Sine has purchased from Mr. Boldrick the dwelling formerly occupied by Mr. Skinner, and will move into the village about Dec. 1st. His farm stock and implements will be sold by Mr. Butler at auction on the 27th inst. Mr Skinner has moved into the large white house, two doors further east, formerly occupied by Rev. Mr. Godden.

Below will be found the report of S. S. No. 22, Sidney, for the month of October: Class IV—Hattie Bailey, Willie Grieve, Walter Anderson, Frank Hubel. Sr III Class—Willie Bailey, Minnie Grieve, Harry Anderson, Willie Holden. Jr. III Class—Aggie Bailey, George Anderson, George Hammond, Albert Hammond. Sr II Class—Peter McKee, David Benedict, Stephen Nolan, John Nugent. Jr. II Class—Annie Winter, Blanche Grieve, Emma Miller, James Murphy, Freddie White. B. F. BLACK teacher.

The following item appears in the "Trade, traffic and commerce" column of the London *Free Press:* Mr. Boulter, of the firm of Boulter & Dunning, proprietors of the bay of Quinte canning combany, Picton, has returned from Charlotte, N. Y., to which place he shipped his first consignment of canned plums—130 tons. This firm has purchased and canned for the American market over five thousand bushels of plums and gages. The crop not being good on the other side, the firm made a favorable contract, and thus was enabled to make a market for the large quantity of plums grown in Prince Edward county. They have about 100 tons still to ship to the same place, besides putting up a large portion for the North-West. They give employment, through the canning season, to from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five persons.

Milne & Clute this week moved into their new premises, which are even better than the burned stores in many respects. The dry goods department is graced with two magnificent plate glass windows in front, in which goods can be shown to splendid advantage. Within the same general disposition of goods as of old is found, but the arrangement of the building is materially different. The stairway, instead of ascending from the centre, winds around to the left, leaving nearly the whole width of the store extending back. Beyond the stairway the office is to be situated, much easier of access than of old. Opening from it is a fire-proof vault, inside of which will be a safe for valuables. At the rear of this again is the "back shop," or store-room. Up stairs is found a large landing which overlooks the store below. Two windows up here light up the landing and the rear of the store nicely through the opening. The dress-making and tailoring departments occupy their old positions. Miss Dafoe returned on Tuesday to resume the dress-making, which had been suspended since the fire, as well as several other branches, for want of room. The grocery, boot and shoe and crockery and glassware departments are arranged as formerly. Rev. Mr. Dowling is painting the curtains for the front windows, to replace the burnt ones, which is a sufficient guarantee that they will be artistically executed. The staff consists of Miss Ella Chisholm and Messrs. Jas. Geary, Frank Ackerman and Alex. McDonnell, besides the members of the firm.

After last week's issue, we were called upon by Dr. Rossvally, with a courteous request to examine his credentials. A number of them were printed, for easy use, but the originals were produced, and carefully compared. A number of other letters, of late date (as all were, in fact) and of a purely family nature, were also shown, and indicated that the Dr. was not only in good standing where he was known, but that he was very highly esteemed by many prominent members of the Methodist denomination in the United States. Moreover, further correspondence was shown from Rev. Dr. White, of Brooklyn, N.Y., relating to and arranging the details of two lectures to be delivered by the Dr. in Brooklyn on the 12th and 13th inst. A portion of this came to hand at the very moment, viz., last Friday morning. The whole, the credentials and private correspondence taken together, could not but inspire confidence, especially when it is known that Rev. Mr. Stratton had a private note from the same Rev. Dr. White, previous to Dr. Rossvally appearing in Stirling, commending him in earnest language, and deprecating the evil charges which were following him wherever he went. So, the weight of evidence being strongly in the Dr.'s favor, it can only be accepted as British fair play to hold him free from the charges until they are established at least as certainly as his good character is. It is quite incomprehensible how an impostor can be upheld by the high church dignitaries that uphold him; and if he is such, then no man can feel safe to go amongst strangers armed with the strongest testimonials from the highest and purest in church and state. And if he be not the Christian and gentleman that he seems to be, then should all those prominent Methodists of Brooklyn and other places be stigmatized with him as frauds of the deepest shade, for upholding him in his imposition.

Stirling Public School.

Following is the result of written examinations of Stirling public school for October:

MR. M'CABE'S DEPARTMELT.

Euclid—5th class sr., Ella McDougall and Bessie Parker (tie); 5th jr., Judson Bush.
Algebra—5th sr., Bessie Parker.
English literature—5th sr., Bessie Parker.
Arithmetic—5th sr., Ella McDougall (1), Bessie Parker (2); 5th jr., Judson Bush. 4th sr., Samuel Donnan(1), Fred Boldrick(2); 4th jr., M. A. Gallagher (1), Mabel Parker (2).
English grammar and composition—5th sr., Ella McDougall, Bessie Parker; 5th jr., Judson Bush. 4th sr., Samuel Donnan (1), Fred Boldrick; 4th jr., Floss McDougall (1), Mabel Parker (2).
Spelling, dictation, writing—5th sr., Ella McDougall (1), Bessie Parker (2); 5th jr., Judson Bush. 4th sr., Samuel Donnan(1), Charlie Parker (2); 4th jr., Nettie Martin(1), Minnie Crosby, M. A. Gallagher (2).
Geography—5th sr., Bessie Parker. 4th sr., Samuel Donnan (1), Charlie Parker (2); 4th jr., Mabel Parker (1), Minnie Crosby, M. A. Gallagher, tie (2).
Reading and literature—4th sr., Charlie Parker (1), Samuel Donnan (2); 4th jr., Minnie Crosby, Mabel Parker, Bridget Gallagher, tie (1), M. A. Gallagher, Floss McDougall, tie (2).
Drawing and map drawing—5th sr., Bessie Parker. 4th sr., Charlie Parker (1), Samuel Donnan (2); 4th jr., Mabel Parker (1), Floss McDougall, Minnie Crosby, tie (2).
General standing in subjects—5th sr., (1) Bessie Parker, (2) Ella McDougall; 5th jr., Judson Bush. 4th sr., (1) Samuel Donnan, (2) Charlie Parker; 4th jr., (1) Mabel Parker, (2) M. A. Gallagher.

MISS HENRY'S DEPARTMENT.

Seniors—May Milne 1859 marks, Maggie Gallagher 1514, Tommy Donnan 1339, Bernice Utman 1250, James Loucks 1089.
Juniors—Delia Martin 1373 marks, Chas. Empey 1235, Nora Martin 1164, James Empey 1134, Chas. Mott 994.

MISS FRANKS' DEPARTMENT.

Junior 2nd class—Norman Lanktree, Lou Chard, Harry Wheeler.
Intermediate 2nd—Maud Montgomery, May Megginson, Maud Megginson.
Senior 2nd—Maria Delaney, Lizzie Hamilton, May Green.

The Fifth at Holloway.

Holloway L. O. L. lodge No. 251 celebrated the fifth of November in a very becoming and orderly manner. Having invited Rev. R. H. Leitch to preach a sermon on the occasion, at the appointed hour the members of the lodge, with quite a large number of their friends, assembled in the C. M. church, adjoining the lodge-room, to take part in the services of the day. The rev. gentleman took for his text— John IV, 38: "Other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors." Commencing with some of the chief reforms in the history of the world, and showing how we were now enjoying the results of the labors of our ancestors in many ways, he gradually led his audience through the ages down to the present day, and from temporal to spiritual matters, the discourse being replete with illustrations drawn from reality, and evincing careful preparation and intelligent study of the subject handled. It was in a very small sense an Orange sermon, but one calculated to profit all or any who might hear it. He enjoined the order, which was founded on noble principles, to shun the evils which were creeping upon it, to avoid intemperance, and to be the tool of no political party. At the close of the service nearly all those assembled repaired to the hotel, kept by Mr. Geo. Rose, where was spread a banquet which would do credit to many a larger place. In fact, we have partaken of pretentions spreads in Stirling and elsewhere which would pale when compared with the creditable dinner provided at the little hamlet of Holloway on Monday last. To excel in such an undertaking seems to be character istic of mine host Rose, for, as one remarked, he "would do it up well, if he lost money on it." After all were satisfied, a few popular toasts were proposed and responded to, and the gathering separated. The master of the lodge, Mr. Stephen Fulton, Messrs. John and Wm. Townsend, and others, exerted themselves to make all feel at home, and succeeded. The day was a magnificent one, and had the leaders aimed beforehand to make the demonstration a more complete success in point of numbers, etc., they could easily have done so, as no point is more favorably situated for such an event.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.
This is beyond question the most successful cough medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of cough, croup and bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no medicine can stand. If you have a cough we certainly ask you to try it. Price, 10c., 50c. and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest or back lame, use Shiloh's porous plaster. G. H. BOULTER, sole agent.

ANSWER THIS QUESTION:
Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, coming up of the food, yellow skin, when for 75c. we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them? G.H. BOULTER, sole agent.

A QUERY ANSWERED.
People often ask when is the best time to take a blood purifier? We answer, the best time is now. Burdock Blood Bitters does its work of purifying, regulating, and toning the system at all times and all seasons. Purity in all things is always in order when required.

Lindsay's Wharf, August 22nd, 1883.
Messrs. Churchill & Co., Gents,—I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum for the past three years, and have been treated by some of the best doctors in Eastern Ontario without any lasting benefit. I was recommended by Mr. C. J. Lindsay, of Kars, to try your Fountain of Health. After using five bottles of the Fountain and two bottles of your Climax Salve, I believe I am perfectly cured. My general health is also much improved, and I now feel like a new man.
Yours truly,
ROBT. BURNETT,
Engineer Str. "Olive," Montreal and Portland Line.

August 29th, 1883.
Dalmeny P. O., Tp. Osgoode.
Messrs. Churchill & Co., Dear Sirs,—I have been troubled with Piles for the last five years, and during that time I have taken medicine from five doctors which failed to effect a cure. I have used only one box of your Climax Eye Salve, which I purchased from W. F. Ritchie, of Osgoode Station, and can recommend it as a SAFE CURE to all afflicted with the same disease. I consider your Fountain of Health an excellent tonic to build up the system.
Yours truly,
ARCHIE McDIARMID.

A correspondent of the Montreal *Witness* described the steerage passage on an Allan line steamer as being most shockingly bad, giving some sickening particulars. The Allans sued the *Witness* for $50,000 damages for libel. The case was closed a few days ago, the *Witness* being fully sustained on every count by the jury.

John R. Vert, Hamilton, says: "McGregor's Speedy Cure for Dyspepsia and Indigestion is cheap at fifty times the price asked for it. I am a commercial man, and travel continually, and would no more think of leaving home without a bottle of McGregor's Speedy Cure in my valise than I would of leaving my team at home and going on foot." Free trial bottles at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store. Regular Size fifty cents and one dollar.

PIMPLES AND BLOTCHES.
Call at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store, and get a package of McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It is composed of Vaseline, Carbolic Acid and Cerate, and has never failed to remove Pimples, Blotches, Ulcerated Sores, Rough Skin. It cures when all others fail. Try it.

KRAM'S FLUID LIGHTNING.
Cures Toothache and Neuralgia quick as flash, relieves any pain instantly, the cheapest and quickest application known. Why suffer with Toothache, Neuralgia, Headache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Sore Throat, or Acute Pains of any kind when you can go to PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store and get a perfect and instantaneous cure for twenty-five cents. Ask for Kram's Fluid Lightning.

"Why, Angelina, where did you get those beautiful rich colors on your bonnet?" "Ain't they lovely? I dyed them with the Triangle Package Dyes." 10c.

The One-Price Clothing Establishment.

I have just received the balance of my Fall Purchases, and can say to the public that I hold the largest stock of GENTS' FURNISHINGS in town, consisting of the Newest and Most Fashionable Goods in the market, viz., Scotch, English and Canadian Tweeds, Worsteds, Overcoatings, Persian Lamb Caps, Gloves, Mitts, Collars, Cuffs Silk Handkerchiefs.

JAS. BOLDRICK.

P.S.—I also have a complete range of ROBES.

NEW GOODS!

The undersigned have just received a large lot of

SUGARS & TEAS

Of all grades, and they keep a full line of other FAMILY GROCERIES. Their stock of

WINES, LIQUORS AND PROVISIONS

Is complete. Also, Bakery on the premises. All the above lines of goods will be sold cheap, and special inducements for cash.

All accounts, etc., past due the firm, and all due each member of the firm before the partnership, must be settled by cash or note before the first of November, or they will be placed in other hands for collection.

SEELEY & LAGROW'S

As You Were!

MARTIN & TURNER

—HAVE REMOVED—

Back to their Old Stand

And NEW BUILDING, where they have more room and larger stock, and are better than ever prepared to supply the wants of their customers. A new consignment of

Coal and Wood Stoves just received,

And we invite comparison of patterns and prices. All the various lines of our usually large stock are again being filled up with new goods, and prompt attention will be paid, as ever, to all orders.

Hardware, Tinware, Coal Oil, Machine Oil,

ETC., A FULL STOCK.

ROOFING & EAVETROUGHING

And Jobbing of all kinds attended to on short notice, at Rock Bottom Prices.

MARTIN & TURNER.

E F PARKER has removed the balance of his stock saved from the fire to the stand formerly occupied by H G Thurber. Any person wanting good bargains will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.

Fresh Stock of

GROCERIES

Just in and opened.

All who appreciate Beautiful Styles and Reasonable Prices must not fail to see our Grand Display of

HOLIDAY GOODS!

Consisting of New and Elegant Attractions in

Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.

Large and Splendid Stock of Useful, Desirable and Appropriate

CHRISTMAS GIFTS!

Just what everybody wants, POPULAR PRICES.

CALDER, THE JEWELLER.

A fine line of SPECTACLES just in.

How to Save Money!

BY BUYING YOUR

GROCEERIS & PROVISIONS

AT

O. Hewat's Popular Grocery & Liquor Store.

OF COURSE. It is an acknowledged fact that you can get better value for your money there than at any other store in town. Nothing but good fresh Groceries, etc., kept in stock.

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Of the best quality always on hand. FISH of all kinds by the barrel or lb. FLOUR and FEED, Oranges and Lemons, Canned Fruits and Vegetables of all kinds. Give my TEAS a trial. A nice lot of PORK for sale cheap.

FRESH OYSTERS FOR SALE.

O. HEWAT.

SHAW & RALPH

MILL STREET, STIRLING

HAVE RECEIVED A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

Crockery & Glassware,

And invite inspection of the same. Prices will stand the test of comparison. Several choice CHINA TEA SETTS of beautiful design. Also, full supplies of

Provisions of all kinds, and Fresh Groceries,

In full stock. BREAD fresh baked every day. Give us a call, and we guarantee satisfaction. Stand—Mill street, Stirling.

SHAW & RALPH.

Apothecaries' Hall.

PARKER & BUTLER'S DRUG

Business

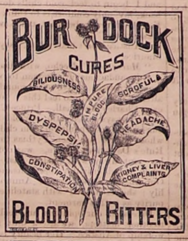
Is again in full blast, in that Fancy Block on North St., opposite Jas. Boldrick's store. We have on hand a supply of

Drv and Mixed Paints, Coal Oil, Japan, Varnishes, Lead

Books, Stationery and Druggists' Sundries

in great variety. Paris Green of excellent quality.

All accounts that are due must be settled without delay.



THE Great HERBAL Tonic

FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH

A Blood Purifier AND Constitutional Catarrh Cure

GUARANTEE:—After fair trial, with no relief or cure effected, your money will be refunded. PRICE, $1.00.

Sold by

DRUGGISTS & DEALERS Everywhere.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

ACTS UPON THE BOWELS, LIVER, KIDNEYS AND THE BLOOD.

Canned Fruits and Vegetables.

The undersigned has just received a consignment of Canned Fruits and Vegetables from the Bay of Quinte Canning and Evaporating Company, Picton, Ontario. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Quantity of SHEET MUSIC Will be sold for less than one-third of Catalogue Prices.

His shop is constantly supplied with all kinds of

Drugs, Medicines, a full assortment of Diamond Dyes, Druggists' Sundries, Harper's Bazar Patterns and Liver Pads,

All of which will be sold cheap for cash.

G. H. BOULTER M.D.

GLEN ROSS MILLS

In Full Blast Again!

COME ON WITH YOUR GRISTING!

D. MORGAN, Proprietor.

HARDWARE!

We have a quantity of goods such as Door Bolts, Hinges, Bolts, Pipe Boxes, Axes, etc., that came through the fire, which we wish to sell before moving into new store; we will sell them at prices far below cost.

A full stock of new goods, both shelf and heavy hardware, on hand.

A large quantity of Axes of all kinds, Burrell's Axes 65c.

Call and see us. Our prices are right. H. G. Thurber's old store.

JAS. MILNE & CO.,

THURBER'S OLD STAND.

GREAT CLEARING SALE!

As the lease of the premises now occupied by the undersigned expires on the 20th of November next, and not being able to effect a satisfactory renewal, we have decided to

Clear the Whole Stock out at Cost before Removing to other Premises.

AS THE STOCK AMOUNTS TO

NEARLY $7,000 IN VALUE,

This presents an opportunity seldom to be met with of securing your

Fall & Winter Supplies

—OF—

DRESS GOODS:

Consisting of Cashmeres. All Wool Serges, Cloths, Dress Tweeds, etc

Mantles and Mantle Cloths of all kinds.

Grey Cottons, Winceys, Shirtings, Ducks, etc.

WOOLLEN GOODS:

Large variety Fancy Wool Goods, consisting of Women's Shawls, Clouds, Children's Wool Jackets, etc.

And a General stock of Dry Goods.

MILLINERY carried on as usual, and all orders promptly attended to.

The stock consists chiefly of new Dry Goods and new Millinery just to hand, and THE SALE IS GENUINE.

E. J. GILBERT.

HEALTH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT!

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds,

Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for Contracted and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78 NEW OXFORD STREET (late 533 OXFORD STREET), LONDON,
And are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s. and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the world.
☞ Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford street, London, they are spurious.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annun. $1 in advance. | STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1883. | Vol. V, No. 10.

DR. SPRAGUE
Has removed his office to his residence, the fourth house west of Dr. Faulkner's Drug Store.

GEO. A. SKINNER,

HOME MATTERS.

Berlin Felt Boots at W.S. Martin & Co.'s

Coming to Stirling.

Do not forget that next Wednesday and Thursday there will be exhibited in ...

"Why, Angelina, where did you get those beautiful rich colors on your bonnet?" "Ain't they lovely? I dyed them with the ...

BARRIS... tor, St...

ISSUER... Licens... attended...

BARBE... Sham... Perfume... Surgical... and accu...

Alex.

Graduat...

Visits... E... be... Ho...

Particul... tions in... organs.

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Plans, ... classes ... if requi... Brunsw... Head... or W. ... Perm. ...

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Every... At 8 o'cl...

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The new... na'ive see... been thoro... ness. A g... fall planti... prompt att...

Parties i... Stirling Vi... Room on t... month, at ...

S. R.
P...

BELLEVI... WILL VIS... in Decemb... Tuning Pia... given. All... JEWELRY... Orders from... an advance...

Geo.
S...

Fron...
Office next d... opposite th... want artifici... will save the... Dental Roon... al card a w... then you car... office is reach... in the past, ... future.

(Box 122.)

Blac...
R.
Having rebui... late fire, is pr... ers, and as m... a call. Hor... Jobbing prom... street (old sta...

STIR...
Stir...

Good accon... Spacious Sa... Comfortabl... The propri... whips, coats, ... ed.
MUSIC H... ceiling 12-ft.
ROBT...

Far...
The west ha... taining 100 acr... of cultivation... fences; well w... ory. For part...

W. ...
M...

SERVANT GIRL WANTED.

G... wages to a good girl. Apply at once to A. Gray, at the manse, Stirling.

FOR SALE.

A go... second-hand BUGGY and CUTTER. Ap... to JOHN GRAHAM.

RET... not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $66 week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No r... Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time write for particulars to H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine.

STIRLING
TIN SHOP!
H. & J. Warren's,

Craige's Block, Manufacturers of Cheese Vats, Milk Cans, Sap Pans, Sap Buckets, Spoils and every article in the tin line of business.

Also dealers in Stoves, Tinware, Fancy Goods, Coal Oil, Machine Oil and Cheese Factory Furnishings.

Eave Troughing, Roofing, Steam Fitting and all sort of outside work promptly attended to and done in best workmanlike manner.

H. & J. WARREN.

Dr. FOWLER'S
EXTRACT OF WILD
STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
CHOLERA INFANTUM
DIARRHŒA,
AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

New Enterprise.

The undersigned, having purchased the property on the Ridge Road, known as

Seeley's Mills,

And having rebuilt and put all the machinery in first-class order, he will be prepared in a few days to

Crack all kinds of Grain,

Also CORN MEAL GROUND.

Having a competent man engaged to take charge of the Mill, all work entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed.

M. SEELEY, JR.

HELLO!

Have you seen

Mrs. Wm. Martin's.

Stock of

FANCY FRAMES?

They are the finest ever kept in Stirling.

The One-Price Clothing Establishment.

I have just received the balance of my Fall Purchases, and can say to the public that I hold the largest stock of GENTS' FURNISHINGS in town, consisting of the Newest and Most Fashionable Goods in the market, viz., Scotch, English and Canadian Tweeds, Worsteds, Overcoatings, Persian Lamb Caps, Gloves, Mitts, Collars, Cuffs Silk Handkerchiefs.

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☞ Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford street, London, they are spurious.

THE ADVANTAGES STILL
—FOR THE—
SUBSCRIBERS!

The publishers of the MONTREAL WITNESS having found that the clubbing rates given last year were most satisfactory in every respect, are induced to repeat them. Such

CLUBBING RATES

are as follows:

The price of the WEEKLY WITNESS is $1 a year, postage free.

When THREE subscriptions are sent together in one envelope, the price to each will be EIGHTY CENTS, or $2.40 in all.

When FOUR subscriptions are sent together in one envelope, the price to each will be SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS, or $3 in all.

When TEN subscriptions are sent together in one envelope, the price to each will be SEVENTY CENTS, or $7 in all.

THE WEEKLY WITNESS

is now thirty-eight years old, and has not ceased to gain on the public confidence. It lives only to witness for right and truth in every matter that can come before the public, regardless of party or favor.

One of its features which is much valued is its

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS,

where

QUESTIONS ON VETERINARY SUBJECTS are answered by Dr. McEachran, F.R.C.V.S., Principal of the Montreal Veterinary College, and the Dominion Inspector of Live Stock;

QUESTIONS ON BEE-KEEPING are answered by Mr. D. A. Jones, of Beeton, Ont., President of the National Bee Convention;

QUESTIONS ABOUT POULTRY AND PETS are answered by Dr. Andres, Montreal;

QUESTIONS ON AGRICULTURAL SUBJECTS are answered by "Rusticus";

QUESTIONS ON FRUITS AND PLANTS are answered by Mr. James Dougall, of Windsor, Ont.

QUESTIONS ON LEGAL SUBJECTS are answered by an eminent Queen's Counsel of Montreal;

QUESTIONS ON SUBJECTS OF EVERY KIND are answered by competent authorities.

The WEEKLY WITNESS IS THE Newspaper of the Dominion, and the Family Paper of the Cotinent.

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD FOR ONE CENT A DAY!
THE DAILY WITNESS

has four Editions daily, and contains everything of interest to the general or commercial reader. Its name and reputation are too well and widely known, and firmly established, to need any extended comment. Single copies, One Cent. Subscription price, $3 a year, postage free.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER

is the best paper for its price in the world. It is fully illustrated; contains the Sunday-School Lessons; is replete with general information of various kinds, and is a paper equally adapted for the week-day school and Sunday-school, and for young or old. Price, 30 cents a year.

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER.

This is an eight-page weekly newspaper, containing the world's news for each week in brief and readable form, markets, and also all that appears in the NORTHERN MESSENGER. The Canadian edition has from one to two pages devoted to news of the temperance societies of the Dominion and their work, and editorial discussions of temperance questions. It is remarkably cheap, FIFTY CENTS A YEAR, with reductions to Clubs. Sample copies will be sent with pleasure. The Montreal markets appear in the Canadian edition, and the New York markets in the American.

All Subscriptions Payable in Advance.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

This village seems to be the asylum of all the evil-doers and wicked outcasts of Stirling. Not long since we were visited by one of the light-fingered gentry from that place, but he made his visit short, leaving for parts unknown. Last week we were again favored; this time by the presence of a gentleman who had appropriated a suit of clothes and a watch belonging to a resident of Stirling, named Williams. He was followed here by the victim of the robbery and another man, who having found their man, made him a prisoner. They locked him up securely in a room in the Provincial hotel, and as it was about noon, supplied him with his dinner and a drink of something strong to sustain his flagging spirits. The prisoner, having finished his repast, sent down the plate and fork but retained the knife. With this he quietly proceeded to remove the lock of the door, and, while his captors were in the bar-room enjoying themselves, and vowing to visit on him a terrible retribution for his crime, walked out unmolested and escaped. The two Stirling gentlemen were much disappointed and crestfallen, and after having made a hasty and fruitless search for the man who had thus outwitted them, they departed. We presume it is unnecessary to attach a moral to this story, as no doubt they have learned such lessons as it may teach already.

Miss Craske is now organist of the English church here. With Miss Craske's advent to the stool of the organ, the congregation may expect, and no doubt will enjoy, good music.

Rev. Mr. Wilson is busily engaged in superintending the building of a new church in the Wylie settlement, a few miles from here.

A Queer Creed.

Under the above heading, the Madoc *Review* of last week says: On Thursday last a family named Reynolds, from Thanet, who had lost an only daughter by death, about six years of age, brought the corpse to this village expecting to give it a Christian burial under the auspices of the Episcopalian church. Arrived at the church, however, the officiating clergyman, Rev. Mr. Jones, on learning that the child had not been baptised, refused to let the body go into the church or to have anything to do himself with conducting the burial service at the grave. The ministers of other denominations in town had then to be applied to, but all happened to be absent at the time, and the unfortunate father might have buried his child alone and with as little ceremony as he would his dog had not Mr. E. D. O'Flynn kindly offered to read the burial service over the little one's grave. Before reaching the graveyard, however, Rev. Mr. Baker returned, and gave his services in giving the body a Christian burial, to which, under any circumstances, it was surely entitled. Rev. Mr. Jones may have been carrying out the dictates of his prayer-book, but he did a heartless and unchristian act, nevertheless, and one we are sure not sanctioned by the Christian members of his church in this village. It might have been considered that, however much the parents of the child may have wished for baptism before her death, such a ceremony could not be performed on short notice at the distance they resided from a regular clergyman. But surely it is not possible that such a belief as that the fact of the little child not being baptized polluted its body and condemned its soul—a horrible belief, and worthy only of the darkest and most benighted ages of the world's history—is being applied in our enlightened and Christian community! God forbid!

FORTY BILLION GERMS.

A Wonderful Theory that Concerns the Welfare, Happiness and Life of Everyone.

In his quiet and cosy library at the close of a busy day sat a gentleman and his wife, he absorbed in a new book, and she in a newspaper. Quickly glancing toward her husband, she asked, at a certain point in the article,

"John, what is the germ theory?"

"The germ theory—well—yes; just look in the encyclopedia under 'Germ,' that will explain it so much better than I can."

His wife opened the book at the word named and read: Germ Theory of Disease—A theory advanced by the ablest and best investigators and scientists of the times. It supposes the surface of the earth, the air and water to be inhabited to a greater or less extent with a peculiar growth of the lowest form of fungi—commonly termed bacteria, whose power of reproduction, under favorable conditions, is so great that a single germ will increase to fifteen million in twenty-four hours' time, and unchecked in its increase would grow to a mass of eight hundred tons, in three days' time, if space and food be furnished. There is no condition under which it can be said to be absent, unless it be from fire or air filtered through cotton-batting in numerous layers. A single drop of water containing a germ, put into water boiled, filtered and thus freed from bacteria, will grow murky in a day or two from the development of new germs. When it is considered that it requires about forty billion to weigh one grain, some remote idea can be had of the capacity of germ reproduction. Professor John Tyndall, in a late work, elaborately treats of the influence of germs in the propagation of disease, and charges upon this cause the inception and development of very many of the ailments most injurious to man. Professor Pasteur, an eminent French savant, has carried his original and beautiful experiments so far, and from them deduced such practical results as very greatly to diminish the number of cases of anthrax among sheep and chicken cholera among fowls—proving his theory that these are essentially and actually germ diseases. These germs are carried into the system through the lungs, the stomach and possibly the skin, but through the lungs chiefly. Once in the system, they begin to develope, poisoning the blood, invading the nerve centres, disturbing the functional activity of the great organs of the body and inducing a general impairment of the vital processes. They are the cause of fevers, rheumatism, Bright's disease of the kidneys, pneumonia, blood poisoning, liver disease, diphtheria and many other ailments. Lately Professor Koch, a famous German physician, has proved that consumption of the lungs is due to this cause—the presence of a peculiar germ.

When the circulation is bounding, the nerves elastic and the system all aglow with life and energy, the germs seem to develop poorly, if at all. But with weakened nerves, poor digestion or malassimilation of food or a lowering of vitality from any cause, a change ensues, and in this impoverished and weakened fluid the germ finds a genial home and developes until systems of disease are distinctly manifested. This is seen in the everyday experience of all. The healthy man resists the influences around him and does not take cold, while those whose systems have become weak from any cause readily contract colds. This is on the same principle as the germ theory. The germs attack any weakened spot in the body, and fixing themselves upon it, begin their propagation. It is plain therefore that it is only by fortifying the weak portions of the body that the germs of disease can be resisted and driven from the system. But this has proved almost an impossibility heretofore, and it has been the study of physicans for years how best to accomplish it. Within the past few years, however, a preparation has been attracting great attention, not only throughout the entire land, but among the medical profession and scientists generally, which is based upon this theory, and it may safely be said, no remedy has ever been found which can so successfully place the system in a condition to resist the germs of disease as Warner's Safe Cure. This article is unquestionably the best and most efficient that has ever been discovered for this purpose, and—

"John, say, John! does the encyclopedia advertise Warner's Safe Cure?"

"I should not wonder, dear; it's a grand remedy, and that pamphlet we received the other day stated that Dr. Gunn, of the United States Medical College, endorsed it. At all events the wonderful cures it is accomplishing entitle it to be honorably noted among the great discoveries of the present century."

However the facts above stated may be, the truth remains that the germ theory of disease is the correct one and that the great remedy mentioned is the only one which has ever been found that can put the system in a condition to kill these germs before they obtain a hold upon the body, and undermine the life.

An interesting case was tried at the Napanee assizes, the parties to it being an M.P.P. and a retired clergyman. A. H. Roe was the plaintiff, and he sought to obtain damages for a slander said to have been circulated by Mr. Snider to the effect that he said Jesus Christ was a bastard and a thief. The only evidence the plaintiff could give as to the circulation of the slander was based on an admission made to him by defendant that he, the latter, might have told some one that Roe said our Saviour was a bastard and a thief. Mr. Roe denied having ever made such an assertion. For the defence eight witnesses were called, all of whom say they had heard Roe use blasphemy such as that above referred to, some of it even far more disgusting. It was testified that he had applied indecent epithets to the Virgin Mary, ridiculed the miracles, and said the bible was not a fit book to be in any man's family. There were other such expressions attributed to Roe. One free thinker who gave evidence said he still believed Roe held these views, but that on the ground of political expediency he may have been converted from them. A great many people were in court during the trial. At the conclusion of the evidence the judge held there was no evidence for the jury, and the plaintiff was nonsuited.

Dear Sirs,—For over twenty years I have suffered greatly from Nasal Catarrh; sometimes being unable to smell or taste properly. The disease caused a severe pain over the eyes, and frequently stopped my writing on account of dizziness. The phlegm in my throat gave me much annoyance, especially in company, balls of which would occasionally fall down into my throat, and I could seldom breathe through my nose. I have taken quarts of various medicines without any apparent benefit, until I was induced, by your agent of 60 Muter street, to try your Fountain of Health. After using five bottles I am prepared to give it as my honest opinion that for the cure of Catarrh it is a grand success. I have recommended it to many of my friends, one of whom encloses his testimonial with mine.

Wishing you deserved success,
I am gratefully yours,
JOSEPH BROWN,
Bookkeeper, 25 Sherborne street,
Toronto.

HOUSE PLANTS.

Many a beautiful rose has been nipped in the bud by an undiscovered worm, and many a young life has been sacrificed to the destructive power of worms in the human system. If you would save those other tender house plants, "your children," give them Freeman's Worm Powders; they are safe and pleasant, and are warranted effectual.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

What is meant by "Secretions" in a medical sense? The secretions are the powers of certain glands and organs of the body to hold and distribute the fluids of the system, such as bile from the liver, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates all the organs of the secretions to make pure blood.

...ws-Argus from now ...e end of 1884 for $1.

...RDWARE!

...ve moved our stock ...are in new store, ... in every line. We ...l to sell at bottom ...r cash. Burrell's

...S. MILNE & CO.

...1834 Wanted
...D THIS.
...EAT DOLLAR PAPER,
...WeeklyGlobe
NOW TO END OF 1884
$1.00 DOLLAR.
...AILY GLOBE
...REAT CANADIAN PAPER.
...sive and influential circulation in British ...'s extensive Cable and Telegraphic News, ...ority upon Commercial and Financial ...e Dominion.
...SUBSCRIPTION.
...7.00 | Half Year, ... $3.50
...r Year, ... $1.75.
...our already large list of yearly subscribers to ...we make the following liberal and magnifi... ...r of this advertisement who wishes to take
...send to any address in Canada or the U. S.,
...WEEKLY GLOBE
...mber, 1884, and in addition, A HANDSOME ...STEM-WINDING WATCH.
...ment size; it is neat in appearance; it is ... ...ly requires no key; it is dust-proof, and a
...ades postage upon Watch to any address in ...States. This offer only holds good until ...e will start shipping watches on October ...will be sent at once, so as to enable us to ...y and fill orders with as little delay as
PRINTING CO. (Limited),
TORONTO.
...reat Dollar Paper.
The Paper for the Farmer.

...E and CLUTE

...RE NOW IN THEIR

...E, IN OLD STAND, ...l complete stock of ...ery department. An ... respectfully solicit- ...OTTOM FOR CASH. ...o see what Cash will do, bring it with you and try it.

MILNE & CLUTE.

N.B.---All accounts and notes due the firm must be paid at once.

Are n...

Immen...
Fall and Winter Boots and Shoes.

With Enlarged Premises and Enlarged Stock.

A large lot of TRUNKS of all descriptions ... sale cheap.

... was ... evening. A man employed on the construction strove to get on the train after it was under way. He caught a plank that was loose, which gave way and he fell into one of the cattle guards. He was picked up for dead, but revived after a few minutes, and his comrades took him on the train. No bones were broken.

KRAM'S FLUID LIGHTNING

Is the only instantaneous relief for Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, etc. Rubbing a few drops briskly is all that is needed. No taking nauseous medicines for weeks; but one minute's application removes all pain and will prove the great value of Kram's Fluid Lightning. Twenty-five cents per bottle at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

M. Caldwell, 1,228; E. Dafoe, 900; Dr. Faulkner, 775. The best of feeling prevailed all through the evening, all enjoying themselves. By way of congratulations and sympathy, several ladies and gentlemen were present. The company dispersed at an early hour.—COM.

McGREGOR'S SPEEDY CURE.

From the many remarkable cures wrought by using McGregor's Speedy Cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation and Affection of the Liver, and from the immense sale of it without any advertising, we have concluded to place it extensively on the market, so that those who suffer may have a perfect cure. Go to PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store and get a trial bottle free, or the regular sizes at fifty cents and one dollar.

... happily thereafter, the wife ...utely refusing to be parted from her female husband. While there may be serious drawbacks to a girl in having a husband of the same sex, there are many advantages. Men are after all such dull, stupid creatures, tuned to a lowes key than the advanced female of the present day, that it is no wonder that the latter have to seek in their own sex that congeniality of spirit and sympathy of understanding that is denied them in the other. Then, what more could a y... woman ask for than a husband who never smokes, drinks, swears, slams the doors, stays out late at nights, who could grow enthusiastic over a fashion plate, and discuss feminine dress and its belongings with intelligence and appreciation?

Cards
an immense variety to choose from.

Photograph Albums and Frames
Shells and Shell Goods

with novelties and works of art too numerous to mention. Come and see for yourselves.

PARKER & BUTLER

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annun. $1 in advance. | STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1883. | Vol. V, No. 10.

DR. SPRAGUE
Has removed his office to hi
fourth house west of Dr. F
Store.

GEO. A. SKINN
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY
tor, Stirling, Ont.

CHARLES BUTL
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LI
Licensed County Auctione
attended to promptly. Stirlin

W. H. BERRY
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING
Shampooing, etc. Cigars,
Perfumery for sale. Razors, S
Surgical Instruments, etc., gr
and accuracy. Satisfaction g

Alex. J. Robertson
Surgeon Den
Graduate of the Royal Colle
Surgeons, Toront
Visits Stirling Prof
E ery Thursday,
be consulted at
House.
Particular attention given to
tions in gold, and the rest
organs.

Walter L. Ri
ARCHITECT.
Plans, specifications, &c, pr
classes of building, and work
if required. Address, for Jul
Brunswick House, Colborne.
Head Office: Address W. I
or W. L. Ridout, Architects,
Perm. Buildings, Toronto.

M. W. SINE,

Graduate Ontario V
College,
registered member Veterinary
Treats all diseases of domestic
Calls by mail or telegraph pro
to. OFFICE—"Review" blo

Stirling
NO.
A. F. &
G.R.C., will me
sonic Hall, o
store,
Thursday Eve., Nov.
Visiting brethren wel
M. SEEL

STIRLIN
NO.
I. O.
Meets in the
Craige
Every Wednesday
At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKL

W. C. RE
DEALER IN
Fruit and Ornamental T
—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—
CENTREVILLE, - ON
The new White Grape—Prent
native seedling of superior qua
been thoroughly tested with reg
ness. A good stock of vines for
fall planting. Orders by mail
prompt attention.

NOTICE.
Parties interested will please r
Stirling Village Council meets a
Room on the First Monday Eve
month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GL

S. R. HUFF
Piano Tun
BELLEVILLE, late of London
WILL VISIT STIRLING every
in December and June, for t
Tuning Pianos and Organs. Bes
given. All orders left at W. H
JEWELRY EMPORIUM will b
Orders from the country will be
an advance of prices.

Geo. W. Wa
SURGEON DENTIS
Front Street, Bell
Office next door to Bank of Comm
opposite the Anglo-American
want artificial teeth to suit you,
will save the natural teeth, go to
Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send
al card a week, if possible, be
then you can be waited upon a
office is reached. Thanks for libe
in the past, and don't forget whe
future.
GEO. W. WAL
(Box 122.) Dentist,

Blacksmith
R. B. JON
Having rebuilt his shop, destroy
late fire, is prepared to serve all h
ers, and as many new ones as fa
a call. Horseshoeing a specia
Jobbing promptly attended to.
street (old stand).

STIRLING H
Stirling, -
Good accommodations for tr
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and care
The proprietor will not be re
whips, coats, or other effects,
ed.
MUSIC HALL on the pre
ceiling 12-ft. stage, seating cap
ROBT. BENNETT,

Farm for Sa
The west half of lot 9, con. 9,
taining 100 acres. The land is in
of cultivation; good buildings;
fences; well watered, and close to
ery. For particulars apply to
HENRY BERR
Spring

News-Argus Supplement---Stirling, Ont., Friday, Nov. 16, 1833.

SHAW & RALPH

MILL STREET, STIRLING

HAVE RECEIVED A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

Crockery & Glassware,

And invite inspection of the same. Prices will stand the test of comparison. Several choice CHINA TEA SETTS of beautiful design. Also, full supplies of

Provisions of all kinds, and Fresh Groceries,

In full stock. BREAD fresh baked every day. Give us a call, and we guarantee satisfaction. Stand—Mill street, Stirling.

SHAW & RALPH.

How to Save Money!

—o—

BY BUYING YOUR

GROCEERIS & PROVISIONS

AT

O. Hewat's Popular Grocery & Liquor Store.

OF COURSE. It is an acknowledged fact that you can get better value for your money there than at any other store in town. Nothing but good fresh Groceries, etc., kept in stock.

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Of the best quality always on hand. FISH of all kinds by the barrel or lb. FLOUR and FEED, Oranges and Lemons, Canned Fruits and Vegetables of all kinds. Give my TEAS a trial. A nice lot of PORK for sale cheap.
FRESH OYSTERS FOR SALE. O. HEWAT.

All who appreciate Beautiful Styles and Reasonable Prices must not fail to see our Grand Display of

HOLIDAY GOODS!

Consisting of New and Elegant Attractions in

Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.

Large and Splendid Stock of Useful, Desirable and Appropriate

CHRISTMAS GIFTS!

Just what everybody wants, POPULAR PRICES.

CALDER, THE JEWELLER.

A fine line of SPECTACLES just in.

As You Were!

—o—

MARTIN & TURNER

—HAVE REMOVED—

Back to their Old Stand

And NEW BUILDING, where they have more room and larger stock, and are better than ever prepared to supply the wants of their customers. A new consignment of

Coal and Wood Stoves just received,

And we invite comparison of patterns and prices. All the various lines of our usually large stock are again being filled up with new goods, and prompt attention will be paid, as ever, to all orders.

Hardware, Tinware, Coal Oil, Machine Oil,

ETC., A FULL STOCK.

ROOFING & EAVETROUGHING

And Jobbing of all kinds attended to on short notice, at Rock Bottom Prices.

MARTIN & TURNER.

Canned Fruits and Vegetables.

The undersigned has just received a consignment of Canned Fruits and Vegetables from the Bay of Quinte Canning and Evaporating Company, Picton, Ontario. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

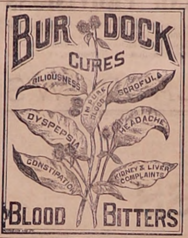
Quantity of SHEET MUSIC Will be sold for less than one-third of Catalogue Prices.

His shop is constantly supplied with all kinds of

Drugs, Medicines, a full assortment of Diamond Dyes, Druggists' Sundries, Harper's Bazar Patterns and Liver Pads,

All of which will be sold cheap for cash.

G. H. BOULTER M.D.



OH! MY BACK!!

DR. HILL'S
ENGLISH BUCHU
Is One of the Best

Kidney

INVESTIGATORS IN USE.

Will cure all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Prostatic Portion of the Urinary Organs, Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder, Burning Urine, Gleet, Gonorrhea in all its stages, Mucous Discharges, Congestion of the Kidneys, Brick Dust Deposit, Diabetes, Inflammation of the Kidneys and Bladder, Dropsy of Kidneys, Acid Urine, Bloody Urine, Pain in the Region of the Bladder, PAIN IN THE BACK, Urinary Calculus, Renal Calculus, Renal Colic, Retention of Urine, Frequent Urination, Gravel in all its forms, Inability to Retain the Water, particularly in persons advanced in life. IT IS A KIDNEY INVESTIGATOR that restores the Urine to its natural color, removes the acid and burning, and the effect of the excessive use of intoxicating drink.

PRICE, $1; Six Bottles for $5.
Send for Circular. Sold by all Druggists.
W. JOHNSTON & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS. DETROIT, MICH.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS

Notice to Contractors.

THE letting of the works at the upper entrance of the CORNWALL CANAL, and those at the upper entrance of the RAPIDE PLAT CANAL, advertised to take place on the 13th day of NOVEMBER next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the FOURTH day of December next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination at the places previously mentioned on and after TUESDAY the TWENTIETH day of NOVEMBER.

For the works at the head of the Galops Canal, tenders will be received until TUESDAY the EIGHTEENTH day of DECEMBER. Plans and specifications, &c., can be seen at the places before mentioned on and after TUESDAY the FOURTH day of DECEMBER.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.
Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 20th Oct., 1883.

Burdock Blood Bitters

ACTS UPON
THE BOWELS, LIVER, KIDNEYS AND THE BLOOD.

The Kingdom of Home.

Dark is the night and fitful and drearily
Rushes the wind, like the waves of the sea.
Little care I, as here I sing cheerily,
Wife at my side and babe on my knee.
King, king, crown me the king,
Home is the kingdom and love is the king.

Flashes the firelight upon the dear faces,
Dearer and dearer as onward they go,
Forces the shadow behind us and places
Brightness around us with warmth in the glow,
King, king, crown me the king,
Home is the kingdom and love is the king.

Flashes the firelight, increasing the glory,
Beaming from bright eyes with warmth of the soul,
Telling of trust and content, the sweet story,
Lifting the shadows that over us roll.
King, king, crown me the king,
Home is the kingdom and love is the king.

Richer than miser with perishing treasure,
Served with a service no conquest could bring,
Happy with fortune that words cannot measure,
Light-hearted I on the hearthstone can sing.
King, king, crown me the king,
Home is the kingdom and love is the king.

The New School Readers,

The following is the conclusion of the report of the committee appointed by the North Hastings teachers' association to decide on the merits of the rival series of school readers, which was submitted to that body at its last session. The first portion of the report gives their reasons in detail for favoring the Royal Canadian series:

Speaking generally, we have been attracted by the eminently Canadian tone of the series, by the pure diction of the lessons, and noticeably by the fact that the lessons on temperance and Canadian history have been prepared specially for the series respectively by Prof. Foster, M.P., and the Rev. Dr. Withrow. Each volume of the series bears proof that it has been the work of practical Canadian teachers. With reference to the other series we find Gage's readers generally too limited in scope, many of the lessons pervaded by a non-Canadian tone, and in a great many cases they are inaccurate and ungrammatical. The exercises are not in harmony with the course of study prescribed for public schools, and have in many cases been prepared with little care in practical skill. They contain no systematic instruction in composition. The literary merit of the Royal readers is high, but the books are too short and disconnected. They are deficient in aids to pupils and teachers, and are, for these and other reasons, not adapted for use in rural and partly graded schools. The primer has been constructed on a plan that is antiquated, and not sanctioned by modern educators.

J. B. MORTON,
President of Association.
JOHN MCCABE, LL.B.,
Head Master Stirling Public School.
W. CLARK,
Head Master Madoc Model School.
M. J. HENRY,
1st Assistant Stirling Public School.
C. ROBERTSON,
Ivanhoe Public School.
J. MCDIARMID,
1st Assistant Madoc Model School.
W. H. JENKINS,
S. S. 10, Huntingdon.
W. MOORE,
Moira Public School.
T. T. GRIMMETT,
Marmora Public School.

THE FAITH CURE.

One who tried the faith cure declares she was cured—"cured of her faith"—Burdock Blood Bitters cures by works, not by faith alone. It is the grand specific for all diseases of Liver, Kidneys and Blood, purifying, regulating and strengthening the vital system.

The adoption of the new time system by the recent convention of railway men in Chicago will affect every individual in North America who is within reach of railways. The variations of time on different roads are calculated to drive travellers to distraction. Under the new system the whole continent of North America will for time purposes be divided in width into five broad belts running north and south. In each of these belts a single standard of time will be maintained, each differing one hour from the one next it. Local time will therefore differ from railway time from nothing up to thirty minutes, but the agitators in this movement express the hope that difficulty will be avoided by the localities conforming their clocks and watches to the new standards. It is already announced that Boston, whose citizens are now "running" on time twenty-six minutes from the new schedule, will at once make arrangements to change the official time of the city so as to make it uniform with the railroad men's watches. The whole of Ontario westward from Ottawa, except a portion of Algoma, will work under standard No. 2. The railway time established in Toronto will be a trifle over seventeen minutes faster than the true solar time. If Boston can afford to make a change of twenty-six minutes, there is no reason why Toronto should not meet the railway men's views also. Were this plan followed generally the securing of uniform time over such wide expanses of territory would be a convenience which could not be over-estimated. The Grand Trunk railway begin running under the new time on the 4th. This is a point worth remembering.

A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

Mrs. Berkenshaw, 26 Pembroke St., Toronto, at one time was about to submit to a surgical operation for bad lameness of the knee joint, all other treatment having failed, when Hagyard's Yellow Oil was tried, and speedily cured her.

Underpaid Township Officials.

Under the above heading, the London *Free Press* says: There is a general feeling growing up among the officials in the country municipalities that they are very much underpaid. In many cases $100 a year is all that has been given for the manifold services they are called to render. One of the worst economies, as has been proved over and again, is to leave responsible officials in an underpaid condition. It is impossible under such circumstances that they can perform their work in that hearty, cheery manner which is necessary, and the municipality thereby suffers. In order to save a few miserable dollars, which, divided up among the residents would be but the fraction of a fraction, important interests are jeopardized. Besides, as a matter of justice, those who administer the municipal affairs, and who in most cases render opinions in matters of procedure which are of highest importance, are well deserving of that recognition which those kind of services command in other quarters. The township clerk has been generally treated as if he were a man of all-work, who might be buffeted at will, and paid upon the scantiest estimate. The time has fully come when a fuller, a juster amount of remuneration should be meted out to the meritorious township clerk.

A FAILURE IN CROPS.

A species of worm is eating all the leaves from the chestnut and hickory nut trees in many sections, and the crop will be a failure. Worms that afflict children or adults will prove a failure if Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup is used. It is a safe and sure cure for all worms that lurk in the human system, tape worm included.

Queen Victoria has tried to teach her subjects and the world, by an unwavering example during the long years of her reign, that virtue alone secures court recognition below. But for all her rigidity of purpose she has not been successful in keeping the followers of her dull court from wandering into forbidden paths, to the tarnishing of their knightly honor. Whoever such have been, of whatever high degree, the social sins of neither lord nor lady have ever been condoned her majesty. Valentine Baker, who used insulting language to a woman in a railway car, some time ago, has never been received at court. And several dowagers, for the indiscretions of their youth, feel the coolness of the queen's displeasure to this day, when they present themselves at a drawing-room. The latest expression of her disapprobation of blackguardism has been severely meted out to the new Duke of Marlborough, lately notorious in divorce courts and other scandals as the Marquis of Blandford. By the death of his father the marquis succeeds to the title of the Duke of Marlborough, and according to custom he endeavored to deliver the insignia of the Garter, which his father wore, to the queen. On such occasions it is the time-honored action of the sovereign to return it to the successor with some complimentary or congratulatory words. The new duke with the ugly record was denied the presence of her majesty, and brusquely told by a retainer that he might "leave the things with the lord chamberlain." The queen could not prevent the succession of the reprobate son to his fathers title, but he shall not wear the badges of Edward III's institution, the highest order of knighthood in Great Britain, while she can preserve it from such dishonor.

A LITTLE BEHIND HAND.

Some people are always a little behind hand in all undertakings; delays are dangerous, and none more so than in neglecting what seems a trifling cold. Prudent people break up the ill effect by timely use of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, thus preventing serious lung troubles.

The penalty of disqualification under the Ontario election law is properly made a very severe one. The person disqualified is by the sentence passed upon him rendered for the space of eight years—two parliamentary terms—incapable (1) of being elected to and sitting in the legislative assembly, (2) of holding any office at the nomination of the crown or of the lieutenant-governor in Ontario, (3) of holding any municipal office, and (4) of voting for the election of any candidate for either a legislative or a municipal position. He would be a vindictive man who would wish to see his worst enemy placed under such a ban that he could not aspire even to the office of pathmaster or poundkeeper. A disqualified candidate is in fact deprived of some of the most valuable franchises that pertain to citizenship, and is liable to be painfully reminded at each recurring municipal election—not to speak of parliamentary contests—of the unpleasant limitations by which he is hedged about. In order to protect the member-elect from possible wrong, where the consequences of an adverse finding are so highly penal in their character, the election law was amended a few years ago so as to make the concurrence of two judges necessary in a sentence of disqualification, and to leave the respondent a loop-hole of escape by pleading that the corrupt practices of which he may be found personally guilty were perpetrated "without any corrupt intent and in an ignorance which was involuntary and excusable."

OH! WHAT A COUGH.

Will you heed the warning? The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease—consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of 50c. to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from Experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a million bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping-cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. G. H. BOULTER, sole agent.

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of 1884 for

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new store,
y line. We
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h. Burrell's

LNE & CO.

Wanted

HIS.

PAPER,
Globe
F 1884
DOLLAR.

The Paper for the Farmer.

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PAPER.
circulation in British
and T legraphic News,
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Year, . . . $3.50
$1.75.

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n Canada or the U. S.,
GLOBE
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ATCH.
in appearance; it is c
it is dust-proof, and a
Watch to any address in
only holds good until
g watches on October
so as to enable us to
with as little delay as

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OLD STAND,
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M FOR CASH,
what Cash will
do, bring it with you and try it.

MILNE & CLUTE.

N.B.---All accounts and notes due the firm must be paid at once.

W. S.
MARTI
&

Are now preparing for

Immense Trade in Fall and Winter Boots and Shoes.

With Enlarged Premises and Enlarged Stock,

A large lot of TRUNKS of all descriptions on sale cheap.

in the village of Tweed, on account of the arrival of the first locomotive over the O. & Q. railway. An accident took place as the train was leaving on Saturday evening. A man employed on the construction strove to get on the train after it was under way. He caught a plank that was loose, which gave way and he fell into one of the cattle guards. He was picked up for dead, but revived after a few minutes, and his comrades took him on the train. No bones were broken.

KRAM'S FLUID LIGHTNING

Is the only instantaneous relief for Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, etc. Rubbing a few drops briskly is all that is needed. No taking nauseous medicines for weeks; but one minute's application removes all pain and will prove the great value of Kram's Fluid Lightning. Twenty-five cents per bottle at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

...in his usual go... a grand oyster supper for the wearied ones, which was well relished. Those standing at the head of the list were: S. Snider, 1,760; A. Ross, 1,325; M. Caldwell, 1,228; E. Dafoe, 900; Dr. Faulkner, 775. The best of feeling prevailed all through the evening, all enjoying themselves. By way of congratulations and sympathy, several ladies and gentlemen were present. The company dispersed at an early hour.—COM.

MCGREGOR'S SPEEDY CURE.

From the many remarkable cures wrought by using McGregor's Speedy Cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation and Affection of the Liver, and from the immense sale of it without any advertising, we have concluded to place it extensively on the market, so that those who suffer may have a perfect cure. Go to PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store and get a trial bottle free, or the regular sizes at fifty cents and one dollar.

band and ... a young lady, married her, and the two apparently lived happily thereafter, the wife absolutely refusing to be parted from her female husband. While there may be serious drawbacks to a girl in having a husband of the same sex, there are many advantages. Men are after all such dull, stupid creatures, tuned to a lower key than the advanced female of the present day, that it is no wonder that the latter have to seek in their own sex that congeniality of spirit and sympathy of understanding that is denied them in the other. Then, what more could a young woman ask for than a husband who never smokes, drinks, swears, slams the doors, stays out late at nights, who could grow enthusiastic over a fashion plate, and discuss feminine dress and its belongings with intelligence and appreciation?

Xmas & New ... Cards
an immense variety to choose from.
Photograph Albums and Frames
Shells and Shell Goods
with novelties and works of art too numerous to mention. Come and see for yourselves.
PARKER & BUTLER

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annun. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1883. Vol. V, No. 10.

DR. SPRAGUE
Has removed his office to his residence, the fourth house west of Dr. Faulkner's Drug Store.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR, Stirling, Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Alex. J. Robertson, L.D.S.,
Surgeon Dentist,
Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.
Visits Stirling Professionally Every Thursday, and may be consulted at the Scott House.
Particular attention given to the finer operations in gold, and the restoration of lost organs.

Walter L. Ridout,
ARCHITECT.
Plans, specifications, &c, prepared for all classes of building, and work superintended if required. Address, for July and August, Brunswick House, Colborne.
Head Office: Address W. R. Strickland, or W. L. Ridout, Architects, No. 12 Can. Perm. Buildings, Toronto.

M. W. SINE, V.S.,

Graduate Ontario Veterinary College,
registered member Veterinary Medical Ass'n. Treats all diseases of domesticated animals. Calls by mail or telegraph promptly attended to. OFFICE—"Review" block, Madoc.

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.
G.R.C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, over Gilbert's store, on
Thursday Eve., Nov. 15, 1883,
Visiting brethren welcome.
M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room, Craige's block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R.S.

W. C. REID,
DEALER IN
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,
—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—
CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO,
The new White Grape—Prentiss—is a pure native seedling of superior quality, and has been thoroughly tested with regard to hardiness. A good stock of vines for sale now for fall planting. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

NOTICE.

Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk.

S. R. HUFFMAN
Piano Tuner,
BELLEVILLE, late of London and Detroit, WILL VISIT STIRLING every six months, in December and June, for the purpose of Tuning Pianos and Organs. Best of references given. All orders left at W. H. CALDER'S JEWELRY EMPORIUM will be attended to. Orders from the country will be attended to at an advance of prices.

Geo. W. Walker,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office next door to Bank of Commerce, directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week, if possible, before starting, then you can be waited upon as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.
GEO. W. WALKER,
(Box 122.) Dentist, Belleville.

Blacksmithing.
R. B. JONES,
Having rebuilt his shop, destroyed during the late fire, is prepared to serve all his old customers, and as many new ones as favor him with a call. Horseshoeing a specialty. General Jobbing promptly attended to. Shop on Front street (old stand).

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

Farm for Sale.
The west half of lot 9, con. 9, Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The land is in a good state of cultivation; good buildings; good cedar fences; well watered, and close to cheese factory. For particulars apply to
HENRY BERRIDGE,
Springbrook P. O.

W. S. MARTIN & CO.
Are now preparing for an
Immense Trade in Fall and Winter Boots and Shoes.
With Enlarged Premises and Enlarged Stock.
A large lot of TRUNKS of all descriptions on sale cheap.

SETH GREEN.

What the Great Fish Culturist Says:

Last winter I went to Florida and while there contracted Malaria in a very severe form. When I returned home I went to bed and remained there until spring. My symptoms were terrible. I had dull, aching pains in my head, limbs and around my back. My appetite was wholly gone, and I felt a lack of energy such as I had often heard described but had never experienced. Any one who has ever had a severe attack of Malaria can appreciate my condition. As I failed to get any better I determined to try a remedy made by a gentleman in whom I had the greatest confidence; I am happy to say it effected permanent relief, and that I am well to-day through the influence of Warner's SAFE Cure. After such an experience I can most heartily recommend it to all sufferers.

Seth Green

TO LET.

A Room suitable for a milliner, or large office, over our store in Craige's block.

FOR SALE.

A good CUTTER and two BUGGIES, for either cash or satisfactory note.

Chas. Craige & Bro'

$72 a week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE Great HERBAL Tonic FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH A Blood Purifier AND CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH CURE
GUARANTEE:—After fair trial, with no relief or cure effected, your money will be refunded. PRICE, $1.00.
Sold by DRUGGISTS & DEALERS Everywhere.

There is talk of the entire staff of the Campbellford public school being removed.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT. Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints? If you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer; every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. G. H. BOULTER, sole agent.

October 31st was the last day of the season for hunting deer with hounds.

We have a speedy and positive cure for Catarrh Diphtheria, Canker-mouth and Headache in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50c. G. H. BOULTER, agent.

The Q. & O. railway bridge at Crow river is about completed. A locomotive crossed week before last. The track layers are expected to reach Norwood in the course of three or four weeks.

Messrs. Churchill & Co.,—Your Fountain of Health has completely cured me of Dyspepsia, which has troubled me for nearly two years.
J. CLARK,
17 Stafford street, Toronto

Friday last will long be a memorable day in the village of Tweed, on account of the arrival of the first locomotive over the O. & Q. railway. An accident took place as the train was leaving on Saturday evening. A man employed on the construction strove to get on the train after it was under way. He caught a plank that was loose, which gave way and he fell into one of the cattle guards. He was picked up for dead, but revived after a few minutes, and his comrades took him on the train. No bones were broken.

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HOME MATTERS.

Berlin Felt Boots at W.S. Martin & Co.'s.

A full stock of those fine Acme SKATES at Martin & Turner's.

The *Intelligencer* now appears in a new suit of Miller & Richard's Scotch type, and the improvement is very marked.

Rev. Mr. Stratton has been confined to the house for several days with an affection of the bronchial tubes. His medical adviser has prescribed perfect quiet and no exposure. Rev. W. Clark will preach in his place on Sunday next.

A meeting of the management committee of the bible society will be held at the office of the president, Dr. Boulter, on Monday evening next, for the appointment of collectors, and such other business as may come before the committee. Full attendance requested.

Mr. Charles Panchard, D.S.C.R. of the Independent Order of Foresters, is in the village for the purpose of organizing a court of that order. A public meeting will be held at the Orange hall this (Friday) evening, when the nature and object of the order will be explained.

The *Intelligencer* of Tuesday says: We learn that Mr. T. P. Pearce has leased the Burrell axe factory, for the manufacture of axes only. The factory is in first-class condition, and under the able management of Mr. Pearce the reputation of its wares will be fully maintained.

The Norwood *Register* of last week says: Mr. H. Stickle, of Stirling, lately engaged as leader of Norwood brass band, was entertained at an oyser supper at the Commercial house, by the members of the band, on Monday evening last. The usual toasts, etc., were drank, and a very pleasant evening spent. The spread was all that could be desired, and reflected much credit on the house.

A special meeting of the school board was held on Tuesday evening. The only business of importance transacted was authorizing the treasurer to draw on the village treasurer for the amount required by the school for the year, viz., $1,600, and the consideration of teachers' resignations. The whole four teachers tendered their resignations, which were accepted with very little discussion, and the secretary was instructed to advertise in Saturday's *Globe* and *Mail* for a new staff, stating the salaries as follows: First department, $500; second, $350; third and fourth, each $250. Male teachers to be required for the first and second departments.

Last Wednesday morning Mr. Jas. Coutts was going down the Central Ontario railroad to the "diamond." He smelled a bear going west, and went on to the "diamond," then returned home and sent word to a neighbor to come and bring his hound. The neighbor not arriving, Jim struck out with moccasins on, and if ever a man did penance he says he did. He travelled over ploughed ground and dead furrows for about a mile and a half, until he came to Mr. Bailey's woods, when a few roars from his old hound put his ears and feet in motion, and Mr. Bear resolved to stand the charge on the top of a rail fence. He fired as soon as he came in reach and knocked a little bark off one leg, and Bruin took a higher position. He saw two sights on the rifle and a bear all at one time, and there was a dead bear all at once. He got him out to the road, when the neighbor arrived, and they took the game home.

Attention is drawn to the article elsewhere on the question of standard railway time. Mr. Butcher has informed us that the new time will come in force on the Midland on Monday next, when a new time-table will be issued. It is expected that the trains will run on the same solar time as now, the figures on the time-table being set to correspond with the new standard, which is seventeen minutes faster then present railway time. Travellers will need to bear this in mind. This would be an excellent opportunity for the village to regulate its now confusing time, conforming it to the new standard adopted by the railways, as many other places are doing. At present no two regulators or public institutions run on the same time in Stirling, individual independence in that respect seeming to be the order. The *Mail* says of the new departure: The standard time of the 75th meridian, which has been adopted by the city and the railway companies, goes into effect at noon on Sunday next, the 18th inst. On and after Monday, the 19th inst. the time rung on the fire alarm bells will be 11.55 standard time. Clocks should be put forward 17 min. 34 secs., to bring them into accord with standard time. At twelve noon on the 18th inst. the tower clocks in the buildings named will indicate standard time, viz.: The post-office, St. Lawrence hall, the Wilton-avenue fire hall, Queen-street fire hall, the Union station (electric and other dials in connection therewith); also the custom-house, parliament buildings, provincial government offices, Osgoode hall, etc. Messrs. James E. Ellis & Co., official railway timekeepers, have received instructions to supervise the changing of time as above indicated.

The married and single men of Foxboro' engaged in another game of sport hunting last week, which was a grand success. Considerable excitement and enthusiasm manifested itself until the day fixed. Early in the morning the men started in all directions—north, south, east and west. Every man was supposed to do his own shooting, but as the rules were not definitely understood they of course deviated therefrom. About twenty on a side started, and, behold, to my surprise their numbers increased from two to ten fold before night. I presume it must have been for the purpose of carrying the game. During the travels of the day I chanced to meet one good, honest fellow, who had a stranger with him, and the two had three guns, for what purpose I will not venture an opinion. Others, I learned, started a day or two in advance of the time. Another prominent gentleman purchased a flock of tame ducks, and shot them and brought them in to score. The sporting class that day had many friends to escort them through the woods, etc. When evening drew nigh, their men returned heavily laden to the Foxboro' hotel. Messrs. Harford Ashley, Chas. Ashley and Edward Thrasher were chosen judges, which office they filled ably, giving entire satisfaction to all. Whilst counting was going on, people's faces turned pale, others looked for their dollars, and at the conclusion found that Mr. E. Dafoe's side stood 9,990, and Mr. Frank Sine's 7,465, losing by 2,525. It surprised him much, as he fully expected to win the day. After this they all sat down to tea, as Mr. Crawford in his usual good style had prepared a grand oyster supper for the wearied ones, which was well relished. Those standing at the head of the list were: S. Snider, 1,760; A. Ross, 1,325; M. Caldwell, 1,228; E. Dafoe, 900; Dr. Faulkner, 775. The best of feeling prevailed all through the evening, all enjoying themselves. By way of congratulations and sympathy, several ladies and gentlemen were present. The company dispersed at an early hour.—COM.

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Coming to Stirling.

Do not forget that next Wednesday and Thursday there will be exhibited in Bennett's hall, Stirling, one of the most magnificent panoramic combinations ever shown in Ontario. The name of Rev. J. T. Dowling is yet a "household word" in many homes in this village and township, where his qualities as a Christian gentleman and minister, and his abilities as an artist, are too well known to need mention here. Some seven or eight years ago, while living at Uxbridge, he painted for a gentleman there a huge panorama of Oriental and Biblical scenery, consisting of *forty* large paintings, 8 x 12 feet each. Since removing to Colborne last winter, Mr. Dowling has secured the temporary use of the series from its owner, and has combined it with his paintings illustrating his lecture, "The Mosaic vision of creation," and the larger ones illustrating "Voices from the tabernacle," making one of the most magnificent displays ever shown. This he has entitled the "Grand Panoramic Combination of Oriental and Biblical Illustrations," and it comprises all told *forty* paintings 8 x 12 feet each in size, *six* 7 x 12 feet, and *five* 12 x 18 feet, or *fifty-one* in all. The forty mentioned are painted in Mr. Dowling's best scenic style, and are even much superior as works of art to those exhibited in Stirling. The entertainment is not a lecture in any sense of the word, but just what its title indicates, and though but three or four minutes were devoted to each picture, the series could not possibly be run through in one evening, and necessarily covers two evenings. The admission for each evening will be 25c., or season tickets (good for both evenings) 40c. Children 15c, season tickets 25c. In the afternoon of Thursday, at 4:15, a children's matinee will be given, when school and other children will be admitted for the trifle of 10c each. Adults to matinee, 25c.

Rev. Dr. Wild, of Toronto, was present at the exhibition of this panorama at Colborne on Friday night last, and at the conclusion he at once arose and moved a very hearty vote of thanks, in which he said "the paintings were the most excellent of the kind he had ever seen," which is high praise from a competent authority.

Ra'lway Extension North.

Since our last issue we learn that the surveying party are pushing on, and at the time we go to press will have reached L'Amable, having with little trouble pushed their way through the townships of Wollaston and Faraday. The instructions given by the executive committee we are informed was to go north in as direct a line as was feasible, touching that section of the country where minerals are best known to exist, making Bancroft the objective point, and to reach that point if reasonably possible by L'Amable. The committee are strongly in favor of making the route a connecting one with the Canadian Pacific R. R. if they can succeed in getting sufficient aid from the dominion government. We think this line is one that should also be aided by the Ontario government. We have had that promised when the $3,000 per mile was granted to the B. & N. H. R. The line will run through the government lands and timber and make them more valuable. More than that, a material portion of the revenue has been derived from this back country. It may be said that the Ontario Central has not been aided. True, not aided by a direct subsidy, but we would like to ask anyone who raises this objection what does it mean that the company through the influence of the promoters have secured from 15,000 to 20,000 acres of land at mere nominal prices, and that large sections have been withdrawn from sale to settlers—on the plea of not being suitable for settlement—simply, we are informed, to fall into the hands of the same company that is seeking to take away the mining properties of Messrs. Chambers & Jenkins. If nothing else was given as a reason why this extension should be aided, this would be sufficient, in our own judgment, viz: that having given these lands—to the serious injury of the settlers in the neighborhood—to these monopolists, the Ontario government should protect the community by assisting in constructing a line in the interests of the people. With the strong committee appointed we expect success, and trust they will leave no stone unturned to secure a charter, subsidy and completion of the road. There is one or two things we should like to point out. 1st. The road can't go to every man's door, and we trust there will be no unreasonable expectations formed, as the committee will have to be governed very much by the engineer's report. 2nd. That it is desirable that so far as possible the interests of the villages of the north country should be considered, viz: Millbridge, L'Amable, Bancroft, etc. It will be in the interest of these villages, of the road, and of this village to do so.—*Review*.

Mr. Baltis Rose has so far recovered from the effects of the accident that he met with about three months since, that he is able to take out-door exercise.

The Vanderbilt family are regaled over the following anecdote: At Saratoga on one occasion, when sitting on the piazza of the Congress hall, a somewhat overdressed lady approached and claimed his acquaintance. The commodore arose and talked affably with her, while his wife and daughter sniffed the air with scorn. "Father," said the young lady, as the commodore resumed his seat, "didn't you remember that vulgar Mrs. B. as the woman who used to sell poultry to us at home?" "Certainly," responded the old gentleman promptly, "and I remember your mother when she used to sell root beer at 3 cents a glass over in Jersey when I went up from Staten Island peddling oysters in my boat." This is vouched for by a gentleman who heard the conversation.

Jonathan Vardey, of Seymour, received a very painful wound in the leg during a hunt after deer on North river. One of his companions in the chase was W. Davidson, and the two men had followed the deer to an arm of the river, where they stood opposite each other, a short distance apart. The deer came up out of the water and Vardey fired, but did not kill it. Immediately afterwards, as the deer bounded onward, Davidson discharged his rifle also, but unfortunately in a direct line with Vardey. The rifle was loaded with buckshot, two of which penetrated Vardey's leg, and tore the flesh into an ugly wound. The injury was so painful as to make the limb useless, and Vardey's companions assisted him to the camp, a distance of about three miles, where his wound was dressed.

The quiet town of Waupun has furnished a sensation. A married woman left her husband and child, donned male attire, courted a young lady, married her, and the two apparently lived happily thereafter, the wife absolutely refusing to be parted from her female husband. While there may be serious drawbacks to a girl in having a husband of the same sex, there are many advantages. Men are after all such dull, stupid creatures, tuned to a lower key than the advanced female of the present day, that it is no wonder that the latter have to seek in their own sex that congeniality of spirit and sympathy of understanding that is denied them in the other. Then, what more could any woman ask for than a husband who never smokes, drinks, swears, slams the doors, stays out late at nights, who could grow enthusiastic over a fashion plate, and discuss feminine dress and its belongings with intelligence and appreciation?

"Why, Angelina, where did you get those beautiful rich colors on your bonnet?" "Ain't they lovely? I dyed them with the Triangle Package Dyes." 10c.

The young people of the Norwood Presbyterian church have formed themselves into a literary society. Their regular meetings will be held every second Tuesday evening, which will not be public. The time will be occupied in debates, essays, music, orations, recitations, readings, etc.

THE GREATEST HEALING COMPOUND is a preparation of carbolic acid, vaseline and cerate called McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will cure any sore, cut, burn or bruise when all other preparations fail. Call at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store, and get a package. Twenty-five cents is all it costs.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STEER FOUND.

Came on to my premises, lot 8, con. 7, Rawdon, about June 1st, 1883, a red and white yearling Steer. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses.
JAMES COOK.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Plum Grove Cheese Manufacturing Co. will be held at the factory on Saturday, Nov. 24th, 1883, for the election of officers, transaction of general business, etc. Meeting at 1 p. m.
JAS. DUNCAN,
President.

SINGING CLASS.

All interested in the formation of a class of more advanced pupils for the general practice of vocal music are invited to meet in the Basement of the M. E. Church on Monday evening next at 7:30. Having been invited by a number to take the matter in hand, I will be present, and further details will there be arranged.
C. MENDELL.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Evergreen Cheese Mfg. Co. will be held at the factory on Tuesday, Nov. 27th, 1883, at 1 p. m., for the election of officers, payment of dividends, etc.
E. DOAK,
President.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Enterprise Cheese Mfg. Co. will be held at the factory of said Co. on Saturday, Nov. 24th, at 10 a. m. Those interested please attend.
EDMUND CAVERLY,
President.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Post Office, &c., Cobourg, Ont.," will be received at this office until WEDNESDAY, the 28th instant inclusively, for alterations and additions to

POST OFFICE, ETC., AT COBOURG, ONT.
(FORMERLY BANK OF MONTREAL.)

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the Old Bank Building, Cobourg, on and after MONDAY, the 12th instant.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called on to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender,
By order,
F. H. ENNIS,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, Nov. 6th, 1883.

NOTICE.

All parties indebted to the undersigned will please call and settle at once. Money is required to carry on business, and I cannot do without it.

Reaper and threshing machine accounts will have to be paid without delay.

E. F. PARKER.

REOPENED!

Apothecaries' Hall.

We have removed into our new and spacious premises, with increased facilities for business, and now offer to the Public the best assortment and finest goods in our line ever brought to Stirling. In

Drugs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Patent-Medicines, etc.,

our stock is complete, with a full stock of

Books, Stationery Lamps and Fancy Goods

consisting in part

Xmas & New Year Cards

an immense variety to choose from,

Photograph Albums and Frames

Shells and Shell Goods

with novelties and works of art too numerous to mention. Come and see for yourselves.

PARKER & BUTLER

The News-Argus from now until the end of 1884 for $1.

HARDWARE!

We have moved our stock of Hardware in new store, complete in every line. We are bound to sell at bottom prices for cash. Burrell's axes, 65c.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

Agents 1884 Wanted

READ THIS.

THE GREAT DOLLAR PAPER,

The Weekly Globe

FROM NOW TO END OF 1884

ONLY ONE $1.00 DOLLAR.

THE DAILY GLOBE

THE GREAT CANADIAN PAPER.

Has the most extensive and influential circulation in British America, is noted for its extensive Cable and Telegraphic News, and is the great authority upon Commercial and Financial Matters throughout the Dominion.

SUBSCRIPTION.
One Year, . . . $7.00 | Half Year, . . . $3.50
Quarter Year, ... $1.75.

In order to increase our already large list of yearly subscribers to THE WEEKLY GLOBE, we make the following liberal and magnificent offer to every reader of this advertisement who wishes to take advantage of it at once.

For $3 50 we will send to any address in Canada or the U. S.,

THE WEEKLY GLOBE

from now to end of December, 1884, and in addition, A HANDSOME NICKEL OPEN-FACED STEM-WINDING WATCH.

The Watch is of convenient size; it is neat in appearance; it is a stem-winder, consequently requires no key; it is dust-proof, and a good time-keeper.

The above price includes postage upon Watch to any address in Canada or the United States. This offer only holds good until January 20th, 1884. We will start shipping watches on October 15th. Remittances should be sent at once, so as to enable us to procure necessary supply and fill orders with as little delay as possible. Address,

THE GLOBE PRINTING CO. (Limited), TORONTO.

The Foremost Journal in the Dominion. The Paper for the Farmer.

The Great Dollar Paper.

MILNE and CLUTE

ARE NOW IN THEIR

NEW STORE, IN OLD STAND, with full and complete stock of Goods in every department. An inspection is respectfully solicited. ROCK BOTTOM FOR CASH. If you want to see what Cash will do, bring it with you and try it.

MILNE & CLUTE.

N.B.---All accounts and notes due the firm must be paid at once.

MARTIN LUTHER'S LIFE.

Some New and Interesting Facts about His Parents and His Career.

The approaching fourth centenary of the birth of Martin Luther, which is producing a crowd of books and pamphlets, has also brought to light a little volume of which there are probably not more than half a dozen copies in existence. It was published in Leipsic in the year 1752, and bears the title, "Life of Hans Luther and Margarethe Lindemanin, his Wife." It contains interesting information concerning the Reformer's parents and his early life that is not generally known, and cannot be found in other books.

About the year 1475 there lived in Mohra, a village of Saxe-Meiningen, situated between Salzunyen and Eisenach, a humble peasant, who afterwards became a miner. He was Hans Luther, the father of Martin Luther. He engaged as housekeeper Margarethe Lindemanin, who belonged to one of the oldest families of Eisenach, and married her about the year 1479. It is nowhere recorded what her age was at the time she entered the bonds of matrimony, but we learn from the little book above cited that "she was brought up by her parents in the fear of God, and as a good housekeeper," so that "she became possessed of many virtues which caused Hans to take her for his wedded wife, although she was but a poor girl."

The young couple soon after removed to Mansfield, a neighboring town. We are told that Margarethe Luther, on Nov. 10, 1483—it being market day—had gone to Eisleben, now a town of Prussia Saxony, and that here she unexpectedly gave birth to a son,

WHO WAS NAMED MARTIN.

Many years after the great reformer had departed this life, there was created on the site of the humble house in which he was born, and which was destroyed by fire in 1689, a free home for destitute orphans. This charitable institution for a long time found it very difficult to maintain its existence, until Frederick William III., King of Prussia, took it under his protection, and changed it into a "Luther Free School." An imposing edifice, the Teachers' Seminary, now stands immediately in rear of the old Luther house.

According to some writers, Hans Luther and his wife still lived in Mohra when their son Martin was born. On the other hand "Magister Nicolaus Bebhahn" relates in his "Church History" that at that time they had already removed to Mansfield.

We read in the little volume already referred to that "Hans and Grethe were very poor, but God had given them strong, healthy bodies, so that they were able to labor diligently, early and late." Hans untiringly followed his vocation as a miner, while "his wife went to the neighboring woods to gather fire wood which she carried home on her back. Their son Martin tells that "his parents had no easy time of it, and worked harder than people did when he was a man." We are also informed by him that "they were very severe to their children," of whom they had a large number. It is generally understood that Martin had one brother and four sisters, but the Reformer in his letters contradicts this statement. He makes distinct mention of nine brothers-in-law, the husbands of his sisters. According to the little book which we take for our guide, the names of only one brother and four sisters are known, viz.: Jacob, Barbara, Dorothea, Maria, and Katharina. The names of two of his brothers who died with the plague are not known. The education of the children devolved upon the mother, who—Martin tells us—"had a hard task to perform, as his father had to be absent from home a great deal." In later years the Reformer expressed his satisfaction at having been brought up under

PIOUS BUT SEVERE DISCIPLINE,

although he mentions that his mother, while her intentions were best, sometimes was too strict; she did not know how to discriminate between the different characters of her children, and often punished those who deserved praise, and vice versa." Once she beat Martin "till the blood came for having taken a nut from the mantle-shelf." And when his parents first took him to school—he was at that time so small that his father had to carry him there in his arms—the teacher was particularly requested not to be too lenient with Martin. This pedagogue made free use of the power thus granted him; he once flogged the poor boy fifteen times in a single afternoon. Martin became timid, and mentions that this rough and undeserved treatment caused a gloom to settle on his mind, which was never entirely dispelled, and in a measure became the cause of his entering the Augustinian Convent at Erfurt. The Reformer calls the German schools of those days purgatories, and the teachers tyrants.

It is well known that his parents had to suffer a great deal in consequence of the bold stand which the Reformer took, and through which at one time he became an outlaw both before Church and State. Evil-disposed persons did not hesitate to criminate his father and mother, and "the slanderous tongues not only of strangers, but of neighbors, caused their hearts much pain and soreness. But they bore their cross patiently, and found consolation in the fact that men like Melancthon were engaged upon the same task with their son." In order to fully comprehend the trying position they found themselves placed in when the Reformer entered into his conflict with the Pope, it must be borne in mind that they lived in an age of darkness and superstition, and they, too, were children of their time, and not free from its prejudices. Thus Martin Luther relates in his "Table Talk" that his mother was sorely vexed and annoyed by a woman living in the neighborhood who was

GIVEN TO THE BLACK ART,

and that his mother had to do her utmost to gain the good will of this "witch," so that she should not bewitch her children. Melancthon praised Margarethe Luther as a woman upon whom all honest women might look as a model of true goodness and virtue. And when on the 25th of November, 1520, Melancthon was married, the plain woman, who at one time had carried firewood home on her back in order to prepare the humble meals for her family, was invited to the wedding, together with "her dear Hans." "Both were seated at the head of the table, where the guests of honor were sitting."

As a proof that the reformer dearly loved his parents, it is said that he dedicated to his father the book he wrote about "Convent Life," and also that he was mindful of securing a lasting place for the memory of his parents by inserting their names in his "Book of Marriage Formulas," as follows: "Hans, wilt thou have Gretchen for thy wedded wife?"

Martin Luther's parents were granted the blessing of seeing all their children placed in comfortable circumstances. Hans Luther in time became quite a prominent citizen of Mansfield. "He acquired a house and two furnaces, and was several times elected a member of the Town Council. His wife was no longer compelled to go to the woods in search of kindling wood; she led a comfortable life, surrounded by children and grandchildren, and peace and happiness reigned in their home." This state of affairs, however, was not to last long. On the 29th day of May, 1530, Margarethe Luther lost her husband, and "from that time forth she was no longer the same." The Reformer relates how "she grieved sorely until her summons, too, came." She died a year and one month after her husband, June 30, 1531. Martin was not present at her bedside when she breathed her last. "Important duties which devolved upon him did not permit of his undertaking a long journey for the purpose of seeing his beloved mother once more. But he did not neglect his duty as a good child, and addressed to her an affectionate letter."

The beginning and conclusion of this interesting epistle read as follows:

MY DEARLY BELOVED MOTHER: I have received a letter from my brother Jacob apprising me of your sickness, and am very sorry that I cannot be with you personally, as I would like to be. * * * May the father and God of all consolation through His holy word and Spirit grant you a firm, happy, and grateful faith, so that you may overcome this and all affliction, and arrive at the conviction that He speaks the truth when he says: "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." I herewith recommend your body and soul to His mercy. Amen. All the children and my Katie pray for you. Some weep, some eat, saying, "Grandmother is very sick." God's grace be with you, and with us all. Amen.

Your affectionate son,

DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

Saturday after Ascension, 1531.

HINDUSTANI MEAT CURRIES.

The following recipe for curry powder will be found, after trial, to recommend itself for its simplicity, economy, and as containing all that is essential. Any additions can subsequently be made as individual experience or fancy may suggest: 1. Coriander seed, parched, and husks separated, eight ounces; 2. Turmeric parched, scraped, and sifted, four ounces; 3. Cumin seed, husks separated, 2 ounces; 4. Fenugreek, one ounce. The above are to be well ground, and then thoroughly mixed.

Oriental dishes, with few exceptions, are prepared in sufficiently small morsels to permit of their being eaten with the hand, without the aid of knife, fork, or spoon. When, however, this cannot be avoided, as in the case of pilau of poultry, game, or joints, the meat is cooked just long enough to allow of its being separated from the bone by the fingers, without being stewed to rags.

Indeed, the whole art of curry and pilau making consists in correctly timing the simmering process. If it is removed off the fire too soon, the meat, though done, will be tough, and the spices will not have had time to permeate the tissues; while, again, if too much cooked, the disintegration of the fibres will have caused the spices to turn into the gravy. Therefore in either cases a failure will be the inevitable result. A curry properly cooked must hit the happy mean between these extremes, yet ought to be able to be eaten with a spoon and fork only, which is the practice amongst Europeans in India.

The next rule to be borne in mind is the correct dressing of the meat which is to be used. 1. Beef, mutton, pork, fish, etc., must be cut into dice not larger than an inch square. 2. Poultry, partridges, etc., should be disjointed as follows: the wings and legs into two parts at the joints, and the backs crosswise, according to size, into three or four, and the merry-thought separated; it may as well be stated that two smaller birds are preferable to one large. 3. Hares and rabbits according to size, ought to have the legs each cut into three or four pieces, and the backs crosswise into eight or nine. 4. Pigeons' wings and legs whole, backs in two. 5. Small birds, as quails, larks, etc., in two, lengthwise.

CHICKEN CURRY (BENGAL FASHION).—*Materials.*—A small fowl, a pint of stock, six onions about an inch in diameter, four ounces of butter, one small clove of garlic chopped fine, a couple of green chillies (failing which, three dried bird's-eye chillies) chopped fine, a heaped table-spoonful and a half of the curry-powder prepared from foregoing recipe, and half a lemon. *Mode.*—Slice the onions fine, take a third of them and fry with half the butter till crisp and of a nice golden color; drain them carefully from all superfluous grease, and put them aside. Then fry the chicken, cut up as directed, in the surplus of the butter left from the last operation; when the meat is slightly colored, put also aside. Now take a saucepan, put into it the curry-powder and the remaining half of the butter; let it fry for two or three minutes, stirring occasionally, then throw in the uncooked onions. Amalgamate well with the contents of the saucepan, and after they have fried for a few minutes add the stock, chillies, salt, and garlic; stir well, and let the liquor reduce to one-third of its original quantity, the cover of the pan being drawn slightly aside to enable the steam to escape. When it has reduced, add the chicken. Allow the whole to boil briskly for a couple of minutes; then place it on the edge of the hob to simmer gently till cooked, stirring the curry frequently to enable the meat to take up the gravy. In about twenty minutes it ought to be ready, but the surest guide is to observe the appearance of the drumsticks; if the bones are found protruding by the flesh having shrunk, it is done. Finally, the piece of the lemon and the fried onions, which have been put aside from the first operation, must be added to the contents of the saucepan, and the whole quickly stirred, after which no time should be lost in serving the curry.

CHICKEN CURRY (MADRAS FASHION).—*Materials.*—Exactly the same as in the foregoing, but substituting an equal quantity of milk or buttermilk in place of the stock, and having in addition an ounce of lentil flour. *Mode.*—Proceed to fry and put aside one-third of the onions, as in the last recipe. Now rub the curry-powder and the lentil flour into a thin paste, with a little of the milk or buttermilk, as may be the case, then add the remainder of the onions, the garlic, salt, and chillies, gradually working the whole up into a stiff paste with more milk. Boil the second half of the butter in a saucepan, put in the paste and meat, and let them cook briskly for seven or eight minutes, stirring constantly, and scraping off the paste which may adhere to the bottom and sides of the pan, and adding milk in small quantities from time to time to prevent burning, and in this manner expending all the milk. When the meat is nearly cooked (which can be ascertained by the rule stated in the last recipe) add the fried onions and lemon juice, stir well, and serve.

CHICKEN CURRY (CEYLON FASHION).—*Materials.*—The same as the first recipe, except only two onions and two ounces of butter are required, and a breakfast-cupful of cocoa-nut milk must be substituted for the stock. The cocoa-nut milk is extracted from the cocoa-nut in the following manner: put the kernel, after paring away all the black outer rind, into a mortar, and reduce it to a pulp; put this into a deep vessel and pour boiling water over it till the whole is covered, let it steep for ten minutes, then strain off the liquor, i. e., the milk, put back the pulp, and repeat the process till sufficient milk has been obtained. *Mode.*—Chop the onions, then reduce them to a pulp in the mortar, fry the curry-powder, onions, salt, and chillies in a saucepan with the butter, stirring all the while; in two or three minutes add the chicken, cut up as elsewhere mentioned; when the meat is of a golden color, put in the garlic and cocoa-nut milk, and let them simmer on a slow fire for half an hour, or till cooked. The lemon may or may not be omitted, to give the final touch.

The three foregoing recipes may be considered as typical illustrations to explain the *modus operandi* of dealing with this dish in various parts of India. With the same quantity of condiments, &c., a duck, partridge, three pigeons, and eight quails, the same number of larks, or one and a half pounds of beef, mutton, veal, pork, or fish, may be made into a Bengali, Mandrasi, or Cingalese curry. A hare or rabbit will require a couple more onions and a half teaspoonful of the curry-powder extra.

The time required in cooking will be more or less in some instances; but as the surest guide for ascertaining when the meat is done has already been pointed out, it would be needless waste of space to enlarge on the subject in each case. In fish curries the pan must be stirred as little as possible, to prevent the flakes breaking up.

The above recipes are for gravy curries. If a dry one is preferred, the liquor must be reduced to one-fourth instead of one-third previous to adding the meat; otherwise the process is the same in each instance.

The first weather report—Thunder.

A Lafayette lady—a model wife and mother—broke her husband of the saloon habit by walking up to the bar beside him and calling for the beer. She broke the awful silence, as they walked home, with the remark: "I love you, my husband, and if you are going to hell I'm going right along with you."

A RESTLESS SPIRIT.

A Genuine Jersey Ghost.

A crowd of superstitious and trembling countrymen and villagers gathered the other evening on the outskirts of the town of Jackson, N. Y., for the purpose of investigating the report that the ghost of a Mrs. Dietrich, the former occupant of the cottage near by who recently committed suicide by hanging, nightly made its appearance in her bed room and that its moans and groans could be distinctly heard. While the party waited patiently for the "ghost to walk" an old gray-haired man, whose tongue, however, had not lost its glibness, detailed to those who were not familiar with the dead woman's history some interesting chapters of her life.

Mrs. Anna Dietrich, a woman of good family, was extremely prepossessing and before her marriage had been known in the town where she resided as "the village born beauty." After the death of her husband at Jackson she still lived at that place respected and liked by the entire populace. About a year ago she fell a victim to the wiles of a "handsome stranger," who afterwards disappeared. Four months ago a child was born. The scandal was a great surprise and shock. With the charity usually displayed in small places for such unfortunates absolute ostracism followed. The woman was pointed out as a social leper, and her life was thus rendered unendurable. The day preceding her self-destruction a neighbor woman slammed a door in her face, after first ordering her from the house.

Mrs. Dietrich returned home, and the next day was found hanging by the neck, dead in her barn. Just as the narrator had concluded, a sudden gust of wind rattled a shutter on the bed room window and a swinging limb, which while motionless excluded the moon's rays, let a flood of light for a moment fall upon the group.

"Fore God, there is Mrs. Anna!" exclaimed the historian, hurrying off down the lane. His example was followed by a few of the more timid.

THE GHOST'S DISCOVERER.

Those who remained were assured by a man living on the place, named "Wash" Walter (the original discoverer of the ghost), that it had not yet appeared. His story, which had set the entire country agog, was repeated to a *Times* reporter, who was present. It is to the effect that on a recent night, as he was walking in front of the dead woman's house, he heard a moan, which appeared to come from the loft. The doors were all without locks. He had no difficulty in entering the house. Ascending to the dead woman's bed room he says he lit a match, which, although the air without was very calm, was instantaneously blown out by a sudden puff. He then lit several matches, with the same result, and, becoming nervous, was about to leave the house, when a vague, uncertain light filled the apartment, which, upon growing brighter, as it gradually did, revealed the ghostly form of Mrs. Dietrich, kneeling, with her hands clasped in a supplicating manner. Her hair was streaming down her back.

HOW A GHOST HANGS HERSELF.

Spellbound, the intruder could not move, he says, but manfully witnessed the deliberate action of the apparition as it unwound a coil of rope which lay in a corner, threw one end over the open door, shaped the other end into a noose, then stepped upon a chair and swung itself off, remaining suspended by the neck in the air. The misty light that pervaded the room then gradually faded away, and when darkness again reigned the self-accused, terror-stricken witness of the blood-curdling occurrence says he rushed out of the building with a yell.

The reporter waited for the manifestation of the ghostly presence, but in vain. Whether or not the ghost story owes its origin to an unsettled condition of its discoverer's mind, or is told by him as a vainglorious joke, it is generally credited, and a few firm believers in spooks are in favor of exhuming the body in the suicide and turning its face downward in the coffin in order that the spirit may rest in peace.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Speak Encouraging Words.

Think twice, dear, tired mother, before you speak the impatient words that come to your lips over the racket and trouble these romping children make. One mother, whose children were all swept away within a week by diphtheria, can never forget the look and tone of a dear little one who, the morning before he was taken down, looked up in her face so anxiously and asked, "Ma, is I a good boy sometimes?" He was so accustomed to chiding that he almost considered that whatever he did was wrong. Very often we wound these little, tender hearts so dear to us more than we ever guess. I know the common impression is, that—

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
A passing zephyr wanders by,
And waves the bush; the flower is dry."

But not so have many found the sorrows of childhood. The wounded spirit was long in healing, and the scar left will go down with it to the grave. Happy is the heart which even in a happy childhood has not treasured up such memory.

On the reverse side we find the imprint of sweet, encouraging words which came unlooked for, and yet which exerted a power felt years afterward. Encouragement cheers and stimulates whereof reproof only sours and disheartens. Filial love will not grow as a matter of course; some children have very little of it for the mother who toils for them just because of her scolding words, nor do they grieve for her with deep and sincere sorrow when she is laid in her coffin. They have never known the deathless love she bore for them, for all the years it was hidden under a frown.

Children need reproof and correction and so, unfortunately, do their fathers and mothers. But children resent harshness as quickly as do older natures, and are amenable to gentle, kindly influences. Probably, if we would look for something to commend in our child, about ten times for every reproof we give, we should make him a better and much happier boy. If there is a member of your household always "picking at you," you know how pleasant it is, and how much grace and resolution it takes to put up with it. Then remember how much your helpless child has to put up with in your daily treatment.

NEARLY BURIED ALIVE.

A Young Lady Comes to Life After Four Days of Supposed Death

The sensation of the day at Black River Falls, Wis., has been the return to life of a young lady who, to all appearances, had been dead three days. Miss Lena Richman, daughter of a wealthy German, had been sick for some weeks, and died, as was supposed. The body was prepared for burial. There were fears in the minds of some that the appearance of the young lady's face did not indicate death, but on the fourth day the funeral was held. While the ceremony was in progress Dr. Baxter, of Milwaukee, seeing the face of the supposed corpse, asked that the service might be interrupted long enough for him to attempt resuscitation. This was done, and he succeeded so well that the woman arose from the coffin with a shriek. The scene which followed was highly exciting. Men turned pale with horror, and women fainted. It was a long time before anything like quiet was restored. Since then many have called to see and congratulate the lady, whom they never thought to see again in this world. She says that while in a trance-like condition she realized with unspeakable agony that she was being prepared for the ground, but could do nothing.

A man may not want to buy the cat, but when he runs it out of the pantry he becomes a purr chaser.

Dispatches of the morning said: "Market acts tired. Think it will react."

The place where they "break the noose gently," is in the divorce court.

SCIENCE.

A perpetual clock was started at Brussels a little over a year ago. An up draft is obtained in a tube or shaft exposing it to the sun; this draft turns a fan which winds up the weight of the clock until it reaches the top, when it actuates a brake that stops the fan, but leaves it free to start again after the weight has gone down a little. At the last of June the clock was running perfectly after having been in motion for nine consecutive months.

Very simple natural phenomena often excite surprise and sometimes alarm. Some travellers walking along the shore of Loch Etine, Argyleshire, Scotland, noticed that they cast a double shadow. The explanation was simple when the facts were examined. A well-defined shadow was produced by the direct rays of the sun, and a fainter one by the sun's reflected rays from the lake, which happened at the time to be quite still and mirror-like.

A writer in *Les Mondes* says it is generally thought that the ages of trees may be ascertained by the number of concentric ligneous layers or "rings," each layer corresponding to the growth of a year. This principle does not apply to tropical and equatorial trees, as is shown by the following facts: M. Charency visited the ruins of Polenque, in Mexico in 1859 and again in 1881. On one occasion he cut off the branch of a shrub which he judged by its size to be about 18 months old, but he found eighteen concentric layers. On his first expedition the party cut down several trees to get at the pyramid. New shoots have since grown, which must, of course, all be of the same age—22 years. On one of these M. Charencey counted no fewer than 230 concentric layers.

In the Western states many mills, called arastras are run by sand in regions where only sufficient water for drinking purposes and to moisten the ore operated on, can be obtained. The mill is run by a large overshot wheel which is driven by the sand, a great pile which is raked up to the works. A windmill runs a belt containing a great number of buckets, and these carry the sand up to a big tank, just as grain elevators carry wheat in a flouring mill. A stream of sand being let out over the overshot wheel, it revolves just as it would under the weight of a stream of water, and the arastras move steadily on at their work. When there is much wind, sand is stored up for use when calm prevails, so the arastras are never idle. After a sufficient quantity of sand has once been accumulated there is no trouble on that score, the same sand being used over and over.

Alcohol as a Remedy.

I do not intend to deny that the use of mild alcoholic tonics, as a substitute for the frightful remedies of the mediæval Sangrados, is a decided improvement, but still it is only a lesser evil, a first step of a progressive reform. Alcohol lingers in our hospitals as slavery lingers in the West Indies, as the witchcraft delusion lingers in Southern Europe. Has Alcohol any remedial value whatever? Let us consider the matter from a purely empirical standpoint. Does alcohol protect from malarial fevers? It is a well-known fact that the human organism cannot support two diseases at the same time. Rheumatism can be temporarily relieved by producing an artificial inflammation; a headache yields to a severe toothache. For the same reason the alcohol fever affords a temporary protection from other febrile symptoms—i. e., a man might fortify his system against chills and ague by keeping himself constantly under the stimulating influence of alcohol. But sooner or later stimulation is followed by depression, and during that reaction the other fever gets a chance, and rarely misses it. The history of epidemics proves that pyretic diseases are from eight to twelve times more destructive among dram-drinkers than among the temperate classes; rich or poor, young or old, abstainers are only centesimated by diseases that decimate drunkards. On no other point is the testimony of physicians of all schools, all times, and all countries more consistent and unanimous.

Is alcohol a peptic stimulant? No more than Glauber's salt or castor oil. The system hastens to rid itself of the noxious substance; the bowels are thrown into a state of morbid inactivity. The effect of every laxative is followed by a stringent reaction, and the habitual use of peptic stimulants leads to a chronic constipation which yields only to purgatives of the most virulent kind.

Does alcohol impart strength? Does it benefit the exhausted system? If a worn-out horse drops on the highway, we can rouse it by sticking a knife into its ribs, but, after staggering ahead for a couple of minutes, it will drop again, and the second deliquium will be worse than the first by just as much as the brutal stimulus has still further exhausted the little remaining strength. In the same way precisely alcohol rallies the exhausted energies of the human body. The prostrate vitality rises against the foe, and labors with restless energy till the poison is expelled. Then comes the reaction, and, before the patient can recover, his organism has to double work. Nature has to overcome both the original cause of the disease and the effect of the stimulant. Alcohol has no remedial value. But that would be a trifle if it were not for the positive mischief which the wretched poison is liable, and very liable, to cause.

F. M. Oswald, M.D.

Why Divorce is so Common To-Day.

This generation sees divorce more frequent, not because men and women are more wicked, but because married life is made more difficult by the excitement and complexity and manifold strains of modern life, which render unhappy marriages more unendurable. A broad gap opens between the hot present and the dull quiet of other days, when the husband passed his day in a steady and continuous round of work, when no avenue in life but marriage opened before women, and both men and women passed lives from which excitement, worry and the anxious rush of the day were absent. Any candid man who will reconstruct the life of sixty and eighty years ago will be convinced that, while that day had in it much of secret wickedness—as court and church records show—it had also conditions much less likely to prevent two people from leading quiet, uneventful and reasonably happy lives together.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Curious Swiss Lawsuit

A curious case, in which an Englishman is concerned, is pending before the courts at Lausanne. A dog began to chase a cat; the cat fled down an air shaft leading from the street into a wine vault; the dog followed, and both of them fell. In the vault was a large cask of Yvorne, not very securely tapped, and either the dog or the cat knocked up against the tap and the wine began to flow. The wine merchant clearly had a cause of action for the loss of his wine, and the landlord in his turn had sued his tenant for the damage done by the mess. But who is to blame on the other side, the owner of the dog or the owner of the cat? Unfortunately for the Englishman who owns the dog, the cat (like so many of the species) is an "unappropriated blessing," and the wine merchant has laid his action in consequence against the owner of the dog.

Our Boys.

Oh, the boys. Yet when we are ready to give them over and ask ourselves in sheer despair, if they will never learn by cuffs and kisses to stand in awe of anything, all at once we see them hushed and tender at the bedside of a sick mother, risking life and limb to bring her wild flowers, and softening into tears at the mention of her name. What an unaccountable contradiction our boy is! What an amiable scoffer! What an irreverent saint! Shall we preserve the type? Well, I was a boy once myself.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mr. Henry Irving thus speaks of the stage, past and present:

Conservative critics have said that good acting died when modern stage-setting was born. That there are no such actors now, there can be no such actors, as Garbage and Taylor, because they drew inspiration from the fountain-head so to speak. Did those men have such scenery as we have? Of course not; but I doubt not that they would have been very glad to have it. It seems to me that we have only to look back to the theatre of past days to see how little it would please the public to-day. How should we like to see *Rosalind* played by a half-shaven boy, with a shrill, piping voice and the angularity of a boy's gesture? How could a boy invest the part with the womanly grace and softness which we consider essential? If the public of Shakespeare's day was content with a boy *Rosalind*, may we not suppose that the performance of that day was a whole would wholly fail to satisfy our audiences of to-day? Then, I contend that Shakespeare constantly fretted under the poverty-stricken stage upon which he had to put his plays. In the choruses of Henry V., he laments the makeshifts with which he had to content himself. The same old cry of the slaves of tradition has always been trammelling the player's art. When Betterton substituted a painted background, in place of the customary drop of green stuff or absurd tapestry, he was set upon and criticised as a dangerous innovator. I hold that we should do everything that can be done to heighten the illusion without distracting the attention of the spectator from the essence of the piece. Macready did wonders for the stage, and successfully; he went so far as to make the birds sing and the leaves rustle in the forest of Arden. Kean allowed the ballet master to play too much of a part. When you magnify the *mise en scene* at the expense of the play, then I say stop. But up to that point I find nothing to apologize for.

Here is a pen and ink portrait of the famous English actor:

His complexion is swarthy and his face is so varied in its expression that it is difficult to give an accurate description of its many changes. His hair is black and long; his eyes dark grey, and his height is slightly under six feet. His shoulders are broad, his figure is well proportioned and his tout ensemble is thoroughly artistic. Mr. Irving's features are not dissimilar to the portraits of Mr. Oscar Wilde, but he is a more refined edition of the familiar type of that eccentric apostle of æstheticism. Mr. Irving's smile is peculiarly fascinating. His eyebrows are black and heavy, his forehead is receding, but the lower portion of his face is decidedly of a classic cast. His mouth is large but shapely. He wears his hair parted slightly to one side. His manner of walking, however, in stagy. He moves, or rather "struts" as he moves, with a forward inclination of the body, as if he were about to seize the person whom he addresses.

Mr. Henry Irving made his first appearance before a New York audience on Monday night last, as *Mathias* in "The Bells." The night was a miserable one, the rain falling in torrents, but the audience was, nevertheless, one of the most select and distinguished ever seen in a New York theatre, and the social welcome accorded the great actor on his arrival has been followed, says the *Sun*, by one of the most brilliant triumphs that any artist from abroad has ever won. Of the impersonation of *Mathias* the *Sun* says:

"It is one of the most distinct and striking characterizations that our stage has seen, thrilling in its intensity, and at moments inspiring to awe by its depiction of human self-torture and agonizing despair. The conviction of these matters that is reached is complete. No matter what may be thought of the singularity of the actor's stage personality, of his idiosyncrasies of utterance, of gesture, and of movement, the impression of his mastery of his art, of his picturesqueness, and of the refinement and finish of his performance remains unclouded and undisputed."

At Jena last week, a new drama by Otto Devrient, was produced with immense success. It is entitled "Luther," and is called an historical characterization, in seven divisions. It tells the story of Luther's life very completely and dramatically, and is remarkable for its historical correctness. One hundred and twelve people took part in the play, which lasted from 3:30 to 9 p.m. The scenery was artistic and striking, and the impersonation of the characters of *Luther* by Devrient, the author, *Katherina* by the Fraulein Kuhlman of the Weimar Court Theatre, and others, received great applause.

Marie Antoinette's harp has come to light in an old curiosity shop in Berlin. Fleury, the Queen's valet, carried it off as a souvenir, but, being reduced to great poverty, he was forced to part with it, and sold it to a lady of Brunswick; after which it passed through various hands. The harp is richly inlaid with ivory, and still bears the name of the maker.

William Stafford the young tragedian is making an excellent reputation this season. He is now playing in Pennsylvania, and is being greeted with enthusiasm.

Usury.

Our English ancestors thought that it was shameful and unchristian to demand pay for the use of money. While they never declared that the taking of interest was unlawful, they made statutes to limit the amount. In time their views changed, and they saw that it was just that a borrower should pay for the use of the money loaned him, if the charge, called interest, was not exhorbitant.

A trader who borrows money to use in his business, and thereby increases his profits, ought to pay for the use of the money just as he pays for the rest of his stock in trade.

In nearly all countries the rate of interest is fixed by law. In commercial countries it is also the rule that any rate of interest can be given and accepted if the agreement to pay it is made in writing. The reason for this is that the value of money like the value of any commodity is changeable. It is high when money is scarce, and low when it is plenty. It is right that the dealer in money should have the same advantages as the dealer in any other article.

To make or agree to take unlawful interest is usury. If taken unintentionally, or by mistake, the agreement is binding at the lawful rate.

Money-lenders resort to many expedients to avoid the law. Some of these are allowable. A lender may deduct the interest from the face-value of the note, thus obtaining it in advance.

An agreement that a year shall be twelve months of thirty days each, for computing interest may be demanded and taken if expressly agreed upon, but the interest must be asked for when it falls due.

A lender who is obliged to borrow the money he advances, may charge for the trouble of raising it. The courts, however, always watch such cases with suspicion.

When a man borrows money to put into a business, the lender may charge more than the lawful rate. He has a right to receive pay for the risk he incurs. It is always lawful to buy up a note in the money-market for less than its face value.

The laws on usury do not apply to loans of anything except money. Any sum may be charged for lending articles of commerce.

Usurious agreements are worthless in the hands of the parties who make them. In some places, notes bearing usurious interest are not good in the hands of the persons who bought without knowing them to be so tainted. Nearly everywhere, however, an innocent holder may obtain his money.

Modern laws have made the usury regulations of little account. To-day in civilized lands, they are only a curiosity of ancient legislation.

Velveteen is an exploded name; all velvet pile stuffs take the general name of velvet.

Young lady: The word "call" in poke has a different significance from what it does in society. In poker, if your opponent "calls" you have got to "see" him, without any excuse of sickness or "not at home."

John Bright on Temperance.

We select the following pointed sentences from John Bright's speech on temperance at his opening the Cobden Coffee Rooms in Birmingham lately.

I had been to bad health, but I found it prejudicial to use alcohol in that way (a medicinal stimulant).

I have been in the habit for the last more than ten years I suppose—of entire abstinence from all these things.

Now, what we want, and what all temperance reformers should now consider, is some plan which will unite the temperance feeling of the country and give it power, and make its advance and progress possible.

I recollect hearing Cobden say more than once, that although he was in the habit, as almost all people were in his time, of taking a glass or two of wine occasionally, and perhaps oftener to dinner—still I have heard him say more than once that whenever he was driven by hard work, or of much speaking or of much writing, he found it was far better for him to abstain from wine altogether, and that he could perform his work better without it than with it.

Houses such as this, established all over the country, in all towns and in some of the considerable villages, must have results highly beneficial to the character and conduct of the people. For generations, the people have been so accustomed to the consumption of alcoholic, intoxicating or strong drinks of one kind or another, that the idea of refreshment or enjoyment among the millions is inseparable from the consumption of those things. Therefore, temperance coffee houses are a new discovery and are hailed with pleasure.

Some people have an idea that this mischief (intemperance) is a mischief that affects only what are termed the working classes. Nothing can be a greater mistake. I believe that the sympathy of those who wish for this reformation is required for the multitude who are not ranged among the classes ordinarily described as "working classes." In point of fact, every class supplies victims to the terrible temptation of drink; and, indeed, from experience—and I suppose the experience of others must be much the same—there are very few families in this country whose members cannot point to some persons nearly or not remotely connected with them who have fallen victims to this terrible evil.

I may say, then, that I am not without hope. I believe the wisdom of Parliament may do something—may, indeed, do much; I believe that the Christian Churches may do much; I believe that the education which is now in progress in all parts of the kingdom will tell largely even upon the present growing-up generation; and with this combination of the attempts of Parliament, the energy and zeal of the churches, and the effect of the educational movements, I think that we may hope at some day to banish the evil of drunkenness from the nation—an evil which darkens so many homes with sorrow and despair. There are men who say "You cannot make people sober by act of Parliament." Well, that is a phrase which I will not discuss, but I have no doubt whatever that by act of Parliament you can remove to a very considerable extent the temptation which meets men now at almost every step of their lives.

Good Advice.

Don't be whining about not having a fair chance. Throw a sensible man out of a window he'll fall on his feet and ask the nearest way to his work. The more you have to begin with, the less you will have at the end. Money you earn yourself is much brighter than any you can get out of dead men's bags. A scant breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day. He who has tasted a sour apple will have the more relish for a sweet one. Your present want will make future prosperity all the sweeter. Eighteen-pence has set up many a peddler in the business, and he has turned it over until he has kept his carriage. As for the place you are cast in, don't find fault with that; you need not be a horse because you were born in a stable. If a bull tosses a man of mettle skyhigh, he would drop down in a good place. A hard working young man with his wits about him will make money while others will do nothing but lose it. "Who loves his work and knows how to spare, may live and flourish anywhere." As to a little trouble, who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns? Who must win must learn to bear. Idleness lies in bed sick of the mulligrubs, where industry finds health and wealth. The dog in the kennel barks at fleas; the hunting dog does not even know that they are there. Laziness waits till the river is dry, and never gets to market. "Try" swims it, and makes all the trade. "Can't-do-it" would not eat the bread set for him, but "Try" made meat out of mushrooms.—*John Plowman.*

After Many Years.

Fifteen years ago a shoe man in Louisville, Ky., issued an advertising card, on the back of which was a unique little puzzle, and a small reward was offered to the one who would send a correct solution to it. The cards were distributed over the country, being mailed to every one whose name was ascertained. No solutions to the puzzle came in, and as the time crept by the card was forgotten by the issuer. Recently Mr. Troxler was in his store when the letter carrier came in and handed him an envelope bearing the Canadian postmark. Upon opening it, great was his surprise when he discovered that it was a solution to the puzzle which had been gotten out fifteen years before. The writer stated that he had received one of the cards and began to try to solve the problem. He laid it carefully aside, and every leisure moment at home he would devote to it, finally succeeding, after all those years of study, in obtaining the correct answer. It was thought that his perseverance certainly deserved some recognition, and the reward promised will be sent to him.

A Fish Story.

A well-known Providence lawyer recently went forth with rod, line, and bait to capture from a country pond the fresh-water bass. He got a bite, he gently lifted his pole he hooked the fish, he reeled him partially in. Suddenly an impediment prevented the rapid landing of the fish. "It must be it has gotten behind a stump. The reel works hard. I mustn't break the pole." He keeps up the tension on the line and runs the pole carefully down to explore, with negative results. A steady but hard pull on the silk line finally brings up fish and impediment. It was a pound bass, with the bail of a two-quart tin kettle in its mouth, the kettle entire and half filled with mud and leaves. In drawing in the fish, which struck for the bottom, its wide-open mouth caught the pail handle, which became entangled with the hook, and remained entangled until the two were brought to the surface.—*Providence Press.*

The fancy of facing the bottom of the skirt with deep bands of fur, Astrakhan, velvet, and plush extends even to milliner's folds of soft silk. These delicate triple folds of silk, the same shade as the wool material of the dress, are put on in oblique lines running from the bottom of the skirt upward to a depth of eight or ten inches. The upper edge is simply turned under.

The Future Feeder of the States.

A statement has been published on the authority of a St. Paul correspondent that the wheat crop of the Manitoba district has been frozen and rendered valueless, and a doubt is expressed that the land north of the Canada line can be depended upon for permanent crops. I have just returned from Prince Albert on the North Saskatchewan, some 500 miles north-west of the City of Winnipeg, where I witnessed the harvesting of probably the choicest wheat on the continent, saved in the finest order and entirely free from frost. On my way to Windsor I stopped for a day at Portage la Prairie, sixty miles west of Winnipeg, in order to attend the Provincial Exhibition now being held at that point. I had lived there and met at the Exhibition scores of farmers whom I knew intimately—many of them the early immigrants to the province. The damage done by frost in that region is confined mainly to late sowings, the spring having been exceptionally late; but though the summer was rather cool throughout the bulk of grain escaped serious injury. Southern Manitoba has suffered more severely in common with Dakota and Minnesota, and indeed with almost every American State east of the mountains and every eastern Canadian Province. Relatively speaking, far more injury has been done to crops [illegible] th of 49 degrees than north of it; while in the vast "fertile belt" of the Saskatchewan country—a region more susceptible to Pacific influences than Manitoba—no injury whatever has been done to crops, and the summer has been, as it usually is, fine and favorable throughout.

I have myself lived some sixteen years in the Canadian North-west and during my residence there have farmed extensively both in Manitoba and the Territories. During all that time my crops have only suffered twice from severe frost. Throughout the entire North-west a sudden break takes place in the weather about the end of August. The nights then become chilly and frost is to be feared, though it may seldom come. On the other hand there is no June frost, such as you have here, and you can readily understand that, when the berry of the wheat plant has taken, without check, all the nutriment from the soil and atmosphere that it can take (and this result has been attained by the end of August everywhere in the fertile belt of the North-west) the late August frost, even when it does come, cannot do substantial injury. It may deepen the color of the pile and shrink it somewhat, but the nutriment is there.

So far from wheat culture north of the Canada line being "doubtful," it is a fact well known where I live that the quality of the grain improves as you approach the north-western limit of its growth. The only difficulty, indeed, seems to be to reach this limit. Prince Albert for example, 500 miles north-west of Winnipeg, is unquestionably one of the finest wheat-growing districts on the continent, and the wheat grown there this year is of the choicest quality and uninjured by frost. It may be well to point out, too, that this great district, by way of Hudson's Bay—a route which will speedily be developed—is nearer Liverpool than Western Ontario. But wheat grown at Fort Chippewyan, hundreds of miles north-west of Prince Albert, took, if I mistake not, a leading prize at your Centennial Exposition, while all over the immense Peace River country, still further north-west, which has a finer climate yet than that of the Saskatchewan, it is and can be grown successfully, and as far North, even, as Fort Providence, Mackenzie River, near the sixty-third parallel of north latitude. The highly esteemed American Consul at Winnipeg, the Hon. J. W. Taylor, who has made a life-long study of this question, is much better informed than the St. Paul correspondent, when he states that the future wheat-producing areas of the continent lie north of latitude forty-nine. It is a fact as important to the people of the United States as it is to the people of Canada. Your Western States must eventually cease to export wheat, just as your Eastern States have ceased to do so; and the time is not far distant when your enormously increased population will be largely fed by the cereals of Peace River and the Saskatchewan.

You will then, I have no doubt, find the North-west Canadian farmer as willing to feed and trade with the kindred people of the United States on equal terms as to feed and trade with his fellow-citizens of the Eastern Provinces.

Yours respectfully,

C. MAIR,

Victoria Avenue, Windsor, Ont.

Detroit Free Press.

IN A GYPSY CAMP.

A Graphic Description of a Romany Settlement in Sussex.

Of the younger fry there were as many as half a dozen, four of them girls, whose age may have ranged from eleven to fourteen, and they were worse clad even than the two women, nor were the growing boys better covered. As for the little children, whose skins, poor little wretches, for lack of washing, were the color of light mahogany, several of them were naked as they were born, and there, in the midst of an atmosphere pungent with the odor of onions and misty with the steam of stew, they were all cuddled higgledy piggledy on the ground, some reclining at full length, others squatted "hose and knees" together, discussing their supper with an appetite only to be obtained by a day's toil in a hop garden.

The tent contained no single article of furniture in the ordinary sense of the term. An empty barrel, that apparently had once contained flour, stood in the centre with a board across the top of it, and on this stood a shallow brown pan, which contained what had been cooked in the large kettle, and beside it were several loaves of bread. Two of the women presided. The three men squatted cross-legged, with a large zinc washing-bowl filled with the savory mess on the ground in their midst, and a four pound loaf, from which, with their clasped-knives, they hacked a "chunk" as they required it. Plates and spoons there were none. They thrust their wedges of bread into the bowl, and so extracted the broth, and they helped themselves to meat with their dirty fingers tearing it asunder with their teeth when the piece was too large to put at once in the mouth. In a gallon stone bottle they had beer, which for convenience of drinking was tilted into a yellow pint basin.

Even less ceremony was observed by the children in eating. The female in charge of the bread cut a substantial "round" from a loaf and tossed it to the elder ones as they reclined on the ground, and then the custodian of the stew fished out a piece of meat and thrust it all hot and reeking at the end of a fork towards the eager hand held out for it, and the meat was clapped atop of the bread and so, without aid of a knife, the ration was devoured. The smaller children were served in the same way, but less liberally. When the men had had their bowls replenished and the women had enough, the pan with the remains of the broth and some bread broken up in it, was placed on the ground, and squealing and greedily hustling each other, like so many little pigs, the gypsy infants made short work of it.

Very Narrow.

"It's no use," wrote a Yankee editor, "for Veritas to send us more 'Narrow Escapes' until he can beat this: 'Last night, as the express train was nearing Dashville, a stranger accidentally got on the rails; but, seeing the engine and cars coming, managed to fix himself bolt upright against a bank, and "drew in" until he was as flat as a board. The train shaved him so close that it cut the knobs of the bone studs off his shirt, but otherwise did him no damage.'"—*London Society.*

When a drove of cattle get to bellowing you can't get so far away from them that they will not be herd.

"Yes," said Mrs. Byrnesmonkey, "Tawmus has met with a financial reverse. He's made $50 somehow."

FASHION NOTES.

Velvet is all the rage.

Hosiery is very cheap this fall.

The favorite balmoral skirt is black.

Wool costumes are the correct street wear.

Paris affects English fashions at the moment.

Blouse effects on tight waists remain in favour.

Steel soutache appears among metallic braids.

The "Star" kid glove is the latest fancy of fashion.

There is a return of favour to clinging dress draperies.

Steel soutache on gray velvet is considered very *chic*.

Silk costumes are relegated to house and carriage wear.

Russian green combines with black, gray, or deep red.

Silk flounces are vandyked, scalloped, and sometimes pinked.

Basques, as a rule, are short, and are pointed both back and front.

Brides on the Continent no longer wear gloves at the ceremony.

The name Fedora is given to a very handsome new long pelisse.

Black stockings remain the first favorites of fashionable women.

Balmoral skirts are wider, but the yoke about the hips is invariable.

The silk, satins, and brocades of this season are dazzlingly beautiful.

It is again fashionable to wear a fancy pin in the bonnet bow under the chin.

A Parisian costume of pigeon gray is trimmed with the plumage of the blue jay.

Of all the forms of the feminine waistcoat that of fur bids fair to be most popular.

The sabot sleeve, full its whole length, and so popular in England, is gaining favor here.

Colored flannel skirts edged with woollen lace are preferred to white ones or balmorals.

Parisian dressmakers discard all sleeves except the close coat sleeve for street costumes.

Waistcoats of all kinds, superimposed on the bodice or corsage, grow more and more popular.

Silk cardigan jackets will be worn under dressy cloaks for extra warmth as the season advances.

Fedora waistcoats are sometimes made of black and white Spanish lace or Escurial lace scarfs.

Parisians are combining velvet with Victorienne, Sicilienne, and Bengaline for carriage costumes.

The jersey is condemned by the Princess of Wales, but it enjoys high favor in Paris and in New York.

Galignani's Messenger very pertinently asks, if English taste in dress is bad, why do the French copy it?

Tucks are used to success by some dressmakers, even velvet flounces being trimmed with two or three tucks.

All, or nearly all, basques have waistcoats. These are of soft silk or satin on heavy cloth and velvet costumes.

Some of the new greens combine beautifully with other colors, and are becoming alike to the dark and the fair.

Velvet flounces have deep hems, which are so heavily stitched as to be plainly visible even when the flounces are thickly pleated.

Velvet dresses are full, but in the more elegant costumes they are made so by extra breadths of the material and not by the flounces.

Imported cloth suits are elaborately made of several contrasting materials, such as cloth and velvet, cloth and satin or Sicilienne.

Flat gold braid, put on in embroidery or in rows, forms the decorative effect on many handsome tailor-made cloth and velvet dresses.

The Breton waistcoat, profusely embroidered, and frequently ornamented with coins and medals, is worn in Paris by women of taste.

Moss green in the cloth combines with golden brown velvet, in the velvet with pale blue, and all of the grays except Russian and slate.

Astrakhan is very much in vogue; even large Astrakhan collars lined with red plush are being made to be worn up against the ears in the Russian fashion.

The majority of imported Paris dresses are very much trimmed, but the plain, youthful costumes of the English and American artists are much more admirable and admired.

Flounces of Oriental and Escurial lace adorn the fronts of handsome dinner and reception dresses, and these flounces are scantily pleated over bias folds of velvet in the same or contrasting colors to the dress.

While English women of exacting tastes, such as Mrs. Langtry and the Countess of Lonsdale, are ordering their dresses from Parisian dressmakers, the fair French women who leads in the world of Parisian society are ordering theirs of English tailors.

Landseer's Retriever.

Sir Edwin Landseer is accredited with the following *jeu d'esprit*:—The sagacity of several retriever dogs was being discussed in his presence. "Not one yet mentioned comes up to mine," said he, "and thus: Upon a certain occasion I showed him a five-pound note of a well known country town bank, near to which I was residing. I rolled up the note, put it in my pocket, walked into the wood, hid it in the trunk of a tree, then strolled on for a mile or so, the dog at my heels. 'Back, find and bring, Trover!' I said, and the dog was off like a shot. I waited, and waited, and waited for a considerable time, but no Trover. Presently, however, he came—but without the note. 'Hi back, find and bring,' I repeated, 'or you shall know what stick means.' But instead of doing my bidding the animal came quite close to me and dropped from his mouth at my feet, one after the other, five brand-new golden sovereigns. He had not only found the note, sirs, but had gone to the bank and exchanged it. The intelligence of my retriever eclipses even the celebrated pointer Mr. Jingle, of Pickwickian renown, once possessed."

Underground Russia.

Underground Russia has a bold, and for the most part vigorous, periodical press. The printers of *Land and Liberty* boast that they have issued fifteen proclamations and pamphlets; those of the *Will of the People* claim to have put into circulation two periodicals and thirteen proclamations, or in all 52,600 separate printed sheets. Abroad, the revolutionary group of Russian anarchists issued 3,000 copies and two appeals to the people, while the Forward party published eight pamphlets and two appeals to the people, making altogether 34 500 copies. The circulation of the *Will of the People* is said to vary from 1,500 to 3,000 of each number, while the *Alarm Bell* is distributed every month to 1,500 persons. This may be thought a small circulation, when regard is had to the eagerness with which publications of this kind are read all over Russia, not only by those actually belonging to secret societies, but also by people who either sympathize with conspiracy or merely look upon it as spectators. On the other hand it must be remembered that forbidden literature of this kind is carefully passed from hand to hand, so that a copy reaches no fewer at the lowest estimate, than a hundred readers. And when the perils of printing and distribution are called to mind, it will be at once seen that "2,000 copies" is a circulation not small, but dangerously large.

Evening.

When evening's quiet shades
Around my head are thrown,
Adown the silent glade,
I wander forth alone.
Then everything is calm
And soothing to my breast;
A sweet and holy balm
Dispels the vague unrest.

Then, gently o'er me stealing,
Come many an inspired thought,
Embued with untold feeling,
With manly virtue fraught,
Away with toil and care,
Day claims these as its own,
But evening's blessed air
Should breathe but peace alone.

It is the hour of love,
And blessed starry beams
Shine from the vaults above
Upon the poet's dreams.
It is the hour of prayer,
And orisons on high
Float through the rosy air
To centre in the sky.

Cool zephyrs fan my cheek,
And o'er my temples rove,
While voices seem to speak
From every sheltered grove.
Blest hour! thy mantle throws
A balm o'er every wound,
When gentle evening glows,
And stillness reigns around.

Remote from all the noise
Of civic revelry,
And all the false alloys
Of man's society,
'Tis sweet to be alone,—
How sweet, and how sincere,
When Nature's every tone
Falls softly on the ear!

IRA QUICKSLOW.

BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

The way in which Anstice says "Charley" is a volume of revelation.

"What do you think of that, Mary?" she says, as I am silent.

"It sounds to me like great nonsense," say I, bluntly.

Anstice regards me with an expression of horror. After a moment of silence, she says gently, "You don't seem to realize, dear, that it is—that it *must be*—a communication from our mother's spirit."

"No, I don't realize it," say I, "I shouldn't be able to do that if I believed it. I don't think I believe it."

"I wish I could help believing it," says Anstice. "I have racked my brain over Dr. Felix's theories, and they seem so far-fetched and unreasonable. I have tried so hard to think I really wrote myself. I have thought that after holding a pencil in one position for any length of time the muscles become weary and the pencil wavers, and almost any movement forms something like a letter. I said aloud one day, 'I believe I do it myself,'—I didn't, Mary, but I *wanted* to, so very much,—and instantly the pencil wrote, jerking my hand along, 'You take great pains to prove yourself a humbug, don't you?'"

"I suppose it is only the same thing that those people whom they call writing mediums do," say I.

"But I always thought they made it. I never dreamed there was anything it," says Anstice.

"A great many people have written with Planchette without taking it so seriously as you do," say I. I am aware that my arguments are not weighty, but they are the best that I have at hand.

"Yes; Sarah Sibley was talking to me about it last week,—said her sister Alice could write with Planchette or with a pencil alone and they had great fun over it. She didn't seem to consider the mystery of it at all."

"Some people don't like mysteries," say I. "*I* have a preference for the advice of people in the flesh."

Anstice looks deeply pained at my frivolity.

"I don't for a moment believe that our mother's spirit comes back to write such nonsense," I say hotly. "And if the shades of all my ancestors should command me to marry Dr. Felix I would not do it."

With that I leave her. It seems cruel, but we are not in sympathy; she will never convince my practical mind arguing from so unsubstantial a basis, and I have no theory to offer in place of hers.

I go down to the library and take from a closet a small pasteboard box. Large black letters on its white cover announce, "Planchette: the Despair of Science." I take from it an innocent-looking piece of board mounted upon four wheels. I break it up with an energy born of wrath, and throw the pieces upon the glowing coals of the grate. But as the flames leap upon it the pencil falls out; it rolls to my very feet. I fancy that it looks up at me with a grin of fiendish triumph. My brain whirls. I feel that I am on the way to Bedlam. I bethink me of Mary Steyner's refuge from the uncanny, and begin to repeat the multiplication-table. But, unhappily, arithmetic is not my strong point. I do not feel sure that seven times nine are sixty-three. I rush into the open air.

A week has gone by. We have had an influx of visitors, and have been unusually gay. Anstice has but little time to consult the spirits, and I am very glad that it is so; but I watch in vain to see the color back in her cheeks. She is fitfully gay, but she is heavy-eyed, and I have seen traces of tears upon her cheeks.

Dr. Felix retires to solitude as soon as his duties with Uncle Rufe are over, and we see little of him. I have a suspicion that he is "investigating" in the interests of science, and see a vision of him sitting in a rapt state with a pencil between his fingers, as I have seen him in the library. One day a square box comes by mail for him, and I feel morally certain that, when the wrapper is taken off, "Planchette, the Despair of Science," will be disclosed. Science may despair, but so long as the power of investigation remains to him, Dr. Felix will not.

I do not suspect him of any mysterious influence over Anstice, because I am sure that if he possessed such he would forget to use it in his zeal for investigating it. Mary Steyner thinks that he flees society because he does not like the sight of other men's attentions to Anstice.

But Anstice receives the attentions of all men with an utter indifference that ought to fill him with joy, if he is indeed her lover. I am still unable to grasp the idea of Dr. Felix as a lover. Perhaps the same mental obtuseness which makes mathematics a puzzle to me makes Dr. Felix one also.

But success to his investigations! I cry. If he can only convince Anstice that it is no power outside her own brain that is playing these pranks, I shall bless him as long as I live.

Being naturally inclined to take a cheerful view of things, I begin to believe that this will be so. Anstice will laugh at her "spiritual manifestations" as being of such stuff as dreams are made of, and wedding-bells will ring all such weird nonsense out of our head. Since she has fallen in love, which I did not think our Anstice would ever do, I am glad enough that it is with Charley. I am already in imagination bestowing upon them my blessing. As for Dr. Felix, he will no doubt console himself by investigating the causes that make love "gang aft agley." I am tempted to marry Mary Steyner to him, to punish her for being the first to assail my ears with the wretched discord of his name coupled with Anstice's.

I am trying to decide whether that would be too severe a punishment for Mary Steyner or not while I dress for dinner one day, when Anstice bursts into the room. She has thrown a cloak hastily over her dinner-dress, and upon her head a scarlet hood, under which her face looks a ghastly white.

"Come with me, quick! throw something over you! the carriage is ready!" she gasps rather than says. "For heaven's sake, Mary, don't delay! It is life and death!"

A terrible fear chills me. Is Anstice insane? Is it the result of foolish tampering with the awful mysteries?

But I have heard that it is well to humor the fancies of the insane. And, if I would, I do not feel the power to gainsay her, there is such beseeching in her look. I hastily don my wrappings and follow her to the carriage.

It is a wild, tempestuous night: the rain is puring in torrents. John, the coachman, seldom permits himself to have any expression of countenance, but there is a mild wonder upon his face as he mounts the box and repeats, "To the —— railroad station, you said, miss?"

"Yes; and *quick*, John!" says Anstice.

By the light of the carriage lamp I try to decipher the writing on the crumpled paper which she hands me. It is one of those miserable back handed scrawls the sight of which I detest!

I read:

"The Wyncope Bridge will give way when the express train from C—— strikes it at 6.43 to-night. Charley is on board."

My first sensation is a thrill of nervous terror. I have been so startled by Anstice's mysterious excitement that I am all ready to quake at my own shadow. But in a moment I look into Anstice's agonized face, and say reproachfully, and with a smile, "Anstice, how can you believe it, when you remember how much that was false and nonsensical you have been told in this way?"

"Never once has it been false when it came from mother, Mary,—never once!" says Anstice.

It is as useless to reason as it is to laugh, and, in truth, I do not feel inclined to do the latter.

"What if it *should* be true?" I think.

"What are you going to do?" I ask.

But we have been whirling through the streets like mad, and even as I speak we stop at the station.

Anstice springs out of the carriage, and I follow.

"Has the express train left Red Bank?" she demands of the clerk, who arouses slightly from his indifference to stare at her white face.

"Telegraphed six minutes ago; be here in about thirteen minutes," he explains with unwonted exactness.

Anstice shivers from head to foot. I think she is going to faint; but instead she seizes me with a vice-like grasp and sweeps me back to the carriage.

"Down the Red Bank road!" she cries to John. He thinks she is daft, and actually hesitates and looks at me for a confirmation of the order. But once started we go like the wind. I try to fancy what she is going to do now that she cannot telegraph and stop the train. Perhaps she wishes to be there when the disaster takes place, to render help if any is possible. We know that Charley is likely to be on the train; we have heard that he is expected home tonight, and this is the only train upon which he can come. That is knowledge which, to my mind, has a very different value from Anstice's "communications."

After what seems ages, but is in reality a very few minutes, we strike into the Red-Bank road. For several miles further, indeed, than the Wyncope Bridge, the highway runs parallel with the railroad; but the railroad is built upon a steep bank, which we can dimly see towering above our heads in the darkness.

"I shall climb the bank, if it is not too late!" says Anstice, as she sees me peering out into the darkness. "I shall take the carriage-lamp and swing it before the train! Pray, pray, Mary, that we may get as far as the bridge!" Her semblance of composure gives way now; she urges John; she tells him that life depends upon our haste; and John lashes the horses to a fury.

"Anstice, what if you do stop the train? Think what reason you have to give for it! You will be a laughing-stock, or they will say you are crazy," I say. This is in one of the moments of coolness which alternate with those of wild excitement,—one of the moments in which I regard the "communications" as utter nonsense.

"Mary, do you suppose such a consideration as that would weigh one moment with the smallest risk to Charley's life? If I can see him once more alive and safe, what shall I care for what people may say of me? God forgive me! I scarcely even think of the others on the train! The whole world is merged for me in him!"

Still we are dashing on, and the minutes seem like years. I think of strange things. At one moment our expedition seems to me utterly absurd, and I restrain myself with difficulty from laughing wildly. The blood-curdling title of a dime novel, which I have seen posted upon a wall with an appropriate picture, occurs to me: it is "The Maniac's Mad Ride; or, The Bride of Death." I want to repeat it to Anstice, but remember, just in time, that she is not in a mirthful mood. In another moment I am seized by a horror of anxiety and suspense that can be but little less than Anstice's. I believe so fully in the impending disaster that I can almost hear the crash and the shrieks and groans of the wounded. I obey Anstice's injunction, and pray that we may be in time.

We have almost reached the bridge.

"Stop here!" cries Anstice to John. It is difficult to check the horses at once, and Anstice would leap out if I did not hold her.

At that instant we see a flashing light; the thunder of the coming train bursts upon our ears. Around a curve it comes at full speed; it is within a few feet of the bridge.

Anstice screams, but her voice is drowned in the noise of the train. I cover my face with my hands.

The crash for which I listen does not come. The roar of the train grows louder as it sweeps almost over our heads, then gradually dies away in the distance. Then we hear the shrill blast of the whistle as it nears the city. There is light enough to show us Wyncope Bridge standing as solidly as ever upon its foundations.

I burst into hysterical tears. Anstice lies back upon the cushions, her face covered with her hands. I think she is faint; but she suddenly uncovers her face, and I see a beatified look upon it. Until then I have not realized how much she has suffered.

In a clear voice she gives John the order to turn the horses homeward.

I am thoroughly angry with myself for believing, for a moment, in the spirits. Yet I am glad that I did not refuse to come with Anstice on this wild-goose chase. The result cannot fail to destroy her faith and set her free from the spell of that tricksy sprite who dwells in her little stump of a black pencil.

With magnanimity for which I heartily applaud myself, I refrain from any remark which bears the slightest reflection upon Anstice's credulity, feeling sure that she is feeling deeply humiliated, when, just as the horses' hoofs strike the city pavements, she seizes my hand and says, eagerly,—

"Mary, I must be *sure* that he is safe. That message may have meant *something!*"

I groan inwardly. Her faith, then, is not completely shattered. But I stifle the groan as a sudden thought strikes me. It would be well to bring them together at once. With a shy and reserved nature like Anstice's, and a proud one like Charley's, there may yet be endless misunderstandings.

"We might let John drive round to his house and inquire. It is not much farther," I say carelessly.

Anstice hesitates a moment, then says,—

"You tell him!" And I gave the order to John.

It is I, too, who send John up to the door to inquire whether Charley has come home.

After a moment's parlay we hear Charley's voice.

"What is it, John? Is anything the matter?" he says.

Heedless of Anstice's detaining hand, I put my head out of the carriage door and call "Charley!"

He runs down the steps, the rain pouring upon his bare head.

"Mary! Anstice!" he exclaims in wonder, as I open the carriage door.

Anstice puts forth her hand and touches his, as if to satisfy herself that he is real flesh and blood; then she utters a little cry, and falls forward unconscious on his breast.

I will not let Charley carry her into the house, as he wishes, for I feel that explanations would be difficult to make. The Bramhalls are practical people, and if they were to be told that we had been driving at break-neck-speed through this tempest to intercept railroad-trains at the bidding of the spirits, they would feel it to be their duty to send for strait-jackets for us at once.

But I draw Charley into the carriage, and before Anstice returns wholly to consciousness I tell him all. To this day Anstice will not be convinced that it was not spirits, and good ones, who sent us on that expedition.

But she promised Charley on their wedding-day that she would thereafter be content with the society of spirits "clothed upon with flesh."

Dr. Felix informed me one day that he had carefully investigated the subject, and was more than ever convinced that the mysterious scribbling was due to some "uncomprehended physic force." But "the results were too frivolous and trilling to make the matter worthy the attention of science."

He has left us, now, to accept a tutorship in a college. We hear that he is soon to be married to a young German girl to whom he has been long betrothed. Mary Steyner has discovered that the prospective bride is penniless, and declares that she, Mary Steyner, has been grossly deceived in Dr. Felix, and that everything in this world is inconsistent,—except the multiplication-table. —*Lippincott's.*

A New Version of an Old Story.

The fair Imogene D'Eustis had been wedded to the knightly Samuel Higgins. The clergyman had been handed two dollars in cash to pay for the splicing, the guests were filling themselves up with eatables, and everything was sliding along as smoothly as a cider mill sailing down on a spring freshet, when all at once the bride was missing.

Her newly-found husband looked under the table but she was not there.

The guests separated to search. Some looked down the well—others down cellar—others in the hen coop and smoke-house, and behind the pig-pen. No Imogene.

Then some one said that she had been abducted, while others scoffed at the idea of a girl weighing 196 pounds and having a scream which could be heard two miles, being carried off in broad daylight, and in a neighborhood where the Democrats had over 200 majority.

A detective was called in. He looked at her old shawl, measured the length of her shoes, and decided that it was a mysterious affair. He would take the case if desired, but would not promise any satisfactory solution under a year and a half.

The fair Imogene's father hadn't betrayed much excitement up to this point. The wedding feast was the first square meal he had tackled for six months, and he wanted to fill up before giving way to emotion. He was now full. He turned around upon the excited and distressed guests, commanded them to hush their hullaballoo, and disappeared up stairs.

When the coy Imogene slipped away from the feast it was to see if her husband would miss and follow her. She slid up-stairs, mounted to the garret, and after brushing the cobwebs off her nose she advanced to the big blue chest in the corner. This chest had been made to hold her father's government bonds, and was hooped with iron and provided with a spring lock, which never cost less than a dollar. Her mission was to hide in the chest and see if her husband would be soft enough to climb up there and throw up the lid and call peek-a-boo. As the reader knows he wasn't the man to catch on.

The old man D'Eustis walked up-stairs and made his way to the garret through the same trap-door the bride had used. He thought she might be up there to take a last farewell look at the catnip, moldy school books and broken spinning-wheels. He could not see her. He called aloud, but the whistle of the tug on the river was the only answer. He turned to go, but something whispered to him that perhaps he might find a plug of tobacco or a bottle of stomach bitters in the old chest. He advanced with beating heart and threw up the lid.

"Why, pop, is this you!" cried the fair Imogene as she sprang up and ripped her bridal dress clear down the back.

"Yes, this is me!" growled the old man, "and what the jimcracks are you doing here?"

"Hiding from Sam."

"I've a tarnal mind to box your ears, big as you are! Here you've raised a regular city convention all over the house, spoilt a dress which cost me $14 with the making, upset your mother, and scart old Mrs Spigot into a fit!"

"Please, pop, I——"

"You git! Drap yourself through the trap-hole, skip down there and tell the crowd that you don't know beans when they're untied."

And the bride got. And her husband was so mad that he burned up a free railroad pass to Chicago, and her mother cried, and her father went off down town to play poker, and, taken all in all, the coy bride and the spring lock business didn't pay ten cents on the dollar.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Mysterious Machine.

Passers on unfrequented streets in Quincy, Ill., on recent evenings, have been startled by the appearance of a man moving swiftly along upon some odd-looking wheeled contrivance. It appears than an ingenious resident of the town has perfected an invention which is for the present being kept in the background, pending the issuing of a patent. A *Herald* reporter learns that the new-fangled machine has four wheels and is driven by a spring. Its chief point of excellence is said to lie in the improved method of coiling the spring. It is claimed that a child can run one of the mysterious motors for a long distance. Gentlemen to whom the inventor has shown the machine are enthusiastic in its praise, and predict that it will supersede all other modes of mechanical travelling. The inventor is now at work upon a model, which he will forward to Washington, together with an application for a patent. Two of the wheels of the machine are 5 feet in diameter and 2½ feet across. The spring is 40 feet long and three inches wide, and when coiled will, it is said, lift a weight of 600 pounds.

Married for Keeps.

The skipper of a coal boat on the Baltimore and Ohio Canal recently decided after mature deliberation and careful consideration, to marry his cook, who had been a tried and faithful servant to him for quite a number of his perilous trips on the storm lashed canal. So he spoke to her about the matter one day, and after securing her coy consent, he ordered the boat tied up at a small town, and being a practical skipper, skipped up the street after a parson. The nuptial knot was soon tied, the parson beaten down to a dollar and a half for his fee, and then the canal boatman said: "Well Melindy, we are married for keeps now. We are hitched fur life and must pull together. I'm a little short-handed to-day, and as that lead mule has got saddle galls on his back, you jist take the towpath and lead him down to Harper's Ferry, and I'll steer an' kinder ruminate on some plan to give you work on the boat without going ashore in the mud. I've got a powerful sight more respect fur you now that you're my wife."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Cent a Kiss.

In the case of Mary Ann Miller against Stephen Beck, an action to recover damages for breach of promise of marriage, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff in the sum of $1,108.33. The case was a novel one. The parties were first cousins, and both have reached and partly passed the prime of life. The plaintiff was housekeeper for the defendant, and told how he had addressed her in the usual country style of courting. When asked if he had ever kissed her, she said, "More than a hundred thousand times." The verdict she gained is at the rate of a cent for a kiss, with a little interest thrown in.

"The bark went down," said the ague patient after he had swallowed a big dose of quinine.

ABDUL HAMID AT HOME.

A Familiar Chat With Royalty.

Mr. Hewitt, member of Congress for New York, has been received by his Majesty at a special audience at the Yildiz Kiosque. Mr. Hewitt was accompanied by General Wallace and the chief interpreters of the Legation. The Sultan chatted very familiarly with Mr. Hewitt, who thus describes his interview:—

Driving out to Yildiz we passed through the well laid out and well protected palace gardens. Reaching the main entrance we were received by Munir Bey and introduced to the ambassador, who ushered us at once into the presence of the Sultan. His Majesty came forward as I entered, and holding out his hand shook mine in a very frank, cordial manner. Then, leading the way toward a sofa at the other end of the room, he bade me be seated in a large armchair on one side, while he directed General Wallace to take possession of a similar one on the other side.

There was a total absence of courtly etiquette and ceremony. There were no servants and no guards about, the only person present besides ourselves and the Sultan being Munir Bey. I felt just as much at ease as if I were visiting any private gentleman in New York. A good twenty minutes were occupied in an interchange of compliments and mutual enquiries after each other's health. Then we got on to some interesting topics. The French Ambassador had been having an audience with the Sultan in the morning. Referring to this, and to the fact that in both America and France the form of Government was Republican, the Sultan remarked.—"The stability of your institutions in the United States is owing to the absence of politicians, a superabundance of which in France is such a disturbing element."

FRANCE AND AMERICA.

Seeing that the Sultan was, in his own mind, comparing the tranquility of the United States with the effervescence of France, I endeavoured to explain the great difference between the two Republics. I had to give a sketch of the history of America, but his Majesty was exceedingly attentive, and I found him very quick in seizing my ideas. The Sultan observed:—"I have heard that you are likely before long to become a member of the Government. Allow me to congratulate you upon the said Government being that of the United States, and not of France. I am very fond of the American nation, because it harbours no designs and pit-falls against my empire."

His Majesty was very anxious to impress me with the idea that perfect religious freedom existed throughout the empire, and that the followers of all creeds were equally protected by law. His Majesty said:—"In some respects a Christian has the advantage of a Moslem, as, for instance, in the settlement of debts, when Christian creditors are paid first. Moreover, Jews have over and over again come to Turkey to avoid persecution in their native countries. Most of the European Jews in Turkey have descended from Spanish Jews who fled from Spain and were granted homes in Turkey at a time when no Christian country would receive them. Most of the Jews in Turkey still continue to speak Spanish."

A LEADING QUESTION.

The Sultan finally asked me what I thought about his country and its condition. I naturally felt great hesitation in giving a reply. It would have been unbecoming on my part to criticise freely what I had seen, or to have thought of giving his Majesty a lecture on the duties of government. I made some commonplace remarks, sheltering myself from further questions on the subject under the excuse of my limited opportunity of observation.

His Majesty struck me as beimg a perfect gentleman. His manner was exceedingly courteous and friendly, tinged, however, with a little nervous anxiety—not shyness or timidity, but just that amount of hesitation as betrayed the Sultan's fears that he might be asserting himself too much, when his desire was to place himself on a conversational level with his guests. He seemed a man of great intelligence of thought. His intellect, I should say, was rather of a metaphysical order and his mind was given to searching out and studying details rather than considering subjects generally. His Majesty, as we presented our adieus, desired me to write to him when in New York.

Capol on Culture.

"The whole discussion," said the lecturer, "turns upon this single fact: Does all end with death?' If so, we might say, as the Apostle Paul has observed, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' But if we take that life as but a stepping-stone to a greater existence, to that which is never to end, then must the character of our education be of another kind. I take it for granted that the audience is fairly Christian; but yet I will deal with the double question. I will deal with the secular part, and then with what is required in Christian education. There should be a physical, intellectual and moral training. Education in its true sense must cover the whole field. If the intellect alone is cultured and the will neglected, education only becomes a power for indulging the will. There must be education of both head and heart. If not, man, instead of being educated becomes a deformity, and his intellect is spoiled or dwarfed. So far as the thorough education of both body and intellect is concerned, we are at one with the secularists. We advocate the full development of both, and join hands with the secular party in this respect; but we are not unmindful of the fact that the body is to be subject to the spirit.

"The body, however, must be brought into subjection and treated with a certain amount of severity in order to make it subservient in carrying out the intellectual work we have to do. When memory and imagination have developed themselves, then comes out the power of thinking. You can tell a child 5 or 6 years of age the strangest stories, and it will bubble over in the delights of its imagination to listen to the most amazing exaggerations; but if you present a problem in arithmetic or algebra to its mind, it becomes irksome. Facts must be gradually presented to the memory and imagination, so that the child may be able to see and observe and think for itself. Everything should be done to enrich its vocabulary and draw out its descriptive powers and to give promptitude to its faculty of memory, but there is an obligation upon the Christian to do more. We are made not merely for this world, but for the next."

Au Fait.

"What kind of a man is he?" asked a gentleman about a young society man.

"Oh, he's mighty popular with the women."

"Is he intelligent?"

"No, not particularly. You see there's not much demand for intelligence in society."

"Does he dance?"

"Of course."

"Knows what's going on in theatricals, music, &c?"

"Of course:"

"*Au fait* in everything I presume?"

"Well, I don't know whether he owes Fay or not, but I know he owes about every man of my acquaintance. Who is Fay? I'll look him up and see if he doesn't owe him, too. I'll bet he does."

Hodging.

The Rockingham, N. C., Register of Deeds received the following postal card a few days since:

"Mr. Register:

DEAR SIR.—I write to find out if there is any way to get money back, as I will have to Return These License as the girl has went back on me and Run away. Let me know soon.

Respectfully, ———."

"I fill the Bill," said Willie when he got into his mother's preserve closet. "And I foot the Bill," remarked papa, overhearing his soliloquay.

KIDNAPPED WHEN A CHILD.

A Lad who Believes Himself the Long-Lost Charley Ross.

Charles Augustus Pinkham, who believes himself to be the long-lost Charley Ross, tells a remarkable story:

"I was picked up in the street in Philadelphia, put on board a steamboat, taken to Boston, thence by rail to Portland and Winterport. I was kept in a large house in which there seemed to be a great many children, but I did not see any of them for a very long time, and I did not see a woman all the time I was there. After about two years they let a girl come to my room to play with me once in a while, and sometimes let us go out in the yard to play. It was a large yard, with high fences all around it. The girl's name was Fanny Prescall, and she said that a man named Jesse James stole her from Brazil. From the girl I afterwards learned that the men who stole me were Jesse James, Pinkham, and two men named Davidson. Pinkham was a very tall man, the tallest man I ever saw. Jesse James was not so tall, but was a good-sized man. James was of dark complexion. One of the Davidsons wore a black moustache, and the other side whiskers. James was commonly called Jesse by the rest. Jesse went with me when I was first taken, but did not stop long. After a long time the girl Fanny and I were taken on board of a vessel rigged like a barque, and were taken to the Southern coast. It might have been to Texas, but any way it was where it was warm. Here Jesse James and the others came on board and brought their horses with them. The horses would come when called, and would act like circus horses do. There were stalls for the horses on each side, and a section of the broadside of the barque was so fixed that it could be moved, and when we made a port they would run out a platform, take their horses and ride off. Jesse and the rest seemed to own the bark, and managed it as they pleased, and when they went on shore would leave a large man in charge, who was kinder to us children than the rest. The bark was nothing more than a pirate, and once we were chased by a cutter but escaped. The barque was loaded with lots of things, and had many guns on board. By guns I mean rifles. At last we made a small port in Brazil, and the large man was left alone on board. He had been drinking, I suppose, for he opened the door of our room and said: 'Here, you children, come out,' and then he told us to go. The girl took me, and we went ashore and wandered around for a while, and at last went to a Spanish hotel and stayed there three days until the barque sailed. Finally we got a passage to New York. That was about five years ago. After we got on shore the girl told me that my name was Charley Ross, and she told me always to remember it. It seemed to bring things back to me when she called me Charley Ross, and I remembered things I had forgotten, I learned to cook and shipped on the barque Ada Carter, from Boston to Brazil, and Fanny went with me. She wanted to find out about her people and learned that her father and mother were both dead. When we got back she went to live at Lynn, and was at work in a shoe shop. From Lynn she went to Lawrence, where she was at work in one of the shoe shops in the finishing room when I heard from her last. I saw her last about two years ago. I then shipped in the J. D. Brayton, bound from Fall River to South America, and on the way I was very sick with a fever. My hair came off, and when it came out again it was darker than it had been. When I was sick things seemed to come back to me some way, and I knew that I was Charley Ross, but I did not know who Charley Ross was. I never read a book about Charley Ross, and I never heard of Charley Ross except what Fanny said, until about two years ago. I can read a little, and make letters, but don't know how to put them together. While on board with Jesse and the rest, I expected to be killed, I heard one of them say once, 'What shall we do with the boy?' and the others said, 'We'll kill him.' They didn't give me enough to eat sometimes, and then sometimes they'd whip me. This year I was in the schooner Lizzie M. Stewart, and we landed at a place called Winterport, and I went ashore with the Captain; while there I saw a large building and a lot of rocks and things near the house that looked natural to me. Still it might not have been the place. I don't know who I am, of course, but I think I am Charley Ross, I think Mr. Ross must be my father, and I want to see him."

Pinkham is very ignorant and is unable to recall names, except by a great effort, and is rather confused about ordinary matters, but he appears to be very honorable in his feelings, and to cherish a real affection for the mother he cannot recall. His great desire now is to see Mr. Ross, feeling confident he can prove himself to be the real Charley Ross. He relies chiefly on the hope that Frank James may be induced to tell what he knows about him. If Frank James fails to respond in the way he desires, he declares his purpose to make a personal appeal to him to right the great wrong done by his brother.

Another Balloon Experiment.

The St Louis *Globe Democrat* has the following item respecting M. Gentil, the inventor of the balloon, of which our Western contemporaries have lately had considerable to say: M. Gentil was a medical practitioner in France, but owing to political reasons he came to America in 1862, and settled in St. Louis as a locksmith. It has been his life dream to make an air ship, and he has constructed four different machines, each susceptible of improvement. The final effort is a cigar shaped balloon, with gas compartments, a rudder at the thick end, and screw shaped sails at each side to raise or lower the altitude. He claims that he can steer his air ship at will, work his pinions, and raise her when the lifting power of the gas is exhausted. The whole is enclosed in a network, from which depends the car supported by a series of guys, ropes, stays, and gaskets, having the look and gearing of the main deck and bulwarks of a full rigged ship. The model is suspended from the ceiling of his little shop in St. Louis, and is his idol." It is for the scientific public," M. Gentil said, "the work of my life; and shall I, then, prostitute my grand work by putting it upon exhibition at ten cents a head, like a stuffed whale or petrified hog. I want no money. I give it to the people, and I am happy."

Ancestry of the Pen.

The earliest mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, oyster-shells, stone, ivory, bark and leaves of trees; and from the latter the term "leaves of a book" is probably derived. Copper and brass plates were very early in use; and a bill of feoffment on copper was some years since discovered in India, bearing date a hundred years B. C. Leather was also used, as well as wooden tablets. Then the papyrus came into vogue, and about the eighth century the papyrus was superseded by parchment. Paper, however, is of great antiquity, especially among the Chinese; but the first paper-mill in England was built in 1588, by a German, at Dartford, in Kent. Nevertheless, it was nearly a century and a half—namely, in 1713—before Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought paper-making to anything like perfection. The first approach to a pen was the stylus, a kind of iron bodkin; but the Romans forbade its use on account of its frequent and even fatal use in quarrels, and then it was made of bone. Subsequently, reeds pointed and split, like pens, as in the present day were used.

Saturday always reminds one of the wooden thing which shoemakers use when they make sick folks' shoes. Its the last of the weak.

For ball dresses this season, tulle is revived. Pink, yellow, and cream are the great favorites, and for very young ladies the skirts are made quite bouffant and trimmed with ribbon and flowers rather than embroidery or lace.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

What the World of Fashion and Intelligence is Saying and Doing.

Mary Anderson's portraits are enriching the London photographers.

Mr Clinton Roosevelt proposes aluminium as a new circulating medium.

One per cent. of all taxes collected in San Francisco is paid by William Sharon.

Professor Cope, the naturalist, denies Mr. Seth Green's assertion that trout cannot hear.

De Soto's bones are taking their journey from Helena, Arkansas, to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

Baron Albert Salvador, of the Paris *Figaro*, is to make a book about his Western trip with President Arthur.

M. Grevy, the President of the French Republic, has just received a present of a panther from an African king.

The youngest daughter of the famous David Crockett, Mrs. Matilda Field, is living, at the age of sixty-two, in Tennesse.

Mark Twain, on seeing a place called "Battle Lawn," owned by a leather man, asked why they didn't call it "Hide Park."

There are two colored women lawyers in the United States, Louisa V. Bryant, of Colorado, and Mary A. S. Cary, of Michigan.

A son of the late Governor John A. Andrew, has lately married a Miss Thayer, of Boston, the fortunate owner of eight million dollars.

The famous and delightful English naturalist Rev. John George Wood, M. A., F. L. S., is coming to the United States to lecture.

Judge David Davis is said to be prudent in the expenditure of his vast wealth, but to be liberal in giving, having a big heart in his big body.

Robert Burdette, of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, has a brother, the Rev. Charles Edward Burdette, who has just sailed for India as a missionary.

Campanini's brother, Cleofonte, who is twenty-three years old, and made his debut as a director in Panama, is Mr. Abbey's assistant conductor.

Mr. Flood, of bonanza fame, is to build a brown-stone palace, fit to lodge his fortunes, in San Francisco, where, owing to earthquakes, wood has hitherto been preferred.

The Rev. Thomas E. Green of Chicago, whose subject on Sunday morning last was, "The Newspaper and How the Devil Uses it," said that Noah's dove was the first reporter.

The shop in which Andrew Johnson labored as a tailor still stands in Greenville, Tennessee, and is now occupied by a colored family. The President is buried in the same town.

Miss Hatty Crocker has just started from San Francisco with Lord and Lady Waterloo for a tour round the world. She is the heiress of some forty million dollars, and is a very sensible girl.

Mr. F. J. Smith, a country coroner in Arizona, has four gold fish hooks that he found in a placer in South America, and which without doubt are the work of prehistoric South Americans.

The observations of Dr. Woelkof, the Russian meteorologist, show that during the cold waves of winter the greatest cold is found in the plains and valleys, owing to radiation from the soil.

Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson, now eighty-three years old, left her retirement for the first time since her husband's death to be present at the wedding, in Dorchester, of Mr. Oscar Jackson, her nephew.

The favorite pet of Madame Ponisi is a cat called Methusalem; of Agnes Booth, a parrot; of Mrs. McKee Rankin, a Mexican dog; while Ada Dayas delights in white mice, Fanny Davenport in some fish in a aquarium, and Mary Anderson has a passion for flowers.

At the marriage of Miss Miller, a daughter of the lately deceased partner in the Parker House, Boston, to the Rev. Francis Baker, of Newport, the six bridesmaids wore Gainsborough hats, and the officiating clergyman was assisted by three reverend brothers of the groom.

The story told by the Cologne *Gazette* as to how it came to pass that King Alfonso became honorary Colonel of the Uhlans stationed at Strasburg, if not true is at least well invented. There were two regiments of Uhlans available, it seems, and the uniforms of both were submitted to the King, who preferred the one with yellow cuffs.

Miss Emily McTavish, a noted Baltimore belle, a famous equestrienne and huntress, a granddaughter of General Winfield Scott, a grandniece of the Duchess of Leeds, of Lady Stafford, and of Marchioness Wellesley, a connection of Madame Bonaparte's and a descendant of Charles Carroll, has just taken religious vows and entered the cloister.

Queen Isabella, who has spent much of her time and all her money in Paris, is furious with the reception given to her son, with whom she is now on excellent terms. She is about to dispose of her hotel in the Parc Monceau, and shake the dust of Paris off her feet, a proceeding which all would regret except her husband, who would thus be spared the formality of leaving his card once a year at her ex-Majesty's residence. Ismail Pasha is said to have offered a good round sum for the establishment.

An Old Russian.

A case of extraordinary longevity is reported by Russian papers from a Bessarabian province, where Saytchuk, a man of above 130 years, enjoys perfect health and strength, but his white hair has a greenish tinge. He is a Little Russian by birth and settled in Bessarabia when it was yet under Turkish dominion. His eldest son who is more decrepit than his father is 87 years old. The village of 120 houses, where Savtchuk now lives, has risen from one cottage, which he built a long time ago with the help of a friend, and is exclusively inhabited by direct descendants of the first two inhabitants. The tribe of the Savtchuks is composed of fifty families, which live in peace and quiet without ever going to law.

How it Happened.

He was a bank teller. He had been sent off on a vacation, his books overhauled, and he had been found $9,000 short. This fact stared him in the face as he sat amidst the Board of Directors.

"Now, then," said the President, "I presume you acknowledge the embezzlement!"

"I do."

"And how did you use the money?"

"In speculating."

"In what?"

"Well, I was a bull in X, Y, Z railroad stocks, but there was too much against me. I didn't have a fair show to make anything."

"Why—how?"

"Well, while I was using $9,000 of the bank's money to bull the stocks, the cashier was putting up $20,000 to bear them, and so I lost all!"

An English National Apple Congress.

The first National Apple Congress was opened recently in the great conservatory of the Royal Horticultural Gardens, Chiswick. The only object of the congress is the nomenclature of apples, and no prizes are offered for the exhibits. The exhibitors represent every county in Great Britain and Ireland, and dishes of apples have also been sent from Sweden and Jersey. There is altogether a display of 7,000 dishes, representing 10,000 different sorts of apples; and it is the task of the judges to determine the number of varieties sent, and to classify them. The county of Kent is the largest contributor, and is followed by Herts, Middlesex, Hereford and Oxford. The Queen has on exhibition the large contribution of 167 varieties, which have been grown in the royal gardens. The congress is thoroughly educational.

MILNE & CLUTE

Are in their New Store, with a full and complete stock in every department.

Dry Goods Department.

Dress Goods Counter:

Our Dress Goods are especially attractive, comprising Black and Colored Cashmeres, Opera Flannols, Victorin Twills, Foule cloths, All-wool Serges, Ottoman Cords, Brocaded Sateens and Lustres, Fancy tartans, and a full stock of Black and Colored Velveteens with Brocades to match at prices to suit all.

Fancy Goods, Children's Wool Hoods all colors, Children's Wool Jackets and Jerseys, Ladies' Wool Ties, Clouds, Breakfast Shawls, etc. Also a full stock of Ladies' Fur Sets in Persian Lamb, Astrachan, Mink, etc. Also Girls' Gray Lamb sets.

Mantles, Ulsters and Circulars.

Staple Counter:

Linen Tablings, bleached, half bleached and Turkey red; Linen Towels and Towellings, Table Napkins, Steamlooms, Pillow Cottons, Bleached Sheetings, Shirtings, Fancy and Solid Checks, Plain and Checked Winceys, Canton Flannels, Quilts, White and Gray Blankets, Horse Rugs, etc. The closesc prices to cash buyers. A large quantity of Gray Cottons, secured before the recent advance, which we will sell at mill prices to-day by the web for cash. White Cotton Yarn, $1.10 net cash.

Gents' Furnishings:

TAILORING DEPARTMENT, Cutting, etc., attended to by Mr. J. McKeown. Canadian Tweeds, Scotch Suitings, English and Scotch Trowserings, Fine French and English Worsteds; Overcootings in Tweed, Black and Colored Worsted, black and colored Beavers, etc. Shirts and Drawers from 90c. to $3 per suit. Ties, Collars and Cuffs, white and colorod Shirts, fancy Wool Shirts; men's Fur Caps in Persian Lamb, Astrachan, Dogskin, Beaver, etc. Also a full stock of Alma Caps, plain and fancy.

Flannel Department:

Light and dark grey, plain, twill, checks and hair lines, all-wool and union druggets, scarlet, white and all colors in Saxony flannels.

Up Stairs:

In CARPETS our stock is very complete, from hemp at 15c to the best Tapestry, including also Unions and All-wool, Two-ply carpeting, and hemp and Tapestry Stair Carpeting. Carpets cut to fit any room.

A large stock of men's and boys' Readymade Overcoats and Suits, first-class value.

We call special attention to our splendid assortmsnt of ROBES in grey and black Goat, four different sizes, and Buffalo Robes, all sizes. Close prices to cash buyers.

Milne & Clute.

Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Boots and Shoes.

Grocery Counter:

Our stock of Groceries, it is needless to say, is unusually fresh, being selected with great cars. We guarantee value, 100 cents in the dollar every time. Four lbs good Japan Tea for one dollar; five lbs good Hyson Tea for our dollar; but if you want the best cup of tea to be had in Stirling, get our 50c Uncolored Japan. Full stock of Tobacco always on hand; fresh Currants, Figs, Raisins, etc, arrived to-day. Raisins, old fruit, 6c by the box.

Crockery and Glassware Counter:

White granite tea sets, and granite ware of all kinds. Our colored stone and fancy China sets will be in shortly. Glassware in sets, goblets, sauce dishes, covered dishes, water pitchers, eac. We show all the new things in Majolica ware also, of which we also have a full stock. An inspection by the ladies is solicited.

Boots and Shoes Counter:

We buy our boots and shoes only from the best manufacturers, and can give as good value for the money as can be found in the county. A full stock in olmost every line, from the good, strong every-day wearing boots and shoes for men, women and children, to the finest kid button boot. Men's Berlin felt boots, high foxed. Now is the time to harvest your No.12s. A full stock of overshoes and wool-lined rubbers to arrive this week.

Milne & Clute.

HARDWARE!

We are pleased to be able to inform our customers that we have again opened out in the old stand, but now new, where we trust to be able to supply our friends from a full and complete stock of Hardware. "from a needle to an anchor." Job cutlery, plated knives and forks, table and teaspoons, carving and mincing knives, jackknives, padlocks, chest and door locks, loose pin butts, butts of all kinds, paint brushes; stove, shaving and horse brushes; blind hinges, spring balances, steelyards, weigh-beams, platform scales, chisels, augurs, hammers, clothes wringers; gallon, two-gallon and half-bushel measures, carpenters' tools, crosscut saws, guns, Zulu guns, blasting and gunpowder, shot, caps, wads, the best improved sash fixture, rope, rope halters, hay knives of different kinds, spades, shovels, round and square pointed long and short handled forks, do. handles, a large stock of axes. Burrell's axes 65c. We also keep a very large stock of paints, paint oils, machine oils, varnishes, white lead, dry paint, yellow ochre, whiting, nails, wrought and horse nails, horseshoes, bar iron, sleigh and cutter shoe steel, cast steel, Swedes iron, blacksmiths' coal.

See our stock of whips, just arrived.

See our stock of sleigh-bells.

See our stock of improved lanterns.

See our best improved clothes wringers.

We make a specialty in upply ng house furnishings, such as locks, butts, glass, etc.

Jas. Milne & Co.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

News-Argus Supplement.

STIRLING, NOVEMBER 23, 1883.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS

Notice to Contractors.

THE letting of the works at the upper entrance of the CORNWALL CANAL, and those at the upper entrance of the RAPIDE PLAT CANAL, advertised to take place on the 13th day of NOVEMBER next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the FOURTH day of December next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination at the places previously mentioned on and after TUESDAY the TWENTIETH day of NOVEMBER.

For the works at the head of the Galops Canal, tenders will be received until TUESDAY the EIGHTEENTH day of DECEMBER. Plans and specifications, &c., can be seen at the places before mentioned on and after TUESDAY the FOURTH day of DECEMBER.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 29th Oct., 1883.

HELLO!

Have you seen

Mrs. Wm. Martin's.

Stock of

FANCY FRAMES?

They are the finest ever kept in Stirling.

STIRLING
TIN SHOP!
H. & J. Warren's,

Craige's Block, Manufacturers of

Cheese Vats, Milk Cans,
Sap Pans, Sap Buckets,
Spoils and every article in the tin line of business.

Also dealers in Stoves, Tinware, Fancy Goods, Coal Oil, Machine Oil and Cheese Factory Furnishings.

Eave Troughing, Roofing, Steam Fitting and all sort of outside work promptly attended to and done in best workmanlike manner.

H. & J. WARREN.

The End of the Track.

Cascade mountain, which has just been passed by the C. P. railway, is a stupendous elevation of rock, deriving its name from a small stream that oozes high up from its eastern side, and leaps down in pretty cascades from many an abrupt ledge, till reaching the level it loses its identity in the waters of Devil's Head creek.

Seldom is its peak, which is about 3,500 feet above the valley, 8,000 feet above the sea, free from veils of cloud and mist, some hiding it out of sight, setting the mind wondering where its height ends, and some only dimly obscuring its dark, massive loftiness.

Dense woods of arrow-straight sprucepines, with here and there smooth lance-like poplars, colors its earth-surfaced parts with shades of green that darken as distance lengthens until ebon spots on the cold gray and white scene is all that tells of mighty forests there.

In the darkest density is the haunt of two black bears, that nightly visit and feed on the carcasses of three worn-out old dead horses lying near a timber camp within 200 yards of the railroad.

But their cunning and wariness is more than a match for snares or attempts to discover and slay them, and though one, a huge beast, has been seen unexpectedly several times, his majesty is always missing when purposely wanted.

On Sunday Oct. 21st, some men building a permanent tank at the 3rd siding west of Calgary shot a fine young eagle, which measured 7 feet 10 inches from tip to tip of its outstretched wings. It was a grand bird, and would have been of much value as an ornithological specimen if properly saved and preserved.

Here, now, is a broader valley of the Bow river, very marshy in places, well wooded and thickly bushed in others. It is productive of prolific grass, a hundred tons of good hay having been cut here this autumn. And when the future urges settlement of this region, with clearness of the useless vegetation, and fences enclose cultivated fields and pastures that warmth and light have reclaimed to fertility and utility, pastoral scenes incidental to mountain regions, with cozy little farmhouses—very diminutive contrasted with the gigantic proportions of the surrounding country—gardens of miniature size with cottage flowers of sweet simplicity and clearly defined hue will beautify this present wilderness. Down the steep hills from many a winding path will come at eventide the lowing cattle home, and during the day, far up the heights, the pleasant tinkle, tinkle of bells will tell where they wandering graze. Where the mountain sheep crops the short, sweet herbage of ledges that hold a surface of soil from washing away through the repeated rains and snows of ages, small flocks of hardy, tiny sheep will thrive and grow fine wool and luscious mutton. A race of people, only ambitious of simple comforts and a peaceful existence, undisturbed by the ferment of political noise, unmoved by religious fanaticism, unimpelled to amass great wealth for the glorification of individual ability, prosperity and luxury, full of wisdom as to the destined fulfilment of mortality, and full of hope as to the certainty of a glorious hereafter, may arise and be the clearest shining jewel in the crown of Canada.—*Winnipeg Free Press.*

The new post-office in Belleville has 1,000 lock boxes and 96 drawers.

Piano Tuner,

BELLEVILLE, late of London and Detroit, WILL VISIT STIRLING every six months, in December and June, for the purpose of Tuning Pianos and Organs. Best of references given. All orders left at W. H. CALDER'S JEWELRY EMPORIUM will be attended to. Orders from the country will be attended to at an advance of prices.

Geo. W. Walker,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville.

Office next door to Bank of Commerce, directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week, if possible, before starting, then you can be waited upon as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.

GEO. W. WALKER,
(Box 122.) Dentist, Belleville.

Blacksmithing.

R. B. JONES,

Having rebuilt his shop, destroyed during the late fire, is prepared to serve all his old customers, and as many new ones as favor him with a call. Horseshoeing a specialty. General jobbing promptly attended to. Shop on Front street (old stand).

STIRLING HOUSE,

Stirling, - Ont.

Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.

MUSIC HALL on the premises, 20 ft. ceiling 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.

ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time write for particulars to H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All parties indebted to the undersigned will please [illegible]ll and settle at once. Money i[illegible] required to carry on business, and I cannot do without it.

Reaper and threshing machine accounts will have to be paid without delay.

E. F. PARKER.

GLEN ROSS MILLS

In Full Blast Again!

—o—

COME ON WITH YOUR GRISTING

D. MORGAN, Proprietor.

REOPENED!

Apothecaries' Hall.

We have removed into our new and spacious premises, with increased facilities for business, and now offer to the Public the best assortment and finest goods in our line ever brought to Stirling. In

Drugs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Patent-Medicines, etc.,

our stock is complete, with a full stock of

Books, Stationery Lamps and Fancy Goods

consisting in part

Xmas & New Year Cards

an immense variety to choose from.

Photograph Albums and Frames Shells and Shell Goods

with novelties and works of art too numerous to mention. Come and see for yourselves.

PARKER & BUTLER

...irling News-Argus.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1883. Vol. V, No. 1[illegible].

All who appreciate Beautiful Styles and Reasonable Prices must not fail to see our Grand Display of

HOLIDAY GOODS!

...RALPH

...: STIRLING

...ELL SELECTED STOCK OF

...lassware,

...nd the test of comparison. Several ... design. Also, full supplies of

...nd Fresh Groceries,

... Give us a call, and we guarantee ... street, Stirling.

...AW & RALPH.

...OODS!

...ceived a large lot of

...& TEAS

...FAMILY GROCERIES. Their

...ND PROVISIONS

... the above lines of goods will be sold ...nents for cash.

...due each member of the firm before the ... the first of November, or they will

...AGROW'S

News-Argus Clubbing List for 1884!

We have been enabled to make very satisfactory clubbing arrangements for 1884 with a few of the best leading agricultual and other papers, purely in the interest of our subscribers, and can now offer the following inducements:

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *Rural Canadian* together for $1.60. See advertisement elsewhere.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *American Farmer* together for $1.35. The *American Farmer* is a neatly printed, well edited monthly, published at Fort Wayne, Ind., at $1 per year. We can supply it with our paper for $1.35. This is the boss offer.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and *Grip*, Canada's now famous Cartoon sheet, for $2.60. *Grip* is published weekly at $2 per year, and every issue is full of wit and wisdom.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *Weekly Globe* together for $1.80.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the Toronto *Daily World* for $3.10.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the Montreal *Weekly Witness* for $1.85.

Samples of the papers named in this list can be seen at this office.

HOME MATTERS.

Read our clubbing list elsewhere.

Dr. Faulkner is again going into the grain business.

The cheapest place in the county of Hastings to buy whips and horseblankets is at the Springbrook harness shop. E. CANNIFF.

The proprietor of the Trenton *Courier* promises a lot of presents when his circulation reaches three million, or three thousand, or some other impossible number.

"Why, Angelina, where did you get those beautiful rich colors on your bonnet?" "Ain't they lovely? I dyed them with the Triangle Package Dyes." 10c.

The new standard time has been adopted by Mr. Calder, so all can set their timepieces, and the village enjoy uniformity. Mr. C. receives the time direct from Toronto by telegraph, and it may therefore be relied upon.

G. L. Vandervoort, of the firm of Preston & Vandervoort, veterinary surgeons, Trenton, intends to establish a branch office in this village. As Dr. Vandervoort is a graduate of the Ontario veterinary college, persons having stock sick would do well to call at his office at the Stirling House, night or day until further notice. Consultation free. Look for advt. in next issue.

The Midland railway has issued a new time-table, to take effect next Monday. Trains will then leave Stirling as follows: For Belleville, etc., 9:45 a.m. and 7:15 p.m. For Peterborough, etc., 8:33 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. Leave North Hastings junction for Madoc, 12 noon and 7:30 p.m. By taking the 8:33 a.m. train, Toronto can be reached at 6:55 p.m., close connections being made.

Rev. Mr. Dowling's panorama on Wednesday evening was well attended considering the most unfavorable weather. It rained hard all day. The night was as dark as overhanging clouds could make it, besides which the roads were left in a deplorable state, the rain not being fully abated. There was a fair audience, however, chiefly from the village, who were well entertained for an hour and a half by the exhibition of twenty-nine of the large and beautiful paintings which constituted the panoramic combination which Rev. Mr. Dowling is now handling, leaving twenty-two for last (Thursday) evening. There is no doubt a crowded house would have welcomed him had the weather been fair.

The missionary anniversary of the Stirling circuit of the Methodist church of Canada will be held next Sunday and the following week. Sermons: Stirling, 10:30, by Rev. W. H. Peake, and at 7 by Rev. S. McCauley; Wellman's Corners 10:30, Salem 2:30, by Rev. S. McCauley; Collins' 3, Reid's 6:30, by Rev. W. H. Peake; Town hall, Rawdon, 10:30, Eggleton's 2:30, by Rev. R. Walker. Week night meetings: Wellman's, Monday 7:30; Salem, Tuesday; deputation, Rev. Messrs. George Leech, W. H. Peake and R. Walker. Collins' Monday evening, Reid's Tuesday evening, and Eggleton's Thursday evening; deputation Rev. Messrs. John Walker, H. Thomas and R. H. Leitch. All the deputations will meet in Stirling on Wednesday evening. Collections at all these services in aid of missions.

A meeting of the management committee of the local bible society was held at Dr Boulter's office on Monday evening. Present, Dr. Boulter (president), Rev. Mr. Walker, Rev. Mr. Gray, Messrs. B. Bush, J. Ralph, R. B. Jones and R. P. Gilbert. It was decided to do the collecting this year on the denominational plan, that is the collectors to solicit within their own denomination anywhere, instead of dividing the village into wards. The following were appointed: C. M. church, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Thos. McKee; Church of England, Miss Hatch and Miss Smith; M. E. church, Miss Jennie Wescott and Miss L. Girdwood; Presbyterian and Baptist churches, Miss Ralph and Miss Henry. The returns to be made by Dec. 10th. A resolution was passed recommending that hereafter subscriptions be taken at the annual meeting.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings last C. Panchard, D.S.C.K. of the Independent Order of Foresters, instituted Court Oakhills of that order at Stirling, with the following officers:

C.D.H.C.R.—T. G. Clute.
C.R.—Rev. T. Godden.
V.C.R.—Rev. R. Walker.
R.S.—Rev. R. H. Leitch.
F.S.—R. P. Gilbert.
Treas.—T. G. Clute.
S.W.—Chas. Keirl.
J.R.—Geo. Winters.
P.C.R.—Rev. J. M. Gray.
Chaplain.—Rev. Mr. Stratton.
Physician.—J. S. Sprague, M.D.

The court meets on the 2nd Monday of each month, but where wrs not learned. The Foresters are a secret society, existing mainly for the purposes of mutual insurance, etc., of which they have an excellent scheme in connection.

Nine years ago Rev. Mr. Stratton, while stationed at Picton, took the provident idea of building a home, with the view of having a refuge for himself and family when his days of usefulness in the ministry were over. A building site was purchased on the corner of Queen and Centre streets, one of the most desirable locations in Picton, and the building was duly put up, being a handsome two story brick cottage, with all the modern improvements, barn, etc. Immediately on its completion it was rented by one of the leading merchants, who has occupied it ever since. On Wednesday last, however, about noon, the rev. gentleman received the dispiriting news by telegraph that on Tuesday night the whole place had been burned to the ground, and nothing saved. There was an insurance about sufficient to cover the remaining encumbrance, which leaves him with a vacant lot covered with charred ruins to represent the economies and self-denials of nine years of an active line. Mr. Stratton was far from well in body when the telegram arrived, and it can easily be imagined that the news would not help him to recover strength. He deserves, and will doubtless receive, the sympathy of all true friends in this hour of disappointment and blasted hopes.

The North Hastings extension executive committee met on the 19th. It was stated that Mr. Daly, C.E., had reported verbally that he had found a practicable route from north of Madoc, running through Tudor east of Salmon lake *via* L'Amable to Baucroft. The committee, knowing that there were large iron deposits in Wollaston and Faraday, had instructed Mr. Daly to examine into the feasibility of a route through those townships, but Mr. Daly having stated that a route through those townships was not practicable, the committee, feeling the importance of that route, not only in opening the country but in securing the powerful iron interests in assisting to procure a government grant, have secured the services of Mr. Bailey to make a further survey of those two townships, to see if a practicable route could possibly be secured. Upon the reports of Mr. Daly and Mr. Bailey, the committee will decide upon the route to be taken. The residents of the rear townships are very enthusiastic over the prospects of railway facilities to the front in the near future.

Stirling Markets.

Corrected up to Nov. 22.

Wheat, per bushel	$0 95	to	$1 05
Barley, "	0 50	to	0 60
Rye, "	0 53	to	0 55
Oats, "	0 32	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 65	to	0 68
Potatoes, per bag	0 60	to	0 70
Butter, per lb.	0 00	to	0 22
Eggs, per doz.	0 20	to	0 00

Belleville Markets.

Corrected up to Nov. 21.

Wheat, per bushel	$0 95	to	$1 00
Barley, "	0 65	to	0 00
Rye, "	0 55	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 75
Butter, per lb.	0 20	to	0 25
Eggs, per doz.	0 25	to	0 25
Flour, per bbl	5 00	to	5 50
Hides, per cwt.	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb.	0 18	to	0 00

The recent rains were very much needed, and fully replenished the empty wells and cisterns.

Mr. Thos. McMurray, lecturer for the grand division, Sons of Temperance, was in the village this week, intending to lecture in behalf of that order Wednesday night, but owing to the date clashing with Rev. Mr. Dowling's panorama, he will visit Stirling again. Mr. McMurray had been notified of the clash in dates, but owing to a miscarriage of the mail the notice did not reach him.

Dr. Rossvally.

Says the *Trent Valley Advocate:*

The Stirling NEWS-ARGUS of last week takes "back water" in reference to Rossvally, the Jew. The "converted" showed Mr. Thompson his credentials, etc., and the resident minister had a private note from a Brooklyn divine saying Rossvally was "all right." From which the NEWS-ARGUS concludes it was wrong. Bro. Thompson, did you never hear of two rogues "working" a community? In this case one appears to be in Brooklyn, the other in Canada.

If the *Advoacte* were not possessed of so strong a desire to establish a black reputation for Dr. Rossvally rather than a good one, it would never have been so reckless of the truth as to state that "THE NEWS-ARGUS takes back water" on any of its utterances in reference to that individual. We never made any charge against him, therefore never had any to take back. What was done was to make reference, as in duty bound, to certain charges which reached Stirling just as we were going to press that week, and then, in common fairness, judgment was withheld until both sides received an equal hearing. This course neither the *Advocate*, nor many other papers or men that could be easily named, had the manliness to do. A cry of "stop thief" was raised, and was joined in by a large number ever ready and willing to kick a man down further rather than to stop a moment and see if he has any defence whatever to offer. On the other hand, we never affirmed, either publicly hr privately, that Dr. Rossvally was *not* an impostor. What we said is easily understood by those willing to understand it, and it is not and will not be receded from, viz., that giving his credentials the weight which the editor of the *Advocate* would expect credentials in his behalf from high authorities to receive among strangers, he (Rossvally) must reasonably be held free from the charges laid against him until they are proved at least as certainly as his good character is; and that if he is an impostor, then all those who endorse him so warmly are worse than impostors for lending their names to impose him upon strangers. And these are not only "two," as the *Advocate* again dishonestly puts it—"one in Brooklyn and the other in Canada"—but dozens and scores of men whose names should command respect or they should be hurled from the positions they occupy. When he is proved a rogue then THE NEWS-ARGUS will have no hesitation in denouncing him; but so far we insist that the weight of evidence is in his favor, and had the *Advocate* taken our course it would be able to say that it had done simple justice to both sides.

Since the foregoing was written, we have received the Brooklyn (N. Y.) daily *Times* of Saturday last, which contains the following paragraph, which naturally shows that where Dr. Rossvally is best known—at home—he is considered worthy to occupy the pulpit of one of the leading churches of the city. If he is an imposter, how deeply is that pulpit degraded:

Zion A. M. E. church, corner of South Third and Eleventh streets.—The pulpit of the above church will be occupied on Sunday evening at 7:30 by Rev. Dr. M. L. Rossvally, the converted Jew. Subject, "That Jew. Who and what is He? Away with Him." Seats free. All are cordially invited.

LETTERS FROM READERS.

It is to be distinctly understood that any opinions expressed in communications are those of the writers—not necessarily of any one else. Under no circumstances will any letter be inserted unless the real name of the author is in possession of the editor.

To the Editor of The News-Argus.

MR. EDITOR—Permit me to call the attention of the public, through your paper, to the disgraceful way in which the street committee are having the sidewalk built east of Dr. Parker's new premises, going north. If it is not changed at once, I sincerely hope some one in the night, for public safety, will pull it down. It is fully eight or nine inches too high. I hope the reeve, if we have one except in name, will use his jurisdiction in this matter. The balance of the city fathers seem like the man who, when his wife was fighting the bear, said he never saw a fight he took so little interest in. Take a little interest, Mr. Councillor,s in the duties you agreed to perform for the corporation to the best of your ability, else we may be obliged to go about with a portable step-ladder for mounting sidewalks in Stirling.

RATEPAYER.

More Reflections by an Older Settler.

To the Editor of The News-Argus.

I see in your paper "Trent valley reflections by an old settler," a correspondent of the Trenton *Courier*. I beg to differ with him in some of his statements. He seems to know very little about the locality he is writing about, or he would not state that the dam at Chisholm's rapids backed the water up to Healey Falls. The water is backed nearly up to Percy Boom. It could not back the water over Rainey's Falls and up to Healey Falls if the dam at Chisholm's was fifty feet high. There were very few had deeded land at that time. It all belonged to the government and the Canada company. Those who had bought paid from 50c. to $3 per acre, and the government gave them from $7 to $10 per acre damages, and they occupy the same lands that they sold when the water is low for pasture and meadow. As for the tears the old men shed, they were as scarce as hens' teeth. As for the thousands of acres drowned by the dam, the report of Mr. George Rainey, I think, was 3,000 acres. The correspondent says when the government engineers came along that there was anxious suspense, but still hope; but when the realization came there were blighted hopes and ruined homes. He also says we were ruled by a military chief that stopped the works. It was the rebellion in 1837 and 1838 that caused the works to stop. Mr. Editor, I am the oldest settler living at Chisholm's rapids, where I settled in 1836. There was not a house in sight between Frankford and Chisholm's rapids, and no bridge across the river at Frankford. We now have a county gravel road and a county bridge across the river Trent at Chisholm's rapids; we have the Central Ontario cars running past my door from Picton, and they are driving the work to completion as fast as men and money can do it; the steam shovel is working early and late loading the gravel trains, and I am told by judges that the railroad bridge across the river is second to none in the dominion. The reason I settled in this part of the county was the Trent valley canal. When I settled here the surveyors' stakes stood where they were planted for the improvement of the inland waters of the Newcastle district. I still hope to live to ride on a steamer from the bay of Quinte to Georgian bay, with the large expenditure there has been made. The Hon. Lewis Wallbridge's opinion is that with the large expenditure making now it was sure to be built, whatever government is in power. I will quote the opinion of another statesmen, the late Hon. Edmund Murney: "If the canal at that time had been built, it would make a town from Chisholm's rapids to Stirling." The pioneers of this section of country had a good deal to contend with. Forty and fifty years ago there was no market-house in the town of Belleville; the farmer had to peddle his produce in the street, and take trade for what he sold. It was hard on the settler to make land payments and pay taxes. The Hon. Billa Flint was the first who paid cash for wheat. I have sold wheat at 50c. per bushel, rye at 30c., oats at 15c., butter 8c. per lb. There were no pianos in the farm-houses, or covered carriages. The best music in the farmhouse was the spinning-wheel and loom. No reapers and mowers. All the work was done by the bone and sinews of the hardy sons of toil, and I would be safe in saying there was not one dozen farms under mortgage in the township of Sidney, only those that were purchasing land. Now as we stand, with all the modern improvements, the sons of many of the old settlers are losing the farms that their fathers made. The cause is too fast living, and we hope they may do better.

Never give up is the secret of glory,
Nothing so wise can philosophy teach.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Chisholm's rapids.

Colborne will have a bicycle club.

Gilmour & Co. have removed their office from Madoc.

R. W. Turner, Campbellford, has lately taken from one-quarter acre of ground a crop of 350 cords of stone.

W. J. Hunter has established a line of hacks in Belleville, and has purchased several neat carriages and coupes.

Geo. Q. Dowler, late headmaster of the Brighton public school, left on the 5th inst. to fill an engagement with the World Publishing Co., New York, as their agent in Australia, New Zealand, etc.

On the 9th, as the workmen in Smith's flouring mill, Campbellford, were in the act of lowering a large water-wheel to the place prepared for it, the chain which suspended it snapped asunder, and it fell below several feet and was broken. It was completely destroyed, and a new one had to be ordered.

The works on the Trent valley canal are progressing favorably. The contractors for the locks at Fenelon Falls and Buckhorn are now proceeding with the masonry works for the lock walls, and have a large force of men employed. It is to be hoped the contract for a section on the lower Trent will shortly receive the attention of the government.

D. E. Howatt, of the Bay View farm, Deseronto, departed for New York to arrange the shipment of a Jersey bull and cow which have been secured at great expense. This new importation of stock is said to be far superior to any yet introduced on the farm, and will be a decided gain to the stock-raising interests of this part of Canada.

A number of gentlemen interested in the extension of the B. & N. H. R. northwards met Friday night last at Belleville. There were present: A. F. Wood M. P. P., E. D. O'Flynn, Dr. Loomis, Alex. Brown, Ald. Dickson, Thomas Kelso, and R. C. Clute. After a lengthened conversation a subcommittee was appointed to confer with John Bell, solicitor, relative to the charter of the Midland railway, which has authority to build the road to Baucroft. The question of extending the line to Mattawa, on the Ottawa, to connect with the Canada Pacific, and thence to Hudson bay, was discussed.

W. Atkinson, of Campbellford, and A. Denmark, of Seymour, took a journey to Burnt Lake, in a canoe and on foot. The passage was a rough one, as they were compelled to carry the canoe over portages, and to wade three miles through a swamp in which they sometimes sank to their knees in water; but after a three days' journey they reached the desired hunting-ground. Having only a few hours to spare after their arrival, they started out on the hunt and slayed three deer. They report deer as being unusually numerous in the Burnt Lake section, and they might have been surfeited with sport had they been able to remain longer.

After nearly four years of expensive experiments, success seems, at last, to have crowned the Rathbun company's efforts to discover satisfactory methods af utilizing the refuse from their mills. Not only will gas of a superior quality be eliminated from this refuse, but various other useful products will also be evolved. We might instance among others fine charcoal, suitable for the manufacture of gunpowder, for use in refrigerators, and as a disinfectant for stables, cesspools, and various other purposes. Then by different chemical combinations there will also be formed acetates of lime, sugar of lead, wood alcohol, pine tar, and a long list of commodities, useful in various arts. The company is to be congratulated on the success of their enterprise, which opens up a new era in the history of the milling world.

The Bell Telephone Co. have reached Trenton, and have erected their poles, immense tall sticks with two cross-bars eight feet long and provided with pins for wires. The poles will be painted throughout—eight feet high red and the rest blue. The agency has been given to H. Meade, a very central place. Mr. Meade will employ a person to look after it, and the office will be in a room upstairs. The tariff of fees is not yet published. The yearly charge for a telephone is said to be $38.00 in a house and $35.00 in a place of business. It will connect with Montreal and every important place in the province of Ontario, and will be a powerful rival to the telegraph.

Births.

Stirling, 21st inst, wife of Omar Butler, of a son.

Trenton, 9th inst, wife of Rev. W. T. Wilkins, of a daughter.

Marriages.

At the residence of the bride's father, Oct. 31st, by Rev. J. M. Gray, Jas. Ralph, of Stirling, and Josephine, youngest daughter of Simeon Ashley, of Huntingdon.

Trenton, 14th inst, Harvey R. Hitchcock, of Northport, Mich., and Miss Hattie West.

Belleville, 19th inst, Patrick J. Shannon and Eliza J. Kenney.

Belleville, 24th inst, Joseph Hewett, of Yuba county, California, and Caroline A. Dracup.

Trenton, 31st inst, Wallace D. Broatch, of Murray, and Miss Jessie Ordell.

Madoc, 7th inst, Wm. Bond and Miss Rhoda A. Gleeson.

Deaths.

Stirling, 22nd inst, Elizabeth, wife of Benjamin Wicher. Funeral this morning at 10 o'clock from the house.

Seymour, 10th inst, Charles, son of Hugh Ross.

Seymour, 8th inst, Lawrence Finn, aged 46 years.

Seymour, 4th inst, Maggie W. Clark, aged 14 years.

Percy, 10th inst, James Oliver, aged 56 years.

Campbellford, of consumption, Parmelia, wife of Albert Terry, aged 29 years.

Sidney, 10th inst, Elizabeth M., wife of Major P. W. Gillum.

Sidney, 13th inst, Gilbert Thrasher, aged 73 years, 1 month and 12 days.

On the 17th of August last, Henry Smith, formerly a resident of Rawdon, aged 78 years.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Cattle Found.

Came on to the premises of the undersigned, lot 6, con. 7, Rawdon, about the 1st of September, one red yearling Heifer, and a red yearling Bull. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses.

R. & J. LANIGAN.

Stray Cow.

Came into my enclosure, about the 10th November, a red cow with white spot in forehead and a white spot on each shoulder, all white feet. Owner can have her by paying charges.

ALLAN McCABE,
Lot 8, con. 10 Rawdon.

10,000 Bushels of Oats Wanted!

Delivered at the mill in Marmora.

W. CRASKE.

The winter stock of Chas. Craige & Bro. will be found complete.

DRY GOODS:

Dress Goods, Flannels, Shawls, Knit Shirts and Drawers, Ladies' Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Gents' Furnishings, etc.

Every thing new and choice in the tailoring department, still in charge of Mr. Fred Ward and the most experienced assistants. Customers can rely upon getting a first-class fit and good material.

Choice lines of Hats and men's and boys' Fur Caps.

Boots and Shoes all lines, Felt Boots, Rubbers and Overshoes.

Fresh Groceries.

Hardware, Cross-cut Saws, Frame Saws, Skates all sizes.

Blacksmiths' Coal, Barrel Salt, Bag Salt, etc.

Stirling, Nov. 24th, 1883.

HO! BOYS!

Now is your time to prepare for skating! Go to Martin & Turner's and get a pair of fine Acme Skates!

A large assortment just received.
Also a lot of very cheap Skates.

A large stock of High Plow Foxed Berlin Felts.
A fine assortment of Trunks.
Men's and Ladies' Overshoes and Rubbers.

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

STEER FOUND.

Came on to my premises, lot 8, con. 7, Rawdon, about June 1st, 1883, a red and white yearling Steer. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses.

JAMES COOK.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Plum Grove Cheese Manufacturing Co. will be held at the factory on Saturday, Nov. 24th, 1883, for the election of officers, transaction of general business, etc. Meeting at 1 p. m.

JAS. DUNCAN, President.

SERVANT GIRL WANTED.

Good wages to a good girl. Apply at once to Mrs. Gray, at the manse, Stirling.

FOR SALE.

A good second-hand BUGGY and CUTTER. Apply to JOHN GRAHAM.

Farm for Sale.

The west half of lot 9, con. 9, Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The land is in a good state of cultivation; good buildings; good cedar fences; well watered, and close to cheese factory. For particulars apply to

HENRY BERRIDGE, Springbrook P. O.

Canned Fruits and Vegetables.

The undersigned has just received a consignment of Canned Fruits and Vegetables from the Bay of Quinte Canning and Evaporating Company, Picton, Ontario. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Quantity of SHEET MUSIC Will be sold for less than one-third of Catalogue Prices.

His shop is constantly supplied with all kinds of

Drugs, Medicines, a full assortment of Diamond Dyes, Druggists' Sundries, Harper's Bazar Patterns and Liver Pads,

All of which will be sold cheap for cash.

G. H. BOULTER M.D.

New Enterprise.

The undersigned, having purchased the property on the Ridge Road, known as

Seeley's Mills,

And having rebuilt and put all the machinery in first-class order, he will be prepared in a few days to

Crack all kinds of Grain,

Also CORN MEAL GROUND.

Having a competent man engaged to take charge of the Mill, all work entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed.

M. SEELEY, JR.

A Prince Edward county minister realized from one of his appointments last year the magnificent sum of $13. That was $13 better than nothing.

Messrs. Gilmour & Co. give notice that at the next session of the Ontario legislature they will apply for an act of parliament to legalize the by-law granting them the right to construct a railway through the town of Trenton.

On the 10th, Rev. F. McAmmond, of Madoc, was made the recipient of a beautiful set of single harness by the friends of the Hazzard's corners appointment, valued at $30, and Rev. E. N. Baker was presented with a well filled purse by well wishers from the same neighborhood.

Conductor Morris asserts that the other day the smoking-car of his train jumped the track and jumped on the rails again without causing injury to the passengers or the car. This incident happened about three miles north of Campbellford, and Morris says the section men can vouch for its truth.

A fearful story comes from the Hastings road, to the effect that a woman, whose husband had gone to the shanties to work, a few nights ago attempted to eat her youngest child. An older child alarmed some neighbors in the night, but before they got to the house the mother had badly bitten and torn the young one. The unfortunate woman was, no doubt, temporarily insane.

Recently Flint & Holden decided to put the saws and single-mill in their establishment in thorough order for the winter season, and secured the services of J. D. McColl, who had been in the employ of Gilmour & Co. Monday morning Mr. McColl came from Trenton to begin his labors. About eleven o'clock, as he was engaged in fixing the shingle saw, his left hand came in contact with that machine while in motion, was cut from the thumb to the wrist joint, and had to be amputated.

A shocking tragedy has occurred about four miles from Madoc. A young lad 14 years of age, son of the late James Moore, was playing in his mother's house with a neighbor's shotgun when loaded. The boy put the end of the barrel in his mouth and began to blow, when a companion lighted a match and applied it to the nipple. The unfortunate boy's head was blown to pieces. The test applied to see if the gun was loaded probably consisted in their minds in seeing if blowing in a tube could extinguish a match.

Rev. W. Buchanan, of Warkworth, was the victim of very serious injuries through the Hallow'een antics of a number of boys. The rev. gentleman was returning home in his buggy from some ministerial duties in the district, about 10 o'clock, and as he was nearing Warkworth, between that village and Norham, his horse shied at a gate which had been placed in an upright position across the road, and threw him out upon the ground with such force as to make him insensible. He lay in this state, he thinks, about one hour and a-half, when he recovered consciousness, and between crawling and walking managed to reach his home. Mr. Buchanan describes his feelings when his senses returned as most intense, and he thought he would perish with cold and exposure. His injuries are about the head and back, and though at first supposed to be fatal have assumed a different aspect, and he is slowly recovering. The boys who put the obstruction in the road way reside at Norham, and it is thought they were lurking near the scene of the accident, but through fear dared not or would not assist Mr. Buchanan or make known the fact of his injury.

...rling News-Argus.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1883. Vol. V, No. 1?.

All who appreciate Beautiful Styles and Reasonable Prices must not fail to see our Grand Display of HOLIDAY GOODS!

...RALPH

...: STIRLING

...LL SELECTED STOCK OF

...lassware,

...the test of comparison. Several ...sign. Also, full supplies of

...d Fresh Groceries,

...Give us a call, and we guarantee ...eet, Stirling.

...W & RALPH.

...OODS!

...ed a large lot of

...e TEAS

...AMILY GROCERIES. Their

...D PROVISIONS

...above lines of goods will be sold ...ts for cash.

...each member of the firm before the ...e first of November, or they will

...AGROW'S

GLEN ROSS MILLS

In Full Blast Again!

—o—

COME ON WITH YOUR GRISTING

D. MORGAN, Proprietor.

News-Argus Clubbing List for 1884!

We have been enabled to make very satisfactory clubbing arrangements for 1884 with a few of the best leading agricultual and other papers, purely in the interest of our subscribers, and can now offer the following inducements:

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *Rural Canadian* together for $1.60. See advertisement elsewhere.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *American Farmer* together for $1.35. The *American Farmer* is a neatly printed, well edited monthly, published at Fort Wayne, Ind., at $1 per year. We can supply it with our paper for $1.35. This is the boss offer.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and *Grip*, Canada's now famous Cartoon sheet, for $2.60. *Grip* is publisheb weekly at $2 per year, and every issue is full of wit and wisdom.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *Weekly Globe* together for $1.80.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the Toronto *Daily World* for $3.10.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the Montreal *Weekly Witness* for $1.85.

Samples of the papers named in this list can be seen at this office.

HOME MATTERS.

Read our clubbing list elsewhere.

Dr. Faulkner is again going into the grain business.

The cheapest place in the county of Hastings to buy whips and horseblankets is at the Springbrook harness shop. E. CANNIFF.

The proprietor of the Trenton *Courier* promises a lot of presents when his circulation reaches three million, or three thousand, or some other impossible number.

"Why, Angelina, where did you get those beautiful rich colors on your bonnet?" "Ain't they lovely? I dyed them with the Triangle Package Dyes." 10c.

The new standard time has been adopted by Mr. Calder, so all can set their timepieces, and the village enjoy uniformity. Mr. C. receives the time direct from Toronto by telegraph, and it may therefore be relied upon.

G. L. Vandervoort, of the firm of Preston & Vandervoort, veterinary surgeons, Trenton, intends to establish a branch office in this village. As Dr. Vandervoort is a graduate of the Ontario veterinary college, persons having stock sick would do well to call at his office at the Stirling House, night or day until further notice. Consultation free. Look for advt. in next issue.

The Midland railway has issued a new time-table, to take effect next Monday. Trains will then leave Stirling as follows: For Belleville, etc., 9:45 a.m. and 7:15 p.m. For Peterborough, etc., 8:33 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. Leave North Hastings junction for Madoc, 12 noon and 7:30 p.m. By taking the 8:33 a.m. train, Toronto can be reached at 6:55 p.m., close connections being made.

Rev. Mr. Dowling's panorama on Wednesday evening was well attended considering the most unfavorable weather. It rained hard all day. The night was as dark as overhanging clouds could make it, besides which the roads were left in a deplorable state, the rain not being fully abated. There was a fair audience, however, chiefly from the village, who were well entertained for an hour and a half by the exhibition of twenty-nine of the large and beautiful paintings which constituted the panoramic combination which Rev. Mr. Dowling is now handling, leaving twenty-two for last (Thursday) evening. There is no doubt a crowded house would have welcomed him had the weather been fair.

The missionary anniversary of the Stirling circuit of the Methodist church of Canada will be held next Sunday and the following week. Sermons: Stirling, 10:30, by Rev. W. H. Peake, and at 7 by Rev. S. McCauley; Wellman's Corners 10:30, Salem 2:30, by Rev. S. McCauley; Collins' 3, Reid's 6:30, by Rev. W. H. Peake; Town hall, Rawdon, 10:30, Eggleton's 2:30, by Rev. R. Walker. Week night meetings: Wellman's, Monday 7:30; Salem, Tuesday; deputation, Rev. Messrs. George Leech, W. H. Peake and R. Walker. Collins' Monday evening, Reid's Tuesday evening, and Eggleton's Thursday evening; deputation Rev. Messrs. John Walker, H. Thomas and R. H. Leitch. All the deputations will meet in Stirling on Wednesday evening. Collections at all these services in aid of missions.

A meeting of the management committee of the local bible society was held at Dr Boulter's office on Monday evening. Present, Dr. Boulter (president), Rev. Mr. Walker, Rev. Mr. Gray, Messrs. B. Bush, J. Ralph, R. B. Jones and R. P. Gilbert. It was decided to do the collecting this year on the denominational plan, that is the collectors to solicit within their own denomination anywhere, instead of dividing the village into wards. The following were appointed: C. M. church, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Thos. McKee; Church of England, Miss Hatch and Miss Smith; M. E. church, Miss Jennie Wescott and Miss L. Girdwood; Presbyterian and Baptist churches, Miss Ralph and Miss Henry. The returns to be made by Dec. 10th. A resolution was passed recommending that hereafter subscriptions be taken at the annual meeting.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings last C. Panchard, D.S.C.K. of the Independent Order of Foresters, instituted Court Oakhills of that order at Stirling, with the following officers:

C.D.H.C.R.—T. G. Clute.
C.R.—Rev. T. Godden.
V.C.R.—Rev. R. Walker.
R.S.—Rev. R. H. Leitch.
F.S.—R. P. Gilbert.
Treas.—T. G. Clute.
S.W.—Chas. Keirl.
J.R.—Geo. Winters.
P.C.R.—Rev. J. M. Gray.
Chaplain.—Rev. Mr. Stratton.
Physician.—J. S. Sprague, M.D.

The court meets on the 2nd Monday of each month, but where wrs not learned. The Foresters are a secret society, existing mainly for the purposes of mutual insurance, etc., of which they have an excellent scheme in connection.

Nine years ago Rev. Mr. Stratton, while stationed at Picton, took the provident idea of building a home, with the view of having a refuge for himself and family when his days of usefulness in the ministry were over. A building site was purchased on the corner of Queen and Centre streets, one of the most desirable locations in Picton, and the building was duly put up, being a handsome two story brick cottage, with all the modern improvements, barn, etc. Immediately on its completion it was rented by one of the leading merchants, who has occupied it ever since. On Wednesday last, however, about noon, the rev. gentleman received the dispiriting news by telegraph that on Tuesday night the whole place had been burned to the ground, and nothing saved. There was an insurance about sufficient to cover the remaining encumbrance, which leaves him with a vacant lot covered with charred ruins to represent the economies and self-denials of nine years of an active line. Mr. Stratton was far from well in body when the telegram arrived, and it can easily be imagined that the news would not help him to recover strength. He deserves, and will doubtless receive, the sympathy of all true friends in this hour of disappointment and blasted hopes.

The recent rains were very much needed, and fully replenished the empty wells and cisterns.

Mr. Thos. McMurray, lecturer for the grand division, Sons of Temperance, was in the village this week, intending to lecture in behalf of that order Wednesday night, but owing to the date clashing with Rev. Mr. Dowling's panorama, he will visit Stirling again. Mr. McMurray had been notified of the clash in dates, but owing to a miscarriage of the mail the notice did not reach him.

Dr. Rossvally.

Says the *Trent Valley Advocate:*

The Stirling NEWS-ARGUS of last week takes "back water" in reference to Rossvally, the Jew. The "converted" showed Mr. Thompson his credentials, etc., and the resident minister had a private note from a Brooklyn divine saying Rossvally was "all right." From which the NEWS-ARGUS concludes it was wrong. Bro. Thompson, did you never hear of two rogues "working" a community? In this case one appears to be in Brooklyn, the other in Canada.

If the *Advoacte* were not possessed of so strong a desire to establish a black reputation for Dr. Rossvally rather than a good one, it would never have been so reckless of the truth as to state that "THE NEWS-ARGUS takes back water" on any of its utterances in reference to that individual. We never made any charge against him, therefore never had any to take back. What was done was to make reference, as in duty bound, to certain charges which reached **Stirling just as we were going to press that week, and then, in common fairness, judgment was withheld until both sides received an equal hearing. This course neither the *Advocate*, nor many other papers or men that could be easily named, had the manliness to do. A cry of "stop thief" was raised, and was joined in by a large number ever ready** and willing to kick a man down further rather than to stop a moment and see if he has any defence whatever to offer. On the other hand, we never affirmed, either publicly hr privately, that Dr. Rossvally was *not* an impostor. What we said is easily understood by those willing to understand it, and it is not and will not be receded from, viz., that giving his credentials the weight which the editor of the *Advocate* would expect credentials in his behalf from high authorities to receive among strangers, he (Rossvally) must reasonably be held free from the charges laid against him until they are proved at least as certainly as his good character is; and that if he is an impostor, then all those who endorse him so warmly are worse than impostors for lending their names to impose him upon strangers. And these are not only "two," as the *Advocate* again dishonestly puts it—"one in Brooklyn and the other in Canada"—but dozens and scores of men whose names should command respect or they should be hurled from the positions they occupy. When he is proved a rogue then THE NEWS-ARGUS will have no hesitation in denouncing him; but so far we insist that the weight of evidence is in his favor, and had the *Advocate* taken our course it would be able to say that it had done simple justice to both sides.

Since the foregoing was written, we have received the Brooklyn (N. Y.) daily *Times* of Saturday last, which contains the following paragraph, which naturally shows that where Dr. Rossvally is best known—at home—he is considered worthy to occupy the pulpit of one of the leading churches of the city. If he is an imposter, how deeply is that pulpit degraded:

Zion A. M. E. church, corner of South Third and Eleventh streets.—The pulpit of the above church will be occupied on Sunday evening at 7:30 by Rev. Dr. M. L. Rossvally, the converted Jew. Subject, "That Jew. Who and what is He? Away with Him." Seats free. All are cordially invited.

LETTERS FROM READERS.

It is to be distinctly understood that any opinions expressed in communications are those of the writers—not necessarily of any one else. Under no circumstances will any letter be inserted unless the real name of the author is in possession of the editor.

To the Editor of The News-Argus.

MR. EDITOR—Permit me to call the attention of the public, through your paper, to the disgraceful way in which the street committee are having the sidewalk built east of **Dr. Parker's new premises, going north. If it is not changed at once, I sincerely hope some one in the night, for public safety, will pull it down. It is fully eight or nine inches too high. I hope the reeve, if we have one except in name, will use his jurisdiction in this matter. The balance of the city fathers seem like the man who, when his wife was fighting the bear, said he never saw a fight he took so little interest in.** Take a little interest, Mr. Councillor, in the duties you agreed to perform for the corporation to the best of your ability, else we may be obliged to go about with a portable step-ladder for mounting sidewalks in Stirling.

RATEPAYER.

More Reflections by an Older Settler.

To the Editor of The News-Argus.

I see in your paper "Trent valley reflections by an old settler," a correspondent of the Trenton *Courier*. I beg to differ with him in some of his statements. He seems **to know very little about the locality he is writing about, or he would not state that the dam at Chisholm's rapids backed the water up to Healey Falls. The water is backed nearly up to Percy Boom. It could not back the water over Rainey's Falls and up to Healey Falls if the dam at Chisholm's** was fifty feet high. There were very few had deeded land at that time. It all belonged to the government and the Canada company. Those who had bought paid from 50c. to $3 per acre, and the government gave them from $7 to $10 per acre damages, and they occupy the same lands that they sold when the water is low for pasture and meadow. As for the tears the old men shed, they were as scarce as hens' teeth. As for the thousands of acres drowned by the dam, the report of Mr. George Rainey, I think, was 3,000 acres. The correspondent says when the government engineers came along that there was auxious suspense, but still hope; but when the realization came there were blighted hopes and ruined homes. He also says we were ruled by a military chief that stopped the works. It was the rebellion in 1837 and 1838 that caused the works to stop. Mr. Editor, I am the oldest settler living at Chisholm's rapids, where I settled in 1836. There was not a house in sight between Frankford and Chisholm's rapids, and no bridge across the river at Frankford. We now have a county gravel road and a county bridge across the river Trent at Chisholm's rapids; we have the Central Ontario cars running past my door from Picton, and they are driving the work to completion as fast as men and money can do it; the steam shovel is working early and late loading the gravel trains, and I am told by judges that the railroad bridge across the river is second to none in the dominion. The reason I settled in this part of the county was the Trent valley canal. When I settled here the surveyors' stakes stood where they were planted for the improvement of the inland waters of the Newcastle district. I still hope to live to ride on a steamer from the bay of Quinte to Georgian bay, with the large expenditure there has been made. The Hon. Lewis Wallbridge's opinion is that with the large expenditure making now it was sure to be built, whatever government is in power. I will quote the opinion of another statesman, the late Hon. Edmund Murney: "If the canal at that time had been built, it would make a town from Chisholm's rapids to Stirling." The pioneers of this section of country had a good deal to contend with. Forty and fifty years ago there was no market-house in the town of Belleville; the farmer had to peddle his produce in the street, and take trade for what he sold. It was hard on the settler to make land payments and pay taxes. The Hon. Billa Flint was the first who paid cash for wheat. I have sold wheat at 50c. per bushel, rye at 30c., oats at 15c., butter 8c. per lb. There were no pianos in the farm-houses, or covered carriages. The best music in the farm-house was the spinning-wheel and loom. No reapers and mowers. All the work was done by the bone and sinews of the hardy sons of toil, and I would be safe in saying there was not one dozen farms under mortgage in the township of Sidney, only those that were purchasing land. Now as we stand, with all the modern improvements, the sons of many of the old settlers are losing the farms that their fathers made. The cause is too fast living, and we hope they may do better.

Never give up is the secret of glory,
Nothing so wise can philosophy teach.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Chisholm's rapids.

Colborne will have a bicycle club.

Gilmour & Co. have removed their office from Madoc.

R. W. Turner, Campbellford, has lately taken from one-quarter acre of ground a crop of 350 cords of stone.

W. J. Hunter has established a line of hacks in Belleville, and has purchased several neat carriages and coupes.

Geo. Q. Dowler, late headmaster of the Brighton public school, left on the 5th inst. to fill an engagement with the World Publishing Co., New York, as their agent in Australia, New Zealand, etc.

On the 9th, as the workmen in Smith's flouring mill, Campbellford, were in the act of lowering a large water-wheel to the place prepared for it, the chain which suspended it snapped asunder, and it fell below several feet and was broken. It was completely destroyed, and a new one had to be ordered.

The works on the Trent valley canal are progressing favorably. The contractors for the locks at Fenelon Falls and Buckhorn are now proceeding with the masonry works for the lock walls, and have a large force of men employed. It is to be hoped the contract for a section on the lower Trent will shortly receive the attention of the government.

D. E. Howatt, of the Bay View farm, Deseronto, departed for New York to arrange the shipment of a Jersey bull and cow which have been secured at great expense. This new importation of stock is said to be far superior to any yet introduced on the farm, and will be a decided gain to the stock-raising interests of this part of Canada.

A number of gentlemen interested in the extension of the B. & N. H. R. northwards met Friday night last at Belleville. There were present: A. F. Wood M. P. P., E. D. O'Flynn, Dr. Loomis, Alex. Brown, Ald. Dickson, Thomas Kelso, and R. C. Clute. After a lengthened conversation a subcommittee was appointed to confer with John Bell, solicitor, relative to the charter of the Midland railway, which has authority to build the road to Bancroft. The question of extending the line to Mattawa, on the Ottawa, to connect with the Canada Pacific, and thence to Hudson bay, was discussed.

W. Atkinson, of Campbellford, and A. Denmark, of Seymour, took a journey to Burnt Lake, in a canoe and on foot. The passage was a rough one, as they were compelled to carry the canoe over portages, and to wade three miles through a swamp in which they sometimes sank to their knees in water; but after a three days' journey they reached the desired hunting-ground. Having only a few hours to spare after their arrival, they started out on the hunt and slayed three deer. They report deer as being unusually numerous in the Burnt Lake section, and they might have been surfeited with sport had they been able to remain longer.

After nearly four years of expensive experiments, success seems, at last, to have crowned the Rathbun company's efforts to discover satisfactory methods af utilizing the refuse from their mills. Not only will gas of a superior quality be eliminated from this refuse, but various other useful products will also be evolved. We might instance among others fine charcoal, suitable for the manufacture of gunpowder, for use in refrigerators, and as a disinfectant for stables, cesspools, and various other purposes. Then by different chemical combinations there will also be formed acetates of lime, sugar of lead, wood alcohol, pine tar, and a long list of commodities, useful in various arts. The company is to be congratulated on the success of their enterprise, which opens up a new era in the history of the milling world.

The Bell Telephone Co. have reached Trenton, and have erected their poles, immense tall sticks with two cross-bars eight feet long and provided with pins for wires. The poles will be painted throughout—eight feet high red and the rest blue. The agency has been given to H. Meade, a very central place. Mr. Meade will employ a person to look after it, and the office will be in a room upstairs. The tariff of fees is not yet published. The yearly charge for a telephone is said to be $38.00 in a house and $35.00 in a place of business. It will connect with Montreal and every important place in the province of Ontario, and will be a powerful rival to the telegraph.

Births.

Stirling, 21st inst, wife of Omar Butler, of a son.

Trenton, 9th inst, wife of Rev. W. T. Wilkins, of a daughter.

Marriages.

At the residence of the bride's father, Oct. 31st, by Rev. J. M. Gray, Jas. Ralph, of Stirling, and Josephine, youngest daughter of Simeon Ashley, of Huntingdon.

Trenton, 14th inst, Harvey R. Hitchcock, of Northport, Mich., and Miss Hattie West.

Belleville, 19th inst, Patrick J. Shannon and Eliza J. Kenney.

Belleville, 24th inst, Joseph Hewett, of Yuba county, California, and Caroline A. Dracup.

Trenton, 31st inst, Wallace D. Broatch, of Murray, and Miss Jessie Ordell.

Madoc, 7th inst, Wm. Bond and Miss Rhoda A. Gleeson.

Deaths.

Stirling, 22nd inst, Elizabeth, wife of Benjamin Wicher. Funeral this morning at 10 o'clock from the house.

Seymour, 10th inst, Charles, son of Hugh Ross.

Seymour, 8th inst, Lawrence Finn, aged 46 years.

Seymour, 4th inst, Maggie W. Clark, aged 14 years.

Percy, 10th inst, James Oliver, aged 56 years.

Campbellford, of consumption, Parmelia, wife of Albert Terry, aged 29 years.

Sidney, 10th inst, Elizabeth M., wife of Major P. W. Gillum.

Sidney, 13th inst, Gilbert Thrasher, aged 73 years, 1 month and 12 days.

On the 17th of August last, Henry Smith, formerly a resident of Rawdon, aged 78 years.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Cattle Found.

Came on to the premises of the undersigned, lot 6, con. 7, Rawdon, about the 1st of September, one red yearling Heifer, and a red yearling Bull. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses.

R. & J. LANIGAN.

Stray Cow.

Came into my enclosure, about the 10th November, a red cow with white spot in forehead and a white spot on each shoulder, all white feet. Owner can have her by paying charges.

ALLAN McCABE, Lot 8, con. 10 Rawdon.

10,000 Bushels of Oats Wanted!

Delivered at the mill in Marmora.

W. CRASKE.

The winter stock of Chas. Craige & Bro. will be found complete.

DRY GOODS:

Dress Goods, Flannels, Shawls, Knit Shirts and Drawers, Ladies' Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Gents' Furnishings, etc.

Every thing new and choice in the tailoring department, still in charge of Mr. Fred Ward and the most experienced assistants. Customers can rely upon getting a first-class fit and good material.

Choice lines of Hats and men's and boys' Fur Caps.

Boots and Shoes all lines, Felt Boots, Rubbers and Overshoes.

Fresh Groceries.

Hardware, Cross-cut Saws, Frame Saws, Skates all sizes.

Blacksmiths' Coal, Barrel Salt, Bag Salt, etc.

Stirling, Nov. 24th, 1883.

S. R. HUFFMAN Piano Tuner,

BELLEVILLE, late of London and Detroit, WILL VISIT STIRLING every six months, in December and June, for the purpose of Tuning Pianos and Organs. Best of references given. All orders left at W. H. CALDER'S JEWELRY EMPORIUM will be attended to. Orders from the country will be attended to at an advance of prices.

Geo. W. Walker,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville.

Office next door to Bank of Commerce, directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week, if possible, before starting, then you can be waited upon as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.

GEO. W. WALKER, (Box 122.) Dentist, Belleville.

Blacksmithing.

R. B. JONES,

Having rebuilt his shop, destroyed during the late fire, is prepared to serve all his old customers, and as many new ones as favor him with a call. Horseshoeing a specialty. General jobbing promptly attended to. Shop on Front street (old stand).

STIRLING HOUSE, Stirling, - Ont.

Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.

The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.

MUSIC HALL on the premises, 20 ft. ceiling 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.

ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time write for particulars to H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All parties indebted to the undersigned will please ll and settle at once. Money i required to carry on business, and I cannot do without it.

Reaper and threshing machine accounts will have to be paid without delay.

E. F. PARKER.

REOPENED!

Apothecaries' Hall.

We have removed into our new and spacious premises, with increased facilities for business, and now offer to the Public the best assortment and finest goods in our line ever brought to Stirling. In

Drugs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Patent-Medicines, etc.,

our stock is complete, with a full stock of

Books, Stationery Lamps and Fancy Goods

consisting in part

Xmas & New Year Cards

an immense variety to choose from.

Photograph Albums and Frames Shells and Shell Goods

with novelties and works of art too numerous tomention. Come and see for yourselves.

PARKER & BUTLER

The North Hastings extension executive committee met on the 19th. It was stated that Mr. Daly, C.E., had reported verbally that he had found a practicable route from north of Madoc, running through Tudor east of Salmon lake *via* L'Amable to Bancroft. The committee, knowing that there were large iron deposits in Wollaston and Faraday, had instructed Mr. Daly to examine into the feasibility of a route through those townships, but Mr. Daly having stated that a route through those townships was not practicable, the committee, feeling the importance of that route, not only in opening the country but in securing the powerful iron interests in assisting to procure a government grant, have secured the services of Mr. Bailey to make a further survey of those two townships, to see if a practicable route could possibly be secured. Upon the reports of Mr. Daly and Mr. Bailey, the committee will decide upon the route to be taken. The residents of the rear townships are very enthusiastic over the prospects of railway facilities to the front in the near future.

Stirling Markets.

Corrected up to Nov. 22.

Wheat, per bushel	$0 95	to	$1 05
Barley, "	0 50	to	0 60
Rye, "	0 53	to	0 55
Oats, "	0 32	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 65	to	0 68
Potatoes, per bag	0 60	to	0 70
Butter, per lb.	0 00	to	0 22
Eggs, per doz.	0 20	to	0 00

Belleville Markets.

Corrected up to Nov. 21.

Wheat, per bushel	$0 95	to	$1 00
Barley, "	0 65	to	0 00
Rye, "	0 55	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 75
Butter, per lb.	0 20	to	0 25
Eggs, per doz.	0 25	to	0 25
Flour, per bbl	5 00	to	5 50
Hides, per cwt.	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb.	0 18	to	0 00

HO! BOYS!

Now is your time to prepare for skating! Go to Martin & Turner's and get a pair of fine Acme Skates!

A large assortment just received. Also a lot of very cheap Skates.

A large stock of High Plow Foxed Berlin Felts.

A fine assortment of Trunks.

Men's and Ladies' Overshoes and Rubbers.

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1883. Vol. V, No. 1[illegible].

DR. SPRAGUE
Has removed his office to his residence, the fourth house west of Dr. Faulkner's Drug Store.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR, Stirling, Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Alex. J. Robertson, L.D.S.,
Surgeon Dentist,
Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.
Visits Stirling Professionally Every Thursday, and may be consulted at the Scott House.
Particular attention given to the finer operations in gold, and the restoration of lost organs.

Walter L. Ridout,
ARCHITECT.
Plans, specifications, &c, prepared for all classes of building, and work superintended if required. Address, for July and August, Brunswick House, Colborne.
Head Office: Address W. R. Strickland, or W. L. Ridout, Architects, No. 12 Can. Perm. Buildings, Toronto.

M. W. SINE, V.S.,

Graduate Ontario Veterinary College,
registered member Veterinary Medical Ass'n. Treats all diseases of domesticated animals. Calls by mail or telegraph promptly attended to. OFFICE—"Review" block, Madoc.

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.
G.R.C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, over Gilbert's store, on
Thursday Eve., Dec. 20, 1883,
Visiting brethren welcome.
M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room, P O block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R.S.

W. C. REID,
DEALER IN
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,
—ETC., ETC., ETC.—
CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO,
The new White Grape—Prentiss—is a pure native seedling of superior quality, and has been thoroughly tested with regard to hardiness. A good stock of vines for sale now for fall planting. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

NOTICE.
Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk.

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E. F. PARKER.

All who appreciate Beautiful Styles and Reasonable Prices must not fail to see our Grand Display of
HOLIDAY GOODS!
Consisting of New and Elegant Attractions in
Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.
Large and Splendid Stock of Useful, Desirable and Appropriate
CHRISTMAS GIFTS!
Just what everybody wants. POPULAR PRICES.
CALDER, THE JEWELLER.
A fine line of SPECTACLES just in.

SHAW & RALPH
MILL STREET, : : : STIRLING
HAVE RECEIVED A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF
Crockery & Glassware,
And invite inspection of the same. Prices will stand the test of comparison. Several choice CHINA TEA SETTS of beautiful design. Also, full supplies of
Provisions of all kinds, and Fresh Groceries,
In full stock. BREAD fresh baked every day. Give us a call, and we guarantee satisfaction. Stand—Mill street, Stirling.
SHAW & RALPH.

NEW GOODS!
The undersigned have just received a large lot of
SUGARS & TEAS
Of all grades, and they keep a full line of other FAMILY GROCERIES. Their stock of
WINES, LIQUORS AND PROVISIONS
Is complete. Also, Bakery on the premises. All the above lines of goods will be sold cheap, and special inducements for cash.
All accounts, etc., past due the firm, and all due each member of the firm before the partnership, must be settled by cash or note before the first of November, or they will be placed in other hands for collection.
SEELEY & LAGROW'S

GLEN ROSS MILLS
In Full Blast Again!
COME ON WITH YOUR GRISTING!
D. MORGAN, Proprietor.

REOPENED!
Apothecaries' Hall.
We have removed into our new and spacious premises, with increased facilities for business, and now offer to the Public the best assortment and finest goods in our line ever brought to Stirling. In
Drugs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Patent-Medicines, etc.,
our stock is complete, with a full stock of
Books, Stationery Lamps and Fancy Goods
consisting in part
Xmas & New Year Cards
an immense variety to choose from.
Photograph Albums and Frames Shells and Shell Goods
with novelties and works of art too numerous to mention. Come and see for yourselves.
PARKER & BUTLER

The North Hastings extension executive committee met on the 19th. It was stated that Mr. Daly, C.E., had reported verbally that he had found a practicable route from north of Madoc, running through Tudor east of Salmon lake *via* L'Amable to Bancroft. The committee, knowing that there were large iron deposits in Wollaston and Faraday, had instructed Mr. Daly to examine into the feasibility of a route through those townships, but Mr. Daly having stated that a route through those townships was not practicable, the committee, feeling the importance of that route, not only in opening the country but in securing the powerful iron interests in assisting to procure a government grant, have secured the services of Mr. Bailey to make a further survey of those two townships, to see if a practicable route could possibly be secured. Upon the reports of Mr. Daly and Mr. Bailey, the committee will decide upon the route to be taken. The residents of the rear townships are very enthusiastic over the prospects of railway facilities to the front in the near future.

Stirling Markets.

Corrected up to Nov. 22.

Wheat, per bushel	$0 95	to	$1 05
Barley, "	0 50	to	0 60
Rye, "	0 53	to	0 55
Oats, "	0 32	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 65	to	0 68
Potatoes, per bag	0 60	to	0 70
Butter, per lb.	0 00	to	0 22
Eggs, per doz.	0 20	to	0 00

Belleville Markets.

Corrected up to Nov. 21.

Wheat, per bushel	$0 95	to	$1 00
Barley, "	0 65	to	0 00
Rye, "	0 55	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 75
Butter, per lb.	0 20	to	0 25
Eggs, per doz.	0 25	to	0 25
Flour, per bbl	5 00	to	5 50
Hides, per cwt.	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb.	0 18	to	0 00

News-Argus Clubbing List for 1884!

We have been enabled to make very satisfactory clubbing arrangements for 1884 with a few of the best leading agricultual and other papers, purely in the interest of our subscribers, and can now offer the following inducements:

The News-Argus and the *Rural Canadian* together for $1.60. See advertisement elsewhere.

The News-Argus and the *American Farmer* together for $1.35. The *American Farmer* is a neatly printed, well edited monthly, published at Fort Wayne, Ind., at $1 per year. We can supply it with our paper for $1.35. This is the boss offer.

The News-Argus and *Grip*, Canada's now famous Cartoon sheet, for $2.60. *Grip* is publisheb weekly at $2 per year, and every issue is full of wit and wisdom.

The News-Argus and the *Weekly Globe* together for $1.80.

The News-Argus and the Toronto *Daily World* for $3.10.

The News-Argus and the Montreal *Weekly Witness* for $1.85.

Samples of the papers named in this list can be seen at this office.

HOME MATTERS.

Read our clubbing list elsewhere.

Dr. Faulkner is again going into the grain business.

The cheapest place in the county of Hastings to buy whips and horseblankets is at the Springbrook harness shop. E. Canniff.

The proprietor of the Trenton *Courier* promises a lot of presents when his circulation reaches three million, or three thousand, or some other impossible number.

"Why, Angelina, where did you get those beautiful rich colors on your bonnet?" "Ain't they lovely? I dyed them with the Triangle Package Dyes." 10c.

The new standard time has been adopted by Mr. Calder, so all can set their timepieces, and the village enjoy uniformity. Mr. C. receives the time direct from Toronto by telegraph, and it may therefore be relied upon.

G. L. Vandervoort, of the firm of Preston & Vandervoort, veterinary surgeons, Trenton, intends to establish a branch office in this village. As Dr. Vandervoort is a graduate of the Ontario veterinary college, persons having stock sick would do well to call at his office at the Stirling House, night or day until further notice. Consultation free. Look for advt. in next issue.

The Midland railway has issued a new time-table, to take effect next Monday. Trains will then leave Stirling as follows: For Belleville, etc., 9:45 a.m. and 7:15 p.m. For Peterborough, etc., 8:33 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. Leave North Hastings junction for Madoc, 12 noon and 7:30 p.m. By taking the 8:33 a.m. train, Toronto can be reached at 6:55 p.m., close connections being made.

Rev. Mr. Dowling's panorama on Wednesday evening was well attended considering the most unfavorable weather. It rained hard all day. The night was as dark as overhanging clouds could make it, besides which the roads were left in a deplorable state, the rain not being fully abated. There was a fair audience, however, chiefly from the village, who were well entertained for an hour and a half by the exhibition of twenty-nine of the large and beautiful paintings which constituted the panoramic combination which Rev. Mr. Dowling is now handling, leaving twenty-two for last (Thursday) evening. There is no doubt a crowded house would have welcomed him had the weather been fair.

The missionary anniversary of the Stirling circuit of the Methodist church of Canada will be held next Sunday and the following week. Sermons: Stirling, 10:30, by Rev. W. H. Peake, and at 7 by Rev. S. McCauley; Wellman's Corners 10:30, Salem 2:30, by Rev. S. McCauley; Collins' 3, Reid's 6:30, by Rev. W. H. Peake; Town hall, Rawdon, 10:30, Eggleton's 2:30, by Rev. R. Walker. Week night meetings: Wellman's, Monday 7:30; Salem, Tuesday; deputation, Rev. Messrs. George Leech, W. H. Peake and R. Walker. Collins' Monday evening, Reid's Tuesday evening, and Eggleton's Thursday evening; deputation Rev. Messrs. John Walker, H. Thomas and R. H. Leitch. All the deputations will meet in Stirling on Wednesday evening. Collections at all these services in aid of missions.

A meeting of the management committee of the local bible society was held at Dr Boulter's office on Monday evening. Present, Dr. Boulter (president), Rev. Mr. Walker, Rev. Mr. Gray, Messrs. B. Bush, J. Ralph, R. B. Jones and R. P. Gilbert. It was decided to do the collecting this year on the denominational plan, that is the collectors to solicit within their own denomination anywhere, instead of dividing the village into wards. The following were appointed: C. M. church, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Thos. McKee; Church of England, Miss Hatch and Miss Smith; M. E. church, Miss Jennie Wescott and Miss L. Girdwood; Presbyterian and Baptist churches, Miss Ralph and Miss Henry. The returns to be made by Dec. 10th. A resolution was passed recommending that hereafter subscriptions be taken at the annual meeting.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings last C. Panchard, D.S.C.K. of the Independent Order of Foresters, instituted Court Oakhills of that order at Stirling, with the following officers:

C.D.H.C.R.—T. G. Clute.
C.R.—Rev. T. Godden.
V.C.R.—Rev. R. Walker.
R.S.—Rev. R. H. Leitch.
F.S.—R. P. Gilbert.
Treas.—T. G. Clute.
S.W.—Chas. Keirl.
J.R.—Geo. Winters.
P.C.R.—Rev. J. M. Gray.
Chaplain.—Rev. Mr. Stratton.
Physician.—J. S. Sprague, M.D.

The court meets on the 2nd Monday of each month, but where wrs not learned. The Foresters are a secret society, existing mainly for the purposes of mutual insurance, etc., of which they have an excellent scheme in connection.

Nine years ago Rev. Mr. Stratton, while stationed at Picton, took the provident idea of building a home, with the view of having a refuge for himself and family when his days of usefulness in the ministry were over. A building site was purchased on the corner of Queen and Centre streets, one of the most desirable locations in Picton, and the building was duly put up, being a handsome two story brick cottage, with all the modern improvements, barn, etc. Immediately on its completion it was rented by one of the leading merchants, who has occupied it ever since. On Wednesday last, however, about noon, the rev. gentleman received the dispiriting news by telegraph that on Tuesday night the whole place had been burned to the ground, and nothing saved. There was an insurance about sufficient to cover the remaining encumbrance, which leaves him with a vacant lot covered with charred ruins to represent the economies and self-denials of nine years of an active line. Mr. Stratton was far from well in body when the telegram arrived, and it can easily be imagined that the news would not help him to recover strength. He deserves, and will doubtless receive, the sympathy of all true friends in this hour of disappointment and blasted hopes.

The recent rains were very much needed, and fully replenished the empty wells and cisterns.

Mr. Thos. McMurray, lecturer for the grand division, Sons of Temperance, was in the village this week, intending to lecture in behalf of that order Wednesday night, but owing to the date clashing with Rev. Mr. Dowling's panorama, he will visit Stirling again. Mr. McMurray had been notified of the clash in dates, but owing to a miscarriage of the mail the notice did not reach him.

Dr. Rossvally.

Says the *Trent Valley Advocate:*

The Stirling News-Argus of last week takes "back water" in reference to Rossvally, the Jew. The "converted" showed Mr. Thompson his credentials, etc., and the resident minister had a private note from a Brooklyn divine saying Rossvally was "all right." From which the News-Argus concludes it was wrong. Bro. Thompson, did you never hear of two rogues "working" a community? In this case one appears to be in Brooklyn, the other in Canada.

If the *Advoacte* were not possessed of so strong a desire to establish a black reputation for Dr. Rossvally rather than a good one, it would never have been so reckless of the truth as to state that "The News-Argus takes back water" on any of its utterances in reference to that individual. We never made any charge against him, therefore never had any to take back. What was done was to make reference, as in duty bound, to certain charges which reached Stirling just as we were going to press that week, and then, in common fairness, judgment was withheld until both sides received an equal hearing. This course neither the *Advocate*, nor many other papers or men that could be easily named, had the manliness to do. A cry of "stop thief" was raised, and was joined in by a large number ever ready and willing to kick a man down further rather than to stop a moment and see if he has any defence whatever to offer. On the other hand, we never affirmed, either publicly hr privately, that Dr. Rossvally was *not* an impostor. What we said is easily understood by those willing to understand it, and it is not and will not be receded from, viz., that giving his credentials the weight which the editor of the *Advocate* would expect credentials in his behalf from high authorities to receive among strangers, he (Rossvally) must reasonably be held free from the charges laid against him until they are proved at least as certainly as his good character is; and that if he is an impostor, then all those who endorse him so warmly are worse than impostors for lending their names to impose him upon strangers. And these are not only "two," as the *Advocate* again dishonestly puts it—"one in Brooklyn and the other in Canada"—but dozens and scores of men whose names should command respect or they should be hurled from the positions they occupy. When he is proved a rogue then The News-Argus will have no hesitation in denouncing him; but so far we insist that the weight of evidence is in his favor, and had the *Advocate* taken our course it would be able to say that it had done simple justice to both sides.

Since the foregoing was written, we have received the Brooklyn (N. Y.) daily *Times* of Saturday last, which contains the following paragraph, which naturally shows that where Dr. Rossvally is best known—at home—he is considered worthy to occupy the pulpit of one of the leading churches of the city. If he is an imposter, how deeply is that pulpit degraded:

Zion A. M. E. church, corner of South Third and Eleventh streets.—The pulpit of the above church will be occupied on Sunday evening at 7:30 by Rev. Dr. M. L. Rossvally, the converted Jew. Subject, "That Jew. Who and what is He? Away with Him." Seats free. All are cordially invited.

LETTERS FROM READERS.

It is to be distinctly understood that any opinions expressed in communications are those of the writers—not necessarily of any one else. Under no circumstances will any letter be inserted unless the real name of the author is in possession of the editor.

To the Editor of The News-Argus.

Mr. Editor—Permit me to call the attention of the public, through your paper, to the disgraceful way in which the street committee are having the sidewalk built east of Dr. Parker's new premises, going north. If it is not changed at once, I sincerely hope some one in the night, for public safety, will pull it down. It is fully eight or nine inches too high. I hope the reeve, if we have one except in name, will use his jurisdiction in this matter. The balance of the city fathers seem like the man who, when his wife was fighting the bear, said he never saw a fight he took so little interest in. Take a little interest, Mr. Councillor, in the duties you agreed to perform for the corporation to the best of your ability, else we may be obliged to go about with a portable step-ladder for mounting sidewalks in Stirling.

Ratepayer.

More Reflections by an Older Settler.

To the Editor of The News-Argus.

I see in your paper "Trent valley reflections by an old settler," a correspondent of the Trenton *Courier*. I beg to differ with him in some of his statements. He seems to know very little about the locality he is writing about, or he would not state that the dam at Chisholm's rapids backed the water up to Healey Falls. The water is backed nearly up to Percy Boom. It could not back the water over Rainey's Falls and up to Healey Falls if the dam at Chisholm's was fifty feet high. There were very few had deeded land at that time. It all belonged to the government and the Canada company. Those who had bought paid from 50c. to $3 per acre, and the government gave them from $7 to $10 per acre damages, and they occupy the same lands that they sold when the water is low for pasture and meadow. As for the tears the old men shed, they were as scarce as hens' teeth. As for the thousands of acres drowned by the dam, the report of Mr. George Rainey, I think, was 3,000 acres. The correspondent says when the government engineers came along that there was anxious suspense, but still hope; but when the realization came there were blighted hopes and ruined homes. He also says we were ruled by a military chief that stopped the works. It was the rebellion in 1837 and 1838 that caused the works to stop. Mr. Editor, I am the oldest settler living at Chisholm's rapids, where I settled in 1836. There was not a house in sight between Frankford and Chisholm's rapids, and no bridge across the river at Frankford. We now have a county gravel road and a county bridge across the river Trent at Chisholm's rapids; we have the Central Ontario cars running past my door from Picton, and they are driving the work to completion as fast as men and money can do it; the steam shovel is working early and late loading the gravel trains, and I am told by judges that the railroad bridge across the river is second to none in the dominion. The reason I settled in this part of the county was the Trent valley canal. When I settled here the surveyors' stakes stood where they were planted for the improvement of the inland waters of the Newcastle district. I still hope to live to ride on a steamer from the bay of Quinte to Georgian bay, with the large expenditure there has been made. The Hon. Lewis Wallbridge's opinion is that with the large expenditure making now it was sure to be built, whatever government is in power. I will quote the opinion of another statesman, the late Hon. Edmund Murney: "If the canal at that time had been built, it would make a town from Chisholm's rapids to Stirling." The pioneers of this section of country had a good deal to contend with. Forty and fifty years ago there was no market-house in the town of Belleville; the farmer had to peddle his produce in the street, and take trade for what he sold. It was hard on the settler to make land payments and pay taxes. The Hon. Billa Flint was the first who paid cash for wheat. I have sold wheat at 50c. per bushel, rye at 30c., oats at 15c., butter 8c. per lb. There were no pianos in the farm-houses, or covered carriages. The best music in the farm-house was the spinning-wheel and loom. No reapers and mowers. All the work was done by the bone and sinews of the hardy sons of toil, and I would be safe in saying there was not one dozen farms under mortgage in the township of Sidney, only those that were purchasing land. Now as we stand, with all the modern improvements, the sons of many of the old settlers are losing the farms that their fathers made. The cause is too fast living, and we hope they may do better.

Never give up is the secret of glory,
Nothing so wise can philosophy teach.

A Subscriber.

Chisholm's rapids.

Colborne will have a bicycle club.

Gilmour & Co. have removed their office from Madoc.

R. W. Turner, Campbellford, has lately taken from one-quarter acre of ground a crop of 350 cords of stone.

W. J. Hunter has established a line of hacks in Belleville, and has purchased several neat carriages and coupes.

Geo. Q. Dowler, late headmaster of the Brighton public school, left on the 5th inst. to fill an engagement with the World Publishing Co., New York, as their agent in Australia, New Zealand, etc.

On the 9th, as the workmen in Smith's flouring mill, Campbellford, were in the act of lowering a large water-wheel to the place prepared for it, the chain which suspended it snapped asunder, and it fell below several feet and was broken. It was completely destroyed, and a new one had to be ordered.

The works on the Trent valley canal are progressing favorably. The contractors for the locks at Fenelon Falls and Buckhorn are now proceeding with the masonry works for the lock walls, and have a large force of men employed. It is to be hoped the contract for a section on the lower Trent will shortly receive the attention of the government.

D. E. Howatt, of the Bay View farm, Deseronto, departed for New York to arrange the shipment of a Jersey bull and cow which have been secured at great expense. This new importation of stock is said to be far superior to any yet introduced on the farm, and will be a decided gain to the stock-raising interests of this part of Canada.

A number of gentlemen interested in the extension of the B. & N. H. R. northwards met Friday night last at Belleville. There were present: A. F. Wood M. P. P., E. D. O'Flynn, Dr. Loomis, Alex. Brown, Ald. Dickson, Thomas Kelso, and R. C. Clute. After a lengthened conversation a subcommittee was appointed to confer with John Bell, solicitor, relative to the charter of the Midland railway, which has authority to build the road to Bancroft. The question of extending the line to Mattawa, on the Ottawa, to connect with the Canada Pacific, and thence to Hudson bay, was discussed.

W. Atkinson, of Campbellford, and A. Denmark, of Seymour, took a journey to Burnt Lake, in a canoe and on foot. The passage was a rough one, as they were compelled to carry the canoe over portages, and to wade three miles through a swamp in which they sometimes sank to their knees in water; but after a three days' journey they reached the desired hunting-ground. Having only a few hours to spare after their arrival, they started out on the hunt and slayed three deer. They report deer as being unusually numerous in the Burnt Lake section, and they might have been surfeited with sport had they been able to remain longer.

After nearly four years of expensive experiments, success seems, at last, to have crowned the Rathbun company's efforts to discover satisfactory methods of utilizing the refuse from their mills. Not only will gas of a superior quality be eliminated from this refuse, but various other useful products will also be evolved. We might instance among others fine charcoal, suitable for the manufacture of gunpowder, for use in refrigerators, and as a disinfectant for stables, cesspools, and various other purposes. Then by different chemical combinations there will also be formed acetates of lime, sugar of lead, wood alcohol, pine tar, and a long list of commodities, useful in various arts. The company is to be congratulated on the success of their enterprise, which opens up a new era in the history of the milling world.

The Bell Telephone Co. have reached Trenton, and have erected their poles, immense tall sticks with two cross-bars eight feet long and provided with pins for wires. The poles will be painted throughout—eight feet high red and the rest blue. The agency has been given to H. Meade, a very central place. Mr. Meade will employ a person to look after it, and the office will be in a room upstairs. The tariff of fees is not yet published. The yearly charge for a telephone is said to be $38.00 in a house and $35.00 in a place of business. It will connect with Montreal and every important place in the province of Ontario, and will be a powerful rival to the telegraph.

Births.

Stirling, 21st inst, wife of Omar Butler, of a son.

Trenton, 9th inst, wife of Rev. W. T. Wilkins, of a daughter.

Marriages.

At the residence of the bride's father, Oct. 31st, by Rev. J. M. Gray, Jas. Ralph, of Stirling, and Josephine, youngest daughter of Simeon Ashley, of Huntingdon.

Trenton, 14th inst, Harvey R. Hitchcock, of Northport, Mich., and Miss Hattie West

Belleville, 19th inst, Patrick J. Shannon and Eliza J. Kenney.

Belleville, 24th inst, Joseph Hewett, of Yuba county, California, and Caroline A. Dracup.

Trenton, 31st inst, Wallace D. Broatch, of Murray, and Miss Jessie Ordell.

Madoc, 7th inst, Wm. Bond and Miss Rhoda A. Gleeson.

Deaths.

Stirling, 22nd inst, Elizabeth, wife of Benjamin Wicher. Funeral this morning at 10 o'clock from the house.

Seymour, 10th inst, Charles, son of Hugh Ross.

Seymour, 8th inst, Lawrence Finn, aged 46 years.

Seymour, 4th inst, Maggie W. Clark, aged 14 years.

Percy, 10th inst, James Oliver, aged 56 years.

Camppellford, of consumption, Parmelia, wife of Albert Terry, aged 29 years.

Sidney, 10th inst, Elizabeth M., wife of Major P. W. Gillum.

Sidney, 13th inst, Gilbert Thrasher, aged 73 years, 1 month and 12 days.

On the 17th of August last, Henry Smith, formerly a resident of Rawdon, aged 78 years.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Cattle Found.
Came on to the premises of the undersigned, lot 6, con. 7, Rawdon, about the 1st of September, one red yearling Heifer, and a red yearling Bull. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses.
R. & J. LANIGAN.

Stray Cow.
Came into my enclosure, about the 10th November, a red cow with white spot in forehead and a white spot on each shoulder, all white feet. Owner can have her by paying charges.
ALLAN McCABE, Lot 8, con. 10 Rawdon.

10,000 Bushels of Oats Wanted!
Delivered at the mill in Marmora.
W. CRASKE.

The winter stock of Chas. Craige & Bro. will be found complete.
DRY GOODS:
Dress Goods, Flannels, Shawls, Knit Shirts and Drawers, Ladies' Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Gents' Furnishings, etc.
Every thing new and choice in the tailoring department, still in charge of Mr. Fred Ward and the most experienced assistants. Customers can rely upon getting a first-class fit and good material.
Choice lines of Hats and men's and boys' Fur Caps.
Boots and Shoes all lines, Felt Boots, Rubbers and Overshoes.
Fresh Groceries.
Hardware, Cross-cut Saws, Frame Saws, Skates all sizes.
Blacksmiths' Coal, Barrel Salt, Bag Salt, etc.
Stirling, Nov. 24th, 1883.

HO! BOYS!
Now is your time to prepare for skating! Go to Martin & Turner's and get a pair of fine Acme Skates!
A large assortment just received. Also a lot of very cheap Skates.
A large stock of High Plow Foxed Berlin Felts.
A fine assortment of Trunks.
Men's and Ladies' Overshoes and Rubbers.
W. S. MARTIN & CO.

The Legend Beautiful.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptations and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
All unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about Him,
Like a garment round Him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind He healed,
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
"Lord," he thought, "in Heaven that reignest,
Who am I that thus Thou deignest
To reveal Thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of Thy glory Thou shouldst enter
This poor cell my guest to be?"

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour
When alike, in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee.
Wrapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his admiration;
Should he go or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his heavenly guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audibly and clear,
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto Thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And, with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die!

But to-day, they know not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying;
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of Mine and lowest.
That thou doest unto Me."

Unto Me! But had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision
And have turned away with loathing?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Toward his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awestruck feeling
At the threshold of his door;
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said:
"Hadst thou stayed I must have fled!"

The Old Schoolmaster.

LEE O. HARRIS.

He sat at his desk at the close of day,
For he felt the weight of his many years;
His form was bent, and his hair was gray,
And his eyes were dim with the falling tears.
The school was out, and his task was done,
And the house seemed now so strangely still,
As the red beam of the setting sun
Stole silently over the window-sill.

Stole silently into the twilight gloom;
And the deepening shadows fell athwart
The vacant seats and vacant room,

And the vacant place in the old man's heart;
For his school had been all in all to him,
Who had no wife, no children, no land, no gold,
But his frame was weak and his eyes were dim,
And the fiat was issued at last—"Too old."

He bowed his head on his trembling hands
A moment, as one might bend to pray;
"Too old!" they say, and the school demands
A wiser and younger head to-day.
"Too old! too old!" these men forget
It was I who guided their tender years;
Their hearts were hard, and they pitied not
My trembling lips and my falling tears.

"Too old! too old!" it was all they said.
I looked in their faces one by one,
But they turned away, and my heart was lead;
Dear Lord, it is hard, but Thy will be done.
The night stole on, and a blacker gloom
Was over the vacant benches cast;
The master sat in the silent room,
But his mind was back in the days long past.

And the shadows took, to his tear-dimmed sight,
Dear well-known forms. His heart was thrilled
With the blessed sense of its own delight,
For the benches all were filled;
And he slowly rose at his desk, and took
His well-worn Bible that lay within,
He said, as he lightly tapped the book,
"It is the hour—let school begin."

And he smiled as his kindly glances fell
On the well-beloved faces there—
John, Rob, and Will, and laughing Nell,
And blue eyed Bess, with the golden hair,
And Tom, and Charley, and Ben, and Paul,
Who stoood at the head of the spelling class—
All in their places—and yet they all
Were lying under the graveyard grass.

He read the book, and he knelt to pray,
And he called the classes to recite
For the darkness all had rolled away
From a soul that saw by an inward light.
With words of praise for a work of care,
With a kind reproof for a broken rule,
The old man tottered, now here, now there,
Through the spectral rank of his shadow school.

Thus all night long, till the morning came,
And darkness folded her robe of gloom,
And the sun looked in, with his eye of flame,
On the vacant seats of the silent room.
The wind stole over the window-sill,
And swept through the aisles in a merry rout,
But the face of the master was white and still.
His work was finished and his school was out.

Life in Utah.

If one wishes to see Mormon life in all its primitiveness and simplicity, he must not look for it in Salt Lake City, for there it is overshadowed by much of the outside world. No; if you wish to see the purer inner life of Mormonism you must strike out into the country districts.

A few evenings ago I had the pleasure of attending a genuine dancing party of the Latter Day Saints (they don't like to be called Mormons). This was at a small town nestled away in the Wasatch Mountains, about 150 miles south of the metropolis of Utah. The dance was held in what is called the Ward Meeting House, is plain stone building used for general public purposes.

The hour for opening was 7 p.m. I was there on time. What first attracted my attention on entering was that the ladies and gentlemen sat separately—the men on the right and the ladies on the left. At the end of the hall was a raised platform, upon which sat the orchestra, which consisted of a first and second violin and organ. The nationality of those present was very distinct and easily detected. The Scandinavian element predominated, but there was a sprinkling of English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and Swiss, while the Ohio twang and the Missourian's *idee* could also be heard. All had a happy contented look, there being no attempt at formality, but each appeared to feel as if he or she was at home with members of their own family.

When I arrived the dancing had not commenced, and there was quite a buzz of conversation. Presently the floor manager called out, "Please to come to order! Brother Brown, will you open?" immediately all was silence, and every head bowed in reverence. Brother Brown responded by walking to the platform and offering a brief but earnest extemporaneous prayer, in which he asked the Lord to be with them during the time of their amusement and to keep all harm and wrongdoing from those present.

The floor manager then gave a number to each man who wished to dance and when all had numbers given to them he called out "Numbers one to eight, take your partners for a cotillon!" There was only space for two sets. Up started the eight numbers and rushed across the room and secured partners. There was no waiting for introductions, and now they stood in readiness on the floor, falling into conversation with their ladies. The music struck up, the caller shouted the figure, and the dancers started off as if their very lives were at stake.

The Danes were remarkably graceful in their movements, and, of course, there was the usual quantum of verdant youths who didn't know what to do with their legs. There were many pretty, yes, handsome, faces among the fair sex. All were neat and clean, but no attempt was made at show in dress, plain cotton and woollen fabrics being the rule. Some few of the girls made a faint attempt with simple ribbons and laces. Many of the men did not appear to have made any special evening toilet, with the exception of a very liberal use of soap and water. Others, again, were dressed in well-made, serviceable broadcloth of home manufacture.

I could not help but notice many of the young men born and raised in this mountain region. They are perfect giants—hale, hearty, vigorous. Don't ever impute to polygamy the cause of muscular decline in man, for here I had occular proof to the contrary.

When the first dance was concluded the gentlemen escorted their partners to their seats, and then retired to their own. Then another batch was immediately called for, and the fun was repeated. The polka or waltz, round dancing, as it is called, is not, by strict rules, allowed, although a few on this occasion were permitted during the evening.

After several dances had been gone through, some young Scandinavian sisters sang a charming song. This was followed by an Englishman singing a comic song and an American reciting from Shakespeare. Then more dancing, with occasional singing, till 12 o'clock, when "Come to order" was called, and the assembly was dismissed with prayer. All seemed happy and contented with the evening's entertainment, and hied at once home, every lady having an escort of father, brother, husband or beau.

During the whole of the evening the only refreshments that I saw or heard of was pure water, although I was told that upon special occasions a light beer with cake is handed around. Intoxicating drinks are strictly prohibited. There is no saloon within thirty miles of the town, and even if a man smells of liquor he is reprimanded.

These dances are not open for any who may choose to attend, but all who wish to partake give their names into the Bishop of the ward. He has power to blackball, and he uses that power, especially with outsiders and apostates.

By 1 o'clock all lights were out in the town, and the only sounds to be heard were the occasional baying of the watch dogs and the lullaby of the canon breeze.

A Dying Man Running Away With an Engine.

As an extra freight train was going west from Pittsburg recently the drawhead of the car next to the engine was pulled out of place near Derry station. The engine was stopped, and the fireman, James Maloney, and a switchman, John Bley, went to work to repair the injury. Bley and Maloney were underneath the front platform of the car when the engineer of the pusher at the end of the train, not knowing of the accident, started his engine. Bley was caught under the forward truck and crushed to death. Maloney was caught by the platform and crushed against the tender of the engine. His left arm was broken in two places, his shoulder was crushed, and his skull was laid bare. He was carried to the engine and laid upon the floor. He suddenly jumped up and in a fit of delirium pulled the valve wide open. He had become raving mad from intense suffering. The engine started with frightful speed on a down grade. As the engine neared Latrobe, six miles from the scene of the accident, it was going with terrible velocity. Reaching the end of the grade the engine slackened its speed and finally came to a stop. Maloney was found in a dying condition on the floor.

On a steamer lately arrived from abroad during the prevailing high seas a traveller exclaimed to his very stylish, but just then pale and distressed-looking daughter: "What, Grace, you seasick!" Looking around at the rest of the company hugging the rails, she faltered out: "Y-y-you don't s-s-suppose, papa, I'd be out of f-f-fashion, do you?"

A Prison Visit.

Rev. Charles Garratt, the much respected President of the Wesleyan Conference of England, said in a recent speech:—

The week before last I went into Manchester jail. We have got a new and magnificent one, and as long as you license drunkard makers you will have to build prisons to hold the drunkards they make. I went into that prison, and I stood on one spot where with one glance I could command 1,000 cells. Picture those 1,000 cells, and every one tenanted. I went from door to door down those terrible aisles with a warder and a chaplain, and as door after door was opened I put the question. "How came you here?" The answer that met me in almost every case was drink. On, on we went down the gloomy aisle, and it came like a funeral knell, drink, drink, drink. The Protestant, the Catholic, the educated, the uneducated, the young, and the old, till my heart ached and my brain seemed on fire. The chaplain said, "You have had enough, let us go the treadmill." I went, and shall never forget it. Before me were perhaps fifty men with dismal yellow covering, and with black squares upon them. There was the everlasting tread, tread, tread, nothing before them but the wall, and nothing to do but tread the gloomy wheel. I spoke to one of them and asked him, "Are you a Protestant?" "Yes, sir," he replied, apparently glad of being relieved from tread-mill toil. "What place of worship do you attend?" I had two clergymen with me, and imagined how they looked at me when the man replied. "Gravel-lane Chapel." "That is my own chapel," I said. "Have you been in any Sunday-school?" "Yes, sir, twelve years." "Have you any family?" "Yes, sir." "Where are they?" "Don't know, sir." "What has brought you here?" "Drink, sir, I wish it had been a guinea a gallon before I had ever touched a drop." Again came the monotony of that funeral knell, drink, drink, drink, dragging down the young, the educated, the uneducated, no respector of persons, bringing them first to the jail, and ultimately hurling them down to hell. I say, let us stand before the evils of our country, and try to ascertain their cause. Let our Christian Ministers do it. We are bound to do it. We are bound by our loyalty to our country, and above all by our loyalty to our common father, God. I go, then, to the prisons and ask, what brought you here? Out comes the answer, drink. I go into the workhouse and I ask, what brought you here? Out comes the answer, drink. I go to the lunatic asylum, still it is drink. I look down into the damnation of hell, and from millions of voices comes the response, drink. I am no philosopher, I am no orator, I am a plain, blunt man; but I have common sense enough to see that if we remove the cause the effect must cease. Christian brethren! If we could gather on some vast plain the myriads who have been cursed by drink, both victims and sufferers, what should we behold? Husband and wife, brother and sister, parents and children—ten thousand thousand sufferers! Oh, that I could make the Christian Church walk in procession right through the serried ranks, that their hearts might be wrung by the tears and cries of anguish of these sufferers.

Important People.

The story told lately about Matthew Arnold, and Thomas Carlyle is very characteristic, and deserves repetition. Matthew the immaculate, it seems, called on the "True Thomas" sometime before the death of the latter, and found him cold, dull, and depressed. He went away with the impression that it was all over with the "Sage," and, meeting a mutual friend, said so. Away hurried "friend" to Cheyne Row, and was rejoiced to find the "old man eloquent" greatly better. The question was casually asked if he had had any visitors lately. "Oh, yes. Mat. Arnold was here for about half an hour, talking away as usual mostly about himself." True to the letter about Matthew, but true also of a great many more who have less reason for being high minded than has the apostle of sweetness and light. Thomas himself had a very fair opinion of a certain personage who need not be named, and others of the *genus irritabile* have been, and are, equally impressed with a sense of the mighty obligations under which they have brought the world by the mere fact of their condescending to exist in it. There are poor fellows of this kind even in our midst, who are equally sure with Matthew that when the Almighty had finally fashioned them into shape, *he broke the mould*. The way in which these walk the streets, is a caution. They want to appear unconcerned, but cannot manage it. They are so haunted with the delusion that they are the observed of all observers, that their naturally weak, shambling gait becomes always weaker and more shambling, and they look as if they were sure that every knot of talkers at the street corners were speaking about them, and that passers were whispering to each other as he went by, "*That's he*," "and that!" Oh you donkeys! Don't, pray don't. You may walk the streets for ten hours a day for a month and nobody think of you, except by and bye, to enquire of a friend who those cross gartered, foolish-looking Malvolio sort of cads may be, who shake their heads and roll their eyes as if they were porcelain mandarins in a grocer's window. The world is too busy to take any notice of you, and if you were to hint that you are the celebrated so and so, rest assured the answer would not be flattering to your vanity.

Easily Changed.—Mark Twain in his "Tramp Abroad," gives the following:—When we got back to the hotel King Arthur's round table was ready for us in its white drapery, and the head waiter and his first assistant, in swallow tails and white cravats, brought in the soup and the hot plates at once. Mr. X. had ordered the dinner, and when the wine came on he picked up a bottle, glanced at the label, and then turned to the grave, the melancholy, the sepulchral head waiter, and said it was not the sort of wine he had asked for. The waiter picked up the bottle, cast his undertaker-eye on it and said, "It is true; I beg pardon." Then he turned on his subordinate and calmly said, "Bring another label!" At the same time he slid the present label off with his hand and laid it aside—it had been newly put on, its paste was still wet. When the new label came in he put it on—our French wine being now turned into German wine, according to desire. The head water went blandly about his other duties as if the working of this sort of miracle was a common and easy thing to him. Mr. X. said he had not known before that there were people honest enough to do this miracle in public, but he was aware that thousands upon thousands of labels were imported into America from Europe every year to enable dealers to furnish to their customers in a quiet and inexpensive way all the different kinds of foreign wines they might require.

The author of "Ben Bolt," Nat Baker, seventy years of age, is very ill at his home in Lynn, Massachusetts.

SCIENTIFIC CRUELTY.

A Sunday Among Some Parisian Medical Students—Shocking Experiments in Vivisection—Tortures of the Victims.

A Paris letter to the *Cincinnati Enquirer* says: I was standing under one of the trees on the Boulevard Montmartre, between 8 and 9 o'clock last Sunday evening, smoking a cigarette, undecided whether to step in for an hour at the Varieties, close by, or to stroll down the Boulevard des Italiens to the Theatre Cleverman, where Robert Houdin used to perform his mysteries. The two boulevards are really part of one long street, extending from the Bastile to Rue Madeline; but according to local custom the street is arbitrarily divided into half a dozen divisions, and a name given each division. Thus, the Boulevard de la Madeline, des Capucius, des Italiens, Montmartre, Poissoniere, etc., all form one long avenue—perhaps the most brilliant in Paris.

Certainly the cafes in this neighborhood are unrivaled. The boulevard was one blaze of light streaming from open doors and windows, and the walk was almost blocked by the spider-legged tables, about which were clustered well-dressed men and women, drinking coffee, wine, or absinthe, smoking cigarettes, and all talking at once. White-aproned garcons took unintelligible orders, and their shining slippers helped to increase the noise made by the hum of conversation and the clinking of glasses.

"Hello!" cried somebody, coming up behind me suddenly and clapping me on the shoulder. "Are you waiting for a *fille*?"

"Not any," said I, recognizing the voice as belonging to a young American friend who goes by the name of Georges among his companions, and who is finishing his medical studies here under a famous *docteur*, and, at the same time, taking more expensive lessons in worldly knowledge from the citoyens at large.

"Not any. In fact, I scarcely know what I am waiting for."

"Do you want a sensation?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think I can put you onto one. It is an old story to me, but the public in general will no doubt be interested in it. But, see here, I don't propose to let you

GIVE US AWAY ALTOGETHER.

If you recognize the locality to which I take you, I want you to keep mum about it."

"All right."

He whistled for an approaching cab, and when I had stepped inside he had a short confab with the driver. Then he seated himself beside me, and the door was slammed shut, and we rolled away at a fair rate of speed.

We went out the Boulevard Poissoniere to the Rue du Faubourg; thence along the Rue Lafayette to the Boulevard de Magenta, when, seeing that I was taking an interest in the route, Georges pulled down the curtains, and we were in total darkness. The general route had been in an easterly direction, tending slightly to the north, and when we alighted, about twenty minutes later, a hasty glance around convinced me that we were not far from Les Buttes Chaumont, a new and beautiful park, situated in the suburb Belleville.

By the light of a neighboring lamp my watch gave the time as five minutes to 10, showing that our drive had been continued for perhaps an hour and a half.

We walked rapidly through a number of crooked and dismal alleys, dimly lighted and almost deserted, when, after passing under an old wooden gateway and through a paved court, Georges finally paused, and gave two quick jerks at a porcelain bell handle. Then he rapped four times, and a two-inch wicket in the door flew open, the light from within streaming through it and illuminating the court wherein we were waiting. A few words—probably the passport—were whispered through the wicket, when finally the door was unlocked and we went in.

"All this mummery is not necessary," Georges told me, "but now and then the boys are engaged in experiments which would make things rather awkward for us, if we were surprised by the sergeants de ville."

The room was long, with a low ceiling, dimly lighted, and reeking with tobacco smoke. About a dozen students were gathered around a heavy table in the centre of the room, and not one of them looked up on our entrance. All the lamps in the room were supended over the table. Half a dozen sparrows were chirping in a cage near the door, and directly under them was a box, perhaps six feet long by two feet high, with a wire front. Two rabbits and a bunch of Guinea pigs, huddled together so closely as to make counting impossible, occupied the box.

A full-grown Newfoundland dog was chained to a ring in the wall about ten feet from the doorway, and was lying on his side, with his feet extended rigidly from him, in such an unnatural position that he seemed to be dead.

"Aha!" cried Georges, "he is gone at last?" He hurried over towards the dog, but had not reached him by five paces when the animal raised his head a few inches from the floor, held it up for a minute, and then dropped it again suddenly. The movement was just enough to show that it was not dead, and to attract attention to a muslin bandage which was bound tightly about its muzzle.

"That is to prevent his howling," George explained, "and if you will look closely you will see that his claws have been cut off, so that he can not tear the bandages with his feet."

"But why should he howl?"

"He is starving to death, man. He has

HAD NO FOOD FOR TWO WEEKS,

and I though that at last he was dead when I came in a moment ago.

"Several of us want to see how starvation affects the various organs, and as soon as he is dead we mean to dissect him and satisfy ourselves. Cruel? Oh, yes, of course it seems cruel to you, but wait until the night is over before you talk about cruelty.

"Most of the experiments that we perform here have been previously performed at the colleges by the professors in the presence of the classes. But a man can not satisfy himself on all the points at one demonstration, and so we meet here to perform an operation over and over again until every one of us is satisfied."

The table about which the students were gathered had a depression in the centre, from which a narrow trough led downward to a bucket on the floor. A tall young man with a pair of blonde mustaches and an imperial was holding a little black terrier over the depression, while a companion neatly slit its throat lengthwise from chin to chest. In spite of the fact that this dog's muzzle was bound like the others it gave vent to several inarticulate cries that made me sick. But not a student banlched. They pressed around, while the manipulator bared the little creature's vein and stretched it out upon a sheet of smooth edged glass. He next produced a small bottle, and with the utmost care slowly dropped from it a liquid upon the bared vein.

"That is a deadly poison," Georges explained. "The experiment is an old one, designed to illustrate the absorptive qualities of the venal walls."

The muscles of the terrier began to twitch violently when the poison made its way through the walls of the vein into the blood, and after a couple of minutes his whole body was convulsed with a spasm that made it almost impossible to hold him in position. The convulsion continued for another minute, and his cries become louder and more continuous. In six minutes after we approached the table the dog was dead.

Three of the students seized the body and carried it away for dissection.

A bell glass, which contained rather less than a cubic foot of air, was next pushed into sight, showing that a sparrow was imprisoned under it. The bird hopped feebly about, and made no demonstration when a companion was put in to share its captivity.

"The first bird has been imprisoned under the glass for exactly one hour," came the explanation, "and yet there is no doubt that the bird which has just been placed with it will be the first to succumb to the influence of the vitriated air, showing conclusively that one who is gradually inured to breathing bad air can endure it much better than one suddenly thrust into the foul atmosphere."

In four minutes the second bird was dead, while the other, which had been imprisoned sixteen times as long, was able to fly up to its perch when it was placed in the cage with the others.

A squealing guinea pig was tortured by the insertion of a flexable needle in each of its ears, for the purpose of destroying the ear-drums, preliminary to proving that total deafness does not follow their destruction.

Several live pigeons and a rabbit were carved for various reasons, and then a young black and white bull-pup, which had been worrying an old shoe and chasing his tail about the room all evening, was secured in the trough.

An emetic was administered to him, but before it could take effect an incision was made in his abdomen, and with the aid of a pair of forceps

HIS STOMACH WAS DRAWN OUT

through the aperture. He struggled violently and made spasmodic efforts to vomit, but, to the delight of the demonstrator, his efforts were in vain.

"This experiment," explained the young man conducting it, "has been tried before many times; but it is so beautiful that it will be tried many times in the future. It proves conclusively that the ability to vomit does not rest in the stomach, but in the muscles of the abdomen and in the diaphragm. See." He pressed the exposed stomach between his hand as a child presses a hollow rubber ball, and immediately vomiting was produced.

"Do you never use ether, chloroform, or some anæsthetic before operating on your victims?" I asked.

"We can not afford it. Besides the professors in the college use none."

"Bah!" cried a student near us. "Why should we use anything of that kind? We do not care for any human consideration that will stand between us and knowledge, and the suffering of a dog or cat does not weigh with us the value of one pin."

After a little scuffling the remaining rabbit was captured and brought to the operating table, where the skin was neatly cut away from the top of his head and turned over his eyes in the shape of two bleeding flaps. A circular piece was then delicately sawed out of his skull, a portion of the brain scooped out with a spoon-like instrument, the bit of skull replaced, the flaps sewed in their normal position and the rabbit released. It reeled about the table in a dazed manner, to the great delight of the students, who began to twit each other with walking in that manner over-come by Mother Chupin's vin ordinaire.

Altogether, it was a very edifying Sunday evening, such as can be spent in no other city but Paris. No doubt Cincinnati has its vivisectors. Philadelphia and New York medical colleges give public exhibitions in vivisection, I am positive; but I doubt that even in those cities the students hack and carve living flesh and bone with one-tenth the carelessness witnessed by me last night.

A Battle with the Sea.

Frank Cole, of Saco, Me., had a thrilling experience recently while returning to that town in a row boat from the life saving station, where he had been duck shooting. A fierce northwestern gale was blowing and there was a very heavy sea. Mr. Cole rounded East Point with great difficulty, then pulled in near the shore. Capt. James Goldthwaite, of the life saving station, was watching the young man. The Biddeford *Times* gives Cole's experience:

"Immediately after Cole rounded the point a large breaker came rolling in towards him and with great force the sea struck the boat, lifting the bow out of the water and knocking Cole fully ten feet away. He was dressed very heavily, and this impeded his motions to keep above water. He had on rubber boots, heavy underclothing, two thick woollen shirts, vest with several shells in the pocket, a revolver that weighed a pound and a half, and seventy-five cartridges in another pocket, an outside coat, and over all he wore an oil suit. But being an expert swimmer he struck out and finally managed to regain the boat, which had upset, and reaching in got hold of the centre board box. Another heavy sea came dashing in at this moment and washed him away a few feet. He again swam and regained his hold on the boat. Capt. Goldthwaite was now on the shore watching him, and had signalled to the station that something was wrong. He shouted to Cole to hold on to the boat, and the latter now thinks he heard him, and that this must have encouraged him. A few seconds after he had regained the boat for the second time, a huge wave, the biggest that had yet struck him, came and washed over him. For a short time nothing could be seen on shore of either man or boat. Cole had seen the wave coming, and, taking a firm grip, had ducked his head and gone under. The wave just struck the top of his head, taking off his hat with the same force as if he had been dealt a heavy blow with a club. A third wave took him ashore on the ledge and took him back again. The fourth took him into water about breast high, and he let go his grip upon the boat and managed to get ashore. The next day brought the boat near shore, and Cole, with Capt. Goldthwaite's assistance, drew it up out of the water. A breech-loading shotgun, valued at $60, was lost overboard when the boat upset. Cole was taken to a life-saving station, where he was rubbed down and provided with dry clothes. Capt. Goldthwaite and his men did all in their power to make him comfortable, and are deserving of all credit. Mr. Cole has been accustomed to the water since a mere child, and is an adept at handling boats. 'When I struck upon my back in the water, after being thrown out of my boat,' said he, 'I thought that was the last of me.' He has every reason to be thankful for his providential escape."

Convict and Parson Immersed.

Just after daylight recently, a band of colored persons marched to the water's edge on the Ohio, just below the Newport and Cincinnati Railway bridge, and directly opposite Sausage Row, Cincinnati, where the vilest negro desperadoes resort. They had come to take part in the ceremony of baptizing by immersion a newly-converted sister. The weather was very cool, and the early morning, when few people were stirring, was chosen to escape interruption. After a song and a prayer, the gowned minister and the candidate—a coal-black stout young girl—waded slowly into the chilling water. The girl shivered at first, but exhorted by the minister, she followed him until he halted where the water was waist deep. Suddenly she made the Kentucky shore echo these words:

"Lord-a-massa, I can't stan' dis; lemme go!"

"But remember the Master's command, dear sister, and don't turn back to the wicked world," said the minister.

"But I mus' go; it'll kill me, I know it will," the girl replied.

She made a desperate effort to escape, but the parson held on, saying as he struggled with his obstinate convert. "Yo' head mus' go under." In the effort to duck the girl's head both went under beyond their depth. They soon rose to the surface and floated down stream, shouting for help. Boats were at hand, and they were rescued in the usual way. Now the colored theologians are discussing whether or not this was a Christian baptism.

Waistcoats of all kinds superimposed, on the bodice or corsage, grow more and more popular.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

How a Man Escaped from the Gallows to Die on His Release from Jail.

A telegram from Lackawaxen, Pa., to the New York *Times* says: Thirty-six years ago this month two young Irishmen emigrated to this country together. Their names were Andrew Callinghan and Hugh Gilfillan. In 1848 they were both members of a gang of laborers employed in the construction of the New York and Erie Railroad, and were working at this place. Late in the fall of that year Gilfillan gave up his situation and went to Ohio, where he intended to engage in farming. Callinghan remained in the employ of the railroad company. The aqueduct which carries the Delaware and Hudson canal across the river at this place was then building, under the direction of John A. Roebling. Among the men employed on this work were several English carpenters, and there was such a strong enmity between them and the Irish railroad laborers that serious brawls and fights were of almost daily occurrence. On a point of land formed by the junction of the Delaware and Lackawaxen rivers there stood at the time an ancient raftman's tavern, kept by a man named Dutcher. The carpenters boarded at that tavern, the railroad laborers being quartered at a railroad boarding shanty. The appearance of any of the latter at the tavern, or of the former at the shanty, was certain to be followed by a fight.

On the 13th of December, 1848, two weeks after Gilfillan left for the west, Callinghan and a number of other laborers went to the tavern during noon hour. The carpenters had just come for their dinner. The Irishmen were in the bar-room in the basement. A young Englishman named George Keys made the remark, as he went up stairs to the dining room, that if the Irishmen were not out of the bar room when he came down from his dinner he would throw them out. When he returned the laborers were still there, and he proceeded forthwith to carry out his threat. Callinghan drew a knife and killed Keys by stabbing him to the heart. Callinghan was arrested and lodged in jail at Milford. He was tried at the February term of the Pike county court in 1849, found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hanged. A motion for a new trial was overruled. The year 1849 was the last one of the term of the governor then occupying the chair in Pennsylvania, and it expired without the incumbent having signed Callinghan's death warrant. His successor declined to sign the warrant. Callinghan lay in jail, in daily expectation of hearing his doom announced, from February, 1849, until November, 1852, without his case being settled. Those now living who visited him in his cell describe the effect which the great suspense to which he was subjected had upon him as having been terrible. When he was placed in prison he was a strong, robust man but the daily watch that he maintained for nearly four years for some news of what his fate was to be wore him almost to a shadow. He would frequently beg to be taken out and hanged, or for some one to kill him and put him out of his misery. In November, 1852, application was made to the supreme court, of which Jeremiah S. Black was the chief justice, for a writ of error, in order that Callinghan's case might be reviewed. The writ was issued, and argument on it resulted in Callinghan's discharge from custody. He was a dying man when he stepped from the prison, and lived but a short time, dying in Orange County, New York. This extraordinary chapter in the criminal records of Pike county was entirely unknown to the present generation, and had almost been forgotten by the older inhabitants, and it is now recalled, and for the first time given publicity, by the appearance here a few days since of Hugh Gilfillan, the companion of Callinghan nearly forty years ago, in search of intelligence of his friend. He had not heard a word from him since he went to Ohio, in 1848. Gilfillan had remained in Ohio but a year or so, and then emigrated to California. There he made money as a contractor, and returned east with a large fortune, intending to hunt up Callinghan if possible, and return to Ireland. His inquiries resulted in recalling the above sad story of his friend's career. The story being substantiated by the records of the county, Gilfillan declared that he could not return to his native land and carry such tidings of Callinghan's melancholy end to his friends, but that he would return to the west and there spend the rest of his days.

French Newspapers and Theatres.

A daily English paper has been lately started in Paris called *The Morning News*, and in the matter of news it is giving a lesson to the French journals, for it contains the latest information from all parts of the world, whereas the French newspapers only favor their readers with the meagre telegrams of the Agence Havas, which are generally two or three days behind any other telegraphic source of information. There are two things that I never have understood—viz., why the French, who pass half their day reading newspapers, and another considerable portion of it in theatres, do not rise up and periodically hang a newspaper editor and theatrical manager. The newspapers generally contain an article upon the state of political parties, puffing that which the particular journal represents; a city article recommending the purchase of some particular security in which those connected with the journal are interested; about half a dozen bad jokes; the same number of *faits divers*; a dozen or two extracts from contemporaries, generally beginning: "Our talented and sympathetic *confrere* ——— writes:" and a considerable number of paragraphs which are paid for, urging all to buy their washes, soap, and other such articles.

The theatres—I am not speaking of the acting—are perhaps a shade worse than the newspapers. They are invariably filthy, and so ill ventilated that when it is warm one is almost stifled. The seats are narrow, too close together, and generally ill constructed. Unless a premium be paid, it is difficult to get one from whence the stage can be seen. The corridors are pervaded by hideous old hags, called *ouvreuses*, and these ancient harridans almost tear the cloaks off the backs of the ladies in order to obtain a fee for keeping them. Their idea of restoring them is to hurl them at the owners while the last act is proceeding. But *la petit banc* nuisance is even still worse. The hags thrust little wooden stools under the feet of ladies, whether they want them or not, and then, before the play is over, come round and demand payment for them. Why, therefore, I ask, should this newspaper reading and theatre-going nation be perpetually running amuck at its rulers, and not rise up against the tyranny of its newspaper editors and its theatrical managers?—*London Truth.*

These wretched masher fellows are again coming to the front. Is there no possibility of putting them down once and for all? Ottawa seems especially bothered with the miserable tribe. A good hearty thrashing after all seems to be about the best thing for them. Truth would vote for a leather medal to every man who thrashed a fellow that speaks to ladies or girls on the streets, and if the thrashing went the length of laming, there does not seem to be any great reason for objecting. The most detestable of the crew are those who have got rather up in years. No pity should be shown to grey-headed lechers. Not only ought their stove pipes to be smashed over their eyes, the eyes themselves ought to be pretty well blackened and closed up. It is a clear case where lynching is to be regarded as justifiable. In Toronto there are some noticeable creatures of this order but not so many as might be expected.

Silk cardigan jackets will be worn under dressy cloaks for extra warmth as the season advances.

How Workingmen May Help Themselves.

BY CANON FARRAR.

I met with a passage in the *Times*, which gave me some insight into this, and I never was so startled in my life. It is a quotation from the *Lancet*, which is, I believe, the leading medical paper. The passage contains the statistics derived from twelve of the leading London hospitals, and there is a list of the amount of beer and spirits taken by numbers of the working classes who have been in these twelve great London hospitals during the last year. There are some fifty instances; I will only give you a few. It says that many of these patients were there because of their previous habits, and here is the quotation showing what certain patients are reported to have been accustomed to previous to admission. One had a daily consumption of ten pints of beer and ten glasses of whiskey, aged 33; one hard drinker, chiefly of rum, aged 30; another indulged in great excesses, often drank two bottles of brandy a day, aged 43; one, eight pints of beer a day, aged 42; one or two pints of beer a day, with ten glasses of spirits, aged 36; one, ten or twelve pints of beer a-day and four glasses of whiskey, aged 22; one twelve pints of beer, and eight glasses of spirits, aged 38; and so on. Fifty or sixty items of this kind, ending with, "The largest consumer of beer said he never exceeded 26 pints a day, aged 35; the largest consumer of spirits only took twenty to thirty glasses of gin daily, aged 30."

Now these are not statistics invented by me, or by anybody. The facts are taken and recorded by purely disinterested persons, and the remarkable thing is that in the long list only one total abstainer can be discovered. Another thing is the absence of high ages. A third is that a large proportion of these diseases are self-induced. A single ounce of fact is worth a ton of argument and reason. And I put these plain facts before you as a proof not only of the vast quantities of drink taken at very young ages by members of the working class, but also that they are taken by a class which, as I said, can least afford that enormous drain upon their resources.

And now, perhaps, you will answer me—"Very well, this man spent sixpence a day on something that was good for him—beer." In answer to that I will simply say that whether it is good or not, this is certain—it is not necessary; and our illustrious chairman, to-night, Dr. Richardson, has done more than any living man to bring home to the minds of Englishmen the truth that alcohol is not in any way necessary as food. He would say—and I believe with absolute scientific truth on his side—that it is not a food. That I will not say, because I know it is disputed; but at any rate it is not a necessary food. Baron Liebig came to the conclusion that nine quarts of beer contain exactly as much nourishment as you might put in a little sprinkling of meal, or on the end of a table knife. In other words, if you were to spend £36 in buying so many gallons of beer, you would have bought as much nourishment only as you could get out of a 5 pound loaf.

That it is not necessary for health, I think is capable of the most easy proof. I believe there are a great many people who say that after middle age they do find it useful to them. I think that is only because they have not discovered something which, without any danger to themselves, would produce the same result. But that alcohol is not a necessity for health can be proved in one moment by the fact that there are hundreds of thousands—it is said 5,000,000, but I do not know—of total abstainers in England who are notoriously as healthy a body as all England contains. It is proved decisively and irresistibly by the fact that there is, it is safe to say, less mortality among the 20,000 now in prison in England than among any other body, and there is no way of accounting for that so decisively as the fact that from the moment that they enter the prison, no matter how large their previous consumption of beer, they are not allowed a single drop, and the fact of their being deprived of alcohol is one of the cases which tend to their extraordinary longevity.

Changed.

There is scarcely a man so hardened but that one tender spot may be found in his heart. If that is gently touched, the man responds.

At a religious meeting in Scotland, the following anecdote was told because it illustrated a drunkard's sensitiveness to the influence of a dead child whom he had tenderly loved.

A fisherman, who habitually drank to excess, used to sail from a small cove on the Scotch coast to the fishing-grounds, several miles out in the ocean. There was no light-house to guide him, not even a beacon-light, and the channel was intricate. When the fisherman had taken a drop too much and night had fallen, it was dangerous work entering that cove.

His little son used to watch for his father's coming, and as soon as he saw him he would run down to the point, and cry out,—

"Steer straight for me, father and you'll get safe home!"

The boy died, and one evening the father was sitting at the lonely fireside. His conscience troubled him, for he had been thinking over the sins of his life. As the night settled down, he thought he heard the voice of his boy ring out through the darkness,—

"Steer straight for me, father, and you'll get safe home."

Springing to his feet, he called out,—

"You're right this time, my son!"

From that moment he was a changed man, one whose sobriety and pious life attested the genuineness of his conviction of truth and his purpose.

"Judge not." Despair not of any soul, whatever may be its lapses. You know not its secrets, its struggles, its prayers. A right word may rouse its latent energies, and a simple incident may give force to the wing of right resolutions, when discipline, dangers, and the most solemn events have failed.—*Youth's Companion.*

Jean Trottet's Heroic Life.

A man who, by dint of sheer courage and energy overcame almost insuperable difficulties and showed that life, even when it seemed almost a curse, may be well worth living, died recently at Arare, in the canton of Geneva. Jean Trottet, the man in question, was born in 1834 without hands and without feet. His short arms were pointed, and his legs, such as they were, not being available for progression, he was able to move only by twisting his body from side to side. His case greatly interested the surgeons of the neighborhood, and local Barnums made the parents, well-to-do peasants, many tempting offers to turn their child's misfortune to account by exhibiting him about the country. But these offers were invariably declined, and when Jean was old enough he was sent to school. In writing he had his pen at the bend of the elbow, and as he grew older he took great interest in husbandry, became an active hay maker, used the reins with dexterity, and was so good a shot that he often carried off the first prize at the village fairs. He enjoyed, too, some reputation for sagacity, was consulted by his neighbors on matters of importance, and has left behind him a widow and four children amply provided for.—*Geneva Cor. London Times.*

FASHION NOTES.

Wool costumes are the correct street wear.

Steel soutache appears among metallic braids.

Blouse effects on tight waists remain in favor.

Paris affects English fashions at the moment.

Steel soutache on gray velvet is considered very *chic*.

There is a return of favor to clinging dress draperies.

Russian green combines with black, gray, or deep red.

Silk costumes are relegated to house and carriage wear.

The name Fedora is given to a very handsome new long pelisse.

Silk flounces are vandyked, scalloped, and sometimes pinked.

Basques, as a rule, are short, and are pointed both back and front.

Black stockings remain the first favorite of fashionable women.

Brides on the continent no longer wear gloves at the ceremony.

Balmoral skirts are wider, but the yoke about the hips is invariable.

The silks, satins, and brocades of this season are dazzingly beautiful.

It is again fashionable to wear a fancy pin in the bonnet bow under the chin.

Velveteen is an exploded name; all velvet pile stuffs take the general name of velvet.

Colored flannel skirts edged with woollen lace are preferred to white ones or balmorals.

The sabot sleeve, full its own length, and so popular in England, is gaining favor here.

Of all the forms of the feminine waistcoat that of fur bids fair to be the most popular.

Parisian dressmakers discard all sleeves except the close coat sleeve for street costumes.

The fashionable silvery gray is called *fumée de bois*, or wood smoke, to distinguish it from the brown London smoke; the new red is *rouge sanglant*, or blood red.

Long pelisses, made of finely-checked tweeds or cheviots, and trimmed with five-inch bands of fur, will be much worn upon the promenade this winter.

To freshen up last season's dresses loose scarfs of surah draped like a Moliere vest to fall in two puffs are used; they have a velvet or lace collar, and are easily adjusted to a plain wast.

Scarfs, panels, either plain or kilted, sashes, waistcoats, and Watteau tunics, made of Roman striped or plaided merveilleux, are again worn as accessories to dresses of a dark monochrome.

Ladies' cloth of darkest cardinal, made with the skirts laid in wide panels with kilts intersecting, the panels covered with Russian embroidery in colors of cardinal, green, and gold, compose one of the most stylish and elegant of walking costumes of the season. The long apron overskirt is caught up with colored silk cords, and the cardinal velvet shoulder-cape is lined with plaided surah in colors matching the shades of the embroidery.

Many plush capes are worn just now, and with a good deal of wadding; they are nearly as warm as fur. The collars are high, and half sleeves set in in the fashionable way. In color they are expected to match the costume worn with them, or, otherwise, to correspond to that of the dress trimmings. A new shade of plush, very thick and heavy, exactly matching the color of natural beaver, it is much used for pelerines and shoulder capes. These come with jockey caps and muffs to match.

Small fruits, including rosy apples, pears, apricots, plums, grapes, and peaches of natural size, are seen upon the newly-arrived brocaded velvets and satins from Lyons. A deep orange-colored satin shot with silver is now exhibited by a New York firm. This groundwork is brocaded with large crimson velvet egg-plums in clusters. Another pattern has a ground of silver-colored Ottoman silk of unusually heavy cord, brocaded with deep-red coxcomb flowers of natural size; and a heavy white Ottoman silk is covered with white thistle-blooms, the feathery portion being made by full tufts of raised chenille.

The new "Spanish mantle," which is to take the place of the hackneyed fur-lined circular with those who seek for novelty in attire, is very becoming to tall, slender ladies. This wrap is uncommonly elegant and graceful, and is made of black brocaded velvet and trimmed around the entire garment with black Russian fox. Around the neck is a very deep collar of the same fur, which covers the shoulder like a cape. The wrap is lined with dark red plush and is much too heavy for street wear, being designed expressly for carriage use, and as a garment to be thrown aside in a heated room. Models much in the same style for promenade wear are made of brocaded satin or velvet, lined with quilted satin, and trimmed with chenille fringes, fur, or ziblinette.

Fur is always the handsomest of winter trimmings, and the fortunate possessor of good furs need not follow the prevailing craze for marabout. It wears like that of ziblinette, is by no means satisfactory, and though comparatively inexpensive, the necessity for frequent renewal materially increases the original cost of the mantel or dress of which marabout is the adjunct. Nevertheless, motives of economy do not deter people from wearing a great deal of marabout trimming. It is certainly very light and fleecy looking, and always becoming, and is very pretty for trimming house dresses. Marabout is dyed most of the new delicate tints, as well as in the deep artistic shades of green olive, brown, ruby, and blue.

How to Train a Boy.

The modern prejudice against corporal punishment does not seem to have penetrated to India. A magistrate of the cantonment of Secunderabad recently received the following petition from a parent: "I most humbly and respectfully beg to bring to your Honor's kind notice that my son, aged about 15 years, instead of going to school, joins bad company, goes to the tank to catch fish, and loses his time vainly wandering here and there. The schoolmaster warned him and flogged him several times; he never cares to. I request your Honor to permit me to have a chain for one of his legs, with a log of wood attached to the same, in order that he may feel ashamed, and leave his bad actions, for which act of grace he shall every pray."

Women have tact always, and frequently a talent for making themselves agreeable to new acquaintances. A lady sojourning at a certain New England resort this summer was introduced to another lady who had registered from Cleveland. "So you are from Ohio," graciously commenced the former; "what is your husband a candidate for?"

Ethel—I can't see what Maud can see in that ungainly, awkward Capt. Heavitree. Madge—My dear, it's becoming perfectly absurd. Only think! The gardener told the cook yesterday that he hoped the Capt would stay for another fortnight, for positively there was no necessity to roll the gravel walks while they kept company promenading up and down.

Advices to those about to marry are always in order, and are generally disregarded. Some old curmudgeons simply say, Don't. Others condescend to particulars and say, Don't marry for money or beauty or showy accomplishments, but for virtue and truth and genuine affection. All very easily said. But when a wretched young fellow is in love doesn't he see all virtues in his beloved whether they are there or not?

Where to Walk.

A crowd of loves from sea and land
Come buzzing, twinkling, all about me,
Whene'er I take my stick in hand,
Declaring none will leave without me.

But one pulls this way and one that
And sore perplexed am I among them;
For if I go with this pert brat
The others all will swear I wrong them.

"Think of the pines," one urchin cries,
"A sighing in yon perfumed hollow."
"Nay, think of my dear Fount's blue eyes,"
Another says, "and me you'll follow."

The Sea that shows her laughing teeth,
The Rivulet that runs to meet me,
The Bramble bank, that throws its wreath,
Thorn-set, about my knees to greet me—

Each an embassador will send
Instructed not to leave without me,
So to some new retreat I'll wend,
And take them fluttering all about me.

—*Roger Riordan, in October Century.*

PRETTY MISS BROADLANDS.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

Some people seemed to think that it was almost a pity Miss Broadlands should be so liberally endowed. "She is so pretty, and she is so rich," they said, a little sadly, and they appeared to owe her a grudge for having so much. If she had been simply pretty, or simply rich, it would not have been so hard to bear, and they could have forgiven her more easily. Lovers? Of course they were always about her. Sending flowers and bonbons, writing verses, and dedicating symphonies to her charms.

"Quite natural that a girl with a fortune should not lack suitors," a friend said to her one day. "How many do you think you would keep, dear, if you were as poor as my girls?"

"Few, no doubt," she answered, gayly; but the shaft went home.

She became more indifferent than before; but this very indifference piqued and pleased her admirers. Every one of them believed himself able to overcome it; they wanted all the more what was out of their reach; it surrounded her with an atmosphere of mystery; they could not understand her. Constant Stanley, however, flattered himself that he had penetrated her fine reserve, and perhaps this was merely because Miss Broadlands was nearer being in love with him than with any one she had ever met; since she half suspected that her personality attracted him, and not her purse; that her money was but dross in his eyes; because she was more receptive to his flatteries, did not laugh at his half-tender nonsense, and toss it back to him with pretty sarcasm and raillery.

"If I am ever obliged to earn my living," she said on one occasion, when the subject of woman's wages and work was under discussion, "I shall become a nurse."

"Heaven grant that I may be an invalid at that time!" said Constant.

"And I," put in another admirer, "will be the attending physician."

"You could do something better than that," Constant added, aside; "you could keep house for me."

"If everybody were only sincere," she thought, regarding him, "and never flirted or talked to pass the time merely; if money were not the root of evil!"

Miss Broadlands was all alone in the world, with her beauty and her money, but she filled her splendid house with company, or she passed the time at some gay summer resort with friends; sometimes she made a pilgrimage to her man of business, Mr. Stanhope, living in a neighboring city, in order to know how she stood, she said. After her return from one of these visits at one time it was observed by a few of the sharp-sighted that she no longer entertained as freely as before; presently she had sold her saddle-horse. "I am going to try walking," she exclaimed. "The doctors think it is healthier for me."

"But you are the picture of health," said Constant, with a tender glance.

"Yes; but an ounce of prevention, you know, is worth a pound of cure."

Presently it leaked out that she had sold a lot from her ample garden, and one day the town was electrified to find the Broadlands estate under the hammer. Miss Broadlands had gone away some months before, and it was rumored that she was in a training school for nurses—a rumor which was confirmed when she returned to enter a hospital of the city in the capacity of a nurse. Those who had grudged her her good fortune now said: "She is so pretty that pity is thrown away upon her; beauty is dower enough. No doubt it is hard to lose money, but it is harder still never to have had any to lose." And her lovers? "She is so busy," they said, "we can not see her unless we fall ill or go mad." However, there were no more flowers heaped upon her, verses and symphonies were no longer inscribed to her name. She had passed out of fashion. But Miss Broadlands was not discomforted. It was a new world, this world of patients, where she was a shining light. She had wearied of that other world of sham lovers and fashion. Here she was secure; nobody could be tempted to make love to her ever again, unless his heart were in it. Constant Stanley had been called abroad, by the serious illness of his father at a German spa, before the final sale of Broadlands, which place, however, remained untenanted by the purchaser, whoever he was. Her other lovers had been weighed in the balance and found wanting; how would it be with him? Was he true enough to love her whether her circumstances were splendid or mean? But he was scarcely ashore before he sought her out; when she had a spare hour he claimed and filled it. Her room now was never without the flowers she loved best; sunshine seemed to have entered into the shady places of her life all at once. Heaven, after all her misgivings, had reserved this happiness for her—Constant loved her. "What a thing love is, world without end!"

When she walked in the Park for recreation, strangers turned and looked after her, and people whispered, "Pretty Miss Broadlands; poverty agrees with her wonderfully." There was an air of romance about her which stimulated the imagination at this time, as if she were keeping some delicious secret in reserve. Constant Stanley had been painting her as Guinevere, in his picture intended for the approaching exhibition.

"I will make that smile immortal," he said, at one of the sittings; "the light of those eyes shall shine for ages on my canvas; that perfect bloom shall bless the earth when you and I, dear, are disembodied. Come"—changing his key—"when will you have done with this hateful task of yours? I am jealous of your patients. I shall go mad myself presently, in order to receive your ministrations."

"Hush!" she said, smiling; "you talk like a madman already."

"Bewitched by your charms, I shall need but two more sittings—only two. I wish it were a million; I wish we might sit here together for æons, you and I—I painting, you posing. I have half a mind to rub the whole thing out and begin again, just for the love of painting it over, of keeping you here before me. Do you know that you are more beautiful than ever?" And he drew his brush across the canvas as he spoke, obliterating the immortal smile, the light in the wide open eyes, the bloom upon the oval cheek.

"Foolish boy!" she said, "you will turn my head. If I am beautiful, remember that it can not last. Look at old Mrs. Baugs—she was a beauty in her day; look at her parchment skin, at her dim, cavernous eyes, at her shrunken tissues and muscles. Beauty is only a morning mist—it disappears."

Shall I change my allegiance for rancor
Because fortune changes her side?
Or shall I, like a vessel at anchor,
Veer with the veering tide?

he sang. "You will be always beautiful to me."

Miss Broadlands remembered that when, some weeks later, after an insane patient had thrown a vial of corrosive stuff into her face, she had courage to tie her veil across her bonnet and walk out into the Park again. Strangers no longer turned to look after her. "Poor Miss Broadlands," others murmured as she passed; never "Pretty Miss Broadlands." There was no longer such a person as pretty Miss Broadlands. She sat down on a rustic seat in a secluded part of the Park, and reflected upon the fact. Nurses with children in tow passed and repassed, the swans swam lazily about the pond, the swallows dipped low for insects, the sunset burned brightly in the west; now and then a pair of lovers sauntered by, and she shivered. Was it not her own fault, after all, that she was no longer pretty Miss Broadlands? Had she not taken her fortunes in her own hands? Had she any right to play the part she had chosen, even in a good cause? and was this the punishment? Had she lost everything but what she had pretended to lose? Everything that she cared to possess? Just then a shadow fell across her path, and Constant Stanley asked,

"May I sit here with you for a little while?"

"Yes," she answered, and she lifted the heavy folds of her veil and confronted him. "You will not care to sit long. You will never make my smile, my glance, my bloom, immortal on your canvas. You would not care to paint me through the æons now. Do you remember the night you told me I was more beautiful than ever?"

"I remember," he cried. "Shall I change my allegiance because fortune changes her side?"

"You can't help it. I don't blame you. You love beauty."

"I love you," and he kissed the scarred cheek.

Miss Broadlands had found her true lover at last—a lover who valued neither wealth nor beauty, and whom she had tested more heroically than she had meant to do. Had fate taken the affair out of her hands?

"A thousand congratulations, my dear Stanley," said Mr. Stanhope one day, meeting the artist. "Ah, you are doing a fine thing for yourself, my boy. Hist! not a word—I'll tell you a secret. You fancy you are marrying a beggar, eh! Nothing of the kind. On your wedding day I shall transfer Miss Broadlands's fortune into your hands intact! It is all a ruse, this poverty of hers. Has she ever said she was poor? No. You've all taken it for granted, and it's frightened her lovers away. You—you've stood the test."

"No jokes, Stanhope!" gasped Constant.

"Jokes! This is a solemn truth, thank your stars!"

As for Stanley, he felt as if a cold wind had blown them apart. The woman whom he believed all truth and sincerity practising a deep-laid scheme of deception! Since neither her beauty nor her money had won him, what was it he loved but the loftiness of her nature, and was there any loftiness, any nobility, in playing a part, even to test a lover? This is not the woman with whom he could spend a happy lifetime in glad confidence; this was not the woman he had loved. And so it happened that he left only a few lines of explanation for Miss Broadlands when he set out for the ends of the earth alone.

As for Miss Broadlands, she returned to the old homestead again. "She has recovered her money," people said, "but she will never be pretty Miss Broadlands again." It was years afterward that the picture of "Delilah," by an unknown artist, made a great stir in fashionable art circles. Miss Broadlands went to see it among others. There was the perfect smile, the liquid eyes, the flower-like bloom, the exquisite features immortalized.

"He remembers, after all," she thought. "He remembers."

Nobody else remarked that it was a portrait of pretty Miss Broadlands.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Sunday in London.

Talk about the Sunday law and its enforcement in Baltimore. It does not compare to the observance of that day in this great city. One hardly knows London today, after the bustle and whirl of yesterday. The stores are closed, the waggons have disappeared, the cabs seem to run more quietly, and the people seem almost afraid to speak aloud. What a contrast after a continental Sabbath! I was hungry this morning, and thought I would go to the Criterion to get a lunch. Imagine my surprise when I arrived at that great restaurant and found it closed, the Gaity and St. James likewise. All down the Strand, up in the West end, and even in "the city" the restaurants were closed tighter than the proverbial clam. Not a place to eat on Sunday save the dining room of a hotel. The chop-houses, the "grill rooms," and the "buffets" are all closed until 6 o'clock in the evening, and even the drinking-bars or ale-houses—as far as exteriors are concerned—are dark and inviting. Unless you know the proprietor, and can enter by the "family" or "wholesale liquor" entrance, there is no use trying to get in before 1 o'clock. There are plenty of churches to visit, and good sermons are preached, and the people seem to take advantage of this and go to church. At Spurgeon's tabernacle the crowd is always great, and every stranger pays it one visit at least. When you approach the entrance you are met by a verger or official, who gives you an envelope. This envelope requests you to give a contribution—a penny or more—and drop it in the box provided. The far-seeing, as well as the charitable, do this, and to them the side gate or door is open. The sexton places you in a back seat, and requests you to wait until 10.50 o'clock. The rule is, pew-holders must be in their seats by that time or lose their places. When the hour arrives the sexton tells you to go up the aisle and take any seat vacant. When those who have contributed are seated the great doors are opened and the crowd is admitted. Then the services begin.—*Cor. Baltimore American.*

Modern Architecture in London.

We have been using this "breathing time" of the year, remarks the London *Builder*, in making a tour of the metropolis in order to see what is doing, and how it is being done. And our rambles have been, on the whole, attended with the highest gratification. At no time within our memory has there been more original or refined work going on than at present. It would really seem as if we were at last on our way to the evolution of a new style or series of styles adapted to our age and wants; at any rate, it is becoming increasingly difficult to answer the layman's question: "What is the style of that building?" Our works are beginning to show "style" in its proper sense. We can point to façades in business thoroughfares marked by Greek feeling and refinement, without a single ancient feature or a single borrowed detail; and to others which have all the play and fancy of the best Renaissance work, with yet a distinctively home flavor; and again to others which preserve all the picturesqueness and variety of Flemish originals without any of the original irrational puerility. And in all this we see a stern regard to the demands of business. It is also quite apparent that the works alluded to are really the productions of the architects whose names are publicly associated thereon. We can trace their hands in each example, and see in each the idiosyncrasies of its author. Just as a painter can assign an author to every picture in an exhibition, so can anyone who is conversant with contemporary architecture assign with perfect certainty an author for each of the more noteworthy of the buildings he encounters. And this still can be done, notwithstanding the bare-faced imitation and purloining of characteristics to which all such work is subjected by followers more flattering than honest. But, side by side with such excellent work, there are structures marked by every fault to which architecture is amenable; ill-proportioned, ill-designed, ill-constructed; they meet us at every turn, "blasting their wholesome brothers." These are the works of mediocrity, and they abound.

The confirmed egotist is an "I" sore to thoughtful visitors.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL

A Distinguished Visitor's Impressions of American Men and Children.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," rang out a sonorous voice from the parlor of the residence of Mr. Peter L. Foy last evening as the announcement was made that a *Globe-Democrat* reporter was in waiting to see Monsignor Capel. A moment later the great ecclesiastic himself appeared with the jocose greeting, "So you have come to torment me! Well, what shall I say?"

As genial, pleasant and companionable a man as one could meet; a laughing eye, which can grow severe at times; a clear-cut face, not too prominent nose, fine head, handsome mouth, the profile rather of the Italian than the native Englishman; a form of somewhat more than medium height, inclined to obesity; these are the outward characteristics of the famous churchman visitor to St. Louis. His face and general bearing betray conscious power, yet affability to every one he meets is his greatest charm.

The reporter had ample opportunity to observe closely the remarkable man whose fame is world-wide. Easy in conversation, he evidently delights to talk, as his auditors are delighted to listen. His observations and criticisms upon men and things are peculiar and pleasing. As to his impressions of America, he frankly says he has none to give. "I will wait until I have seen more of the country, and then give my impressions when I get back to England."

"You will remain in this country for some time, then?"

"Yes. My leave has been extended, and I will remain in the United States until next May."

"Have you realised your expectations of your visit to this country?"

"I have always had a very warm side for the American people. I can say I love them. At the time of the beginning of your civil war I was at Pau, in Southern France, where I met many from the United States, mainly Southerners, I also had many American boys for pupils and learned to like them. They were manly, generous and truthful. Whenever they gave me their word of honor I could rely upon it implicitly. I have always been treated so kindly by Americans that I have a very warm side for them. For more than twenty years I have had intimate relations with many of them, and I find a refinement, a delicacy, a generosity existing in their character which many foreigners have failed to acknowledge."

Referring to impressions he continued, "I have made but one statement since I have been here, and that was at a private house, where I thought my utterances could not possibly reach the press. I was talking to some young men, and told them the great mistake they made was not in educating themselves better and more thoroughly. The women of this country are better educated than the men, and this can but have a baneful effect. Poland is a historical example of it. It is the cause of more divorces in your country than anything else. Your young men go to work at 16. There sisters do not marry at 16, nor 17; they begin to marry at 18. They do not sit twirling their fingers all the time. They read and improve their minds, and read works their brothers are too tired to peruse when they come home from work. Their sisters marry some good fellow who has an income of $5,000 or $6,000 a year, for in marrying so they know they can secure the comforts of life. The husband is thoroughly good-hearted and generous, and that is not all a woman wants. She wants refinement and culture as well. Her husband is not her equal. No nation can survive where the women are better educated than the men.

"There is a peculiarity I have noticed here," he went on, changing the subject, "and that is, there are no children in the United States. They are little men and women. Precocity you would call it. I love children and never fail to talk to them. The children here talk like old people, dress in furbelows and jewellery, just as if they had come out of a Paris shop, and act like grown people. It is the strength and glory of England that children are children up to at least 16 years of age."

"You find a vast difference between England and America, in more ways than one, do you not?"

"A very great difference. There is a sense of roominess here that is exhilarating. Every thing is big. Look at these rooms. Each one is large enough for several people to live in. That is the way with your country. There is a sense of freedom everywhere.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Rattlesnake Catcher.

John C. Geer, of Long Eddy, a veteran rattlesnake catcher, has just shipped four rattlers, averaging over four feet in length, to a museum in Rochester. Mr. Geer does a lively business in rattlesnakes. He catches them for travelling shows and menageries, and sells them at a good round price. His method of capture is very simple. With his feet encased in a pair of heavy cowhide boots, through which the fangs of the snake can not penetrate, he goes out into the woods only a short distance from his farm-house. Armed with a heavy cane he walks along until he sees or hears a rattler. If it is coiled up a blow with the cane will straighten it out, and while it is uncoiled it can not strike. Holding it firmly back of the head with the cane, he slips a small hood of thick woollen cloth over its head and ties it fast. The snake can then wriggle and strike as much as it pleases—it is harmless. After two or three are captured they are put into a bag and are carried home. There they are put into a box specially prepared for their reception, having a front of thick plate glass. At first they are furious and writhe and plunge about, striking at the sides of the box in a most extraordinary manner, but they finally quiet down and take kindly to their new quarters. They are fed three times a day regularly. Their food consists of frogs, mice, gophers, and sometimes small birds. Mr. Greer says August is the most dangerous of all months for capturing the snakes, because they are shedding their skins and can not see; and so do not give the customary three alarm rattles. "Snakes is curious," said Mr. Geer. "Snakes is curious, and no mistake. These varmints never think of biting at any other time of the year without calling out a warning 'cept in August, and then they are fearfully touchy. I suppose it's because, as they can't see, they are afraid of being hurt all the time. More people get bit by rattlesnakes in August than in all the rest of the year put together. You see, the varments, bein' so blind, don't know where they crawl to, and often they curl themselves up right alongside of the road, and sometimes in the middle of it. They are very sensitive, and the minute they hear any one near them they try to bite. That's why so many of these city folks who come up in the Sullivan county mountains for rest, as they call it, get poisoned, and once in a while die. Most of 'em dies from fright, though, 'cause with proper care they can always be cured. After dark is the meanest time with rattlers in August. You see, generally the rattler goes to sleep at sundown, or if he is awake he is afraid and keeps quiet. But in August his tender hide and his eyes pain him so he can't sleep well, and he is just as apt as not to stretch himself out on one of the footpaths. If he does you can just bet that the man or woman who comes in his way gets bit.

Why is an Insolvent Act necessary? Why not let every one exercise his best judgment as to whom he shall trust, and give as little credit as possible? Perhaps, however, the country is not ready for cash. If so the more's the pity.

An æsthetic maiden up-town is the happy possessor of a snow-white dog. And when they go out for a week she puts a piece of court-plaster on the poor beast's jaw to make him look fashionable.

Fedora waistcoats are sometimes made of black and white Spanish lace or Escurial lace scarfs.

Scenes and Incidents in Sitka.

The misty rain did not prevent us from further exploration of the queer old town. The lower part is built of block houses, formerly occupied by soldiers, but now given over entirely to Indians. The beach is strewn with canoes just in from fishing, and women are busy cleaning the fish to dry and keeping an eye on the babies. Said babies, from six years down to infancy, are out on the Sound paddling around by themselves in canoes. On the common a crowd of Indian boys were playing base ball. Though all their talk was in native tongue, they cried in English, "out," "foul," "one strike," as they had learned from seeing sailors play. Their motions were very amusing, and their ball looked and felt like a potato tied up in a rag. A lot of girls sitting on a pile of high boulders overlooked the scene, and busied themselves in nursing rag dolls, whose wooden heads showed skill in carving that seems wonderful from these untaught people. These Indians are so superior in many ways to tribes of the plains that any progressive person would naturally become interested in their advancement. The Presbyterian Mission established a school here five years ago that, after a hard struggle, has at last come to a firm footing, and, with those at Wrangel and other ports, has done much to suppress witchcraft cruelties, and to teach Indian girls industry and virtue.

The chief is generally appointed special policeman for Indiantown. The present chief is "Captain Tom," a good officer, having great influence with his tribe. He has acquired $8,000 by trading, owns a good house, bought from a departing Russian, and sports a brass-buttoned blue suit. Quite as conspicuous as himself is his fat squaw, who gives her name as "Mary Tom," and is also a great trader, having $5,000 to her own account, profits as "middleman" between her own people and the whites. She has the wabbling walk characteristic of her people, caused by their all being pigeon-toed from continual squatting, instead of sitting, to rest. All the Indians wear American-made shoes and stockings, and one is rarely seen barefooted. Their complexions are fair as light Japanese, the babies being almost white. The humid atmosphere and lack of sunshine cause this effect, but also cause another that is less agreeable, inflammatory rheumatism. We have seen several persons drawn all out of shape with it, and several dwarf children. This last speaks well for their humanity, as it is the custom of Indians to put dwarfs to death.

There is no agriculture at Sitka except gardening, to which the Indians have lately taken on their own accout, with success as to hardy vegetables. These, with abundance of cod, halibut, salmon, deer, grouse, and numerons berries to be had with little labor, enable them to run better boarding houses than the usual summer resorts. There are no cattle or sheep in Alaska, and except game, no meat unless the steamers furnish occasional supplies to a favored few. There are four cows who do duty at Sitka, and three mules who do nothing except on rare intervals. Before reaching there the tourists discussed quite warmly whether it would be wiser to go on horseback or in hacks to see the town. On arrival we found a liveryman who does an extensive business at other ports, a party named Shank, who furnished us with the only horses known in Sitka.

The most enjoyable feature of our stay was furnished by the Custom House officer's wife, Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, who collected the best people of the town and officers of the naval vessel *Adams* to meet the wit, wisdom, and beauty of the Idaho's passengers. Such an evening's entertainment in New England would be called a "tea party," in New York city a "kettledrum," in San Francisco a "surprise evening," in Portland a "bun-racket," and in Sitka, Russian days, a "chi-peat."—*Northwest News.*

Imitation Stained Glass.

Among the many uses of the printing press none is more novel than the production of imitation stained glass. Designs for any pattern desired are engraved on wood. The blocks of wood are placed on an old-fashioned hand-press, and then are inked with oil colors compounded with special reference to the use for which they are intended. Then a sheet of very thin hand-made porous paper is laid on, and a prolonged impression given, in order that the color may thoroughly permeate the paper. Each color is, of course, printed at a separate impression. Having completed the printing process the different pieces of paper which compose the design are soaked in warm water half an hour, taken out, the water sponged off and then coated on one side with a thin cement. A similar coat of cement is given the glass to which the paper is to be applied, and then the paper is laid on in place, and varnished over. The plain glass window becomes at once to all appearances, a window of stained glass. The effects of the lead lines, the irregular pieces of colored glass, the heads of saints and soldiers, the antique, or the modern Japanese designs are all to be had as brilliant in color as the genuine glass.

"Will the stuff last?" was asked of a Broadway dealer.

"We have had it in all sorts of places, where it was subject to the action of frost, moisture, the direct rays of the sun, and artificial heat for five years. We warrant it for ten years, if the owner of the glass will varnish it as often as he would a piece of furniture."

"Suppose it gets dirty?"

"Use soap and water as you would on any other varnished surface. Its merits are only now becoming known because of a prejudice against imitations, and a fear among some people that the frost will ruin it. But within a year we have applied over 40,000 square feet of it. Our customers include the best Long Branch and Saratoga hotels, owners of new business blocks on Broadway, fashionable churches in New York and Brooklyn, and apartment houses. When the reporter of a Brooklyn paper wrote up one of the churches there as having magnificent new stained glass windows, when, in fact, the old six by nine glass in the old frames had been covered with our paper, we naturally hopped on the top rail of the fence, flapped our wings and crowed."

"How does the cost compare with genuine glass?"

"It costs about one-tenth as much. We put a large window in a country church for $11. A real glass window opposite cost $165. Members of the congregation have assured us that ours is more admired than the other. The cost of decorating a window is 75 cents a foot if we do the work. We will sell the designs, and the parties can put them on at less cost. Any one can do the work."

Don't Be Too Credulous.

Don't believe all you read. Don't believe too quickly half you read. Don't believe anything as regards thought, opinion or assertion till you've run it through the mill of your own judgment and see if it emerges without a flaw. Remember that a book is generally one man's talk on paper. Remember that his conclusions and deductions are often based on other men's statements which in time may prove, partly or wholly wrong. Remember that it is as easy to err with the pen as with the tongue. Remember that for two men to give the same account of the event of which both are witnesses is extremely rare. Remember that no conscientious scribe can read what he wrote twenty-five years ago without finding many opinions and assertions which will make him squirm and feel like hunting for a hole to hide his head in. Remember that the man, be he writer or not, who all his days sticks to one opinion, ceases to grow intellectually and imprisons himself in his own dogmatism. Remember that the man who is searching for the truth must give up his mistaken convictions, no matter how dear they may be to him or how sorely it may hurt his pride to own up that he has been mistaken. Remember to apply all the forgoing remarks to this article after you have read it.

GENERAL WITTICISMS.

It is said that the Prince of Wales plays the banjo. We do not wonder at it. He is so deeply in debt that he must always be after notes.

"I've heard it said," remarked Fenderson, "that a man shouldn't laugh at his own jokes; I never do." "Does anybody else?" asked Fogg.

Simperton—You've heard that Browne has married again? Chittergale—No. Has he? What a fool? He didn't deserve to lose his first wife. (They take comfort at the buffet).

A Texas man has been sentenced to ninety-nine years in the penitentiary. The Judge would have made it an even hundred, but didn't want to be hard on the poor fellow for his first offense.

A New Jersey school-teacher has gone insane. It is supposed he was trying to make the children understand that in travelling across the continent the different states could not be distinguished by their colors, as they can on the maps.

I has heard folks say, muses Uncle Josh, dat da could tell a smart man by lookin' in his eye, but dis is a mistake. Der mule ain't got no eye ter speak ob, but dinged ef he ain't got more sense den the toad what can look at yer ten minutes widout winkin'.

"Papa, what do you expect to give me for a birthday present?" asked a young girl of her father, a well-known police court justice. "Give you," said the justice, whose mind was evidently upon something else—"give you—I'll give you six months."

It is easier to stand up in a crowded horse-car without losing your balance, when you whirl around a corner, and to read a paper without missing the place, than for a young lady to appear calm at the moment when she gets a big blot on the letter she is just finishing.

It was very crowded on the elevated cars about 6 o'clock last evening, when three or four bright girls came bouncing on the platform of a car already quite full. "Oh, dear!" exclaimed one, "I don't want to be mashed!" "Nor I!" shouted the others. And so, taking the hint, all the mashers stood aside.

Describing a lady's dress, and the collar on her neck especially, the fashion editor wrote, "on which was a large bengola leaf." The careless compositor rendered it, "on which was a large bug on a leaf." The proof-reader skipped the error, but the society lady's keen eye caught the bug and—"stop my paper!" was the result.

"There is one thing that I can say," remarked the tramp, after he had finished the gratuitous refection, "I have always been true to myself. Yes, ma'am, I have lived a consistent life, and I'm proud of it. I was born dependent—man at birth is the most dependent of animals, you know—and I've been dependent ever since."

"Well, what do you want?" said the barkeeper to Bullamy Jim Jam, the other morning. "I want to ask you a conundrum," was the rejoinder. "Forge ahead," answered the man of drinks, as he looked through a tumbler he had just been wiping with a soiled napkin. "Here goes then, but mind you stand treat. Why am I like certain brands of champagne?" "Because you're extra dry," shouted the barkeeper, as he mixed a cocktail for a paying customer. Bullamy Jim Jam went out of the saloon as thirsty as he came, cursing the common school that made the wielder of the toddy-stick so intelligent.

A Mexican Post Office.

The post office on the opposite side of the same plaza is an institution of the most aggravating character, conducted strictly on Mexican *manana* principles. Although Monterey has now many foreign residents, there is not a clerk in the office who understands a word of any language but Spanish, or can read othan than Mexican names. As the Spanish alphabet does not contain all the English letters (for instance it has now, its t's are f's and its l's are y's), the mistakes they perpetually make are enough to make an angel weep. Of course Mexican ladies never go to the postoffice, and if an "Americana" ventures to do so bold a thing—perhaps she will be waited upon, after having been severely stared at, and all the men about the premises are first served. There is no drop letter system and no city delivery. If you desire to communicate by letter with a person in the same town, no amount of persuasion or number of postage-stamps will induce the powers that be to put your missive into his box. While postage to the United States, Canada, and Europe is only 6 cents per half ounce, it is 25 cents to any part of Mexica, if only across the line from one state to another, and very particular they are in weighing to get another 25 cents if possible. Mexican postal-cards are 3 cents each, good for any part of the world except in Mexico, but may not be sent from one town to another within their own borders. In Monterey they will sometimes sell you one or two postage-stamps to carry away with you (if you look particularly honest), but never more than two; while in other Mexican postoffices they will not sell any,—why, heaven only knows, except that it is one of the many "rules of the government." The office is frequently closed four hours at a time, while the postmaster and all his clerks are enjoying a long siesta. As there is no outside box for depositing letters, even if one had stamps to put on them, I am afraid that this institution is responsible for considerable profanity, especially on the part of those who have been accustomed to better treatment in the "Estados Unidos del Norte," as they insist on calling our United States, in contradistinction to theirs *del sur.*
—*Monterey Cor. Springfield Republican.*

Seeing With a Rabbit's Eyes.

A remarkable operation was performed by Dr. Eugene Smith recently. The subject was Fred Meyers, aged 19, who had been totally blind for several years on account of an inflammation which caused the lower lid of each eye to grow up over the ball and pupil. Dr. Smith's operation consisted first of dissecting away the overgrown lid. In doing this the conjunctiva, or mucous membrane, necessarily came away with it, leaving the eyeball unprotected. The patient was under the influence of chloroform, and a live rabbit had been procured and also placed under an anæsthetic. Skilfully removing the conjunctiva from one of the rabbit's eyes, Dr. Smith placed it over the ball of the patient's eye and sewed it into place. The operation seemed entirely successful, and after Meyers' eye has recovered and he is able to use the eye, the other will be operated upon in a similar manner. The transplanting of the conjunctiva, or mucous membrane, from the eye of an animal to that of a human being has been successfully performed in a few rare cases in Europe, but Dr. Smith's operation was the first of the kind ever attempted in this country.—*Detroit News*

Escaping from the Jaws of a Lioness.

A French journal, hailing from Cote d'Or, reports that a M. Planet nearly fell a victim to his business temerity on Sunday last (Oct. 14). At the moment when the tamer, inside the cage, placed his head in the mouth of a lioness, the beast shut her jaws and inflicted a wound near the temple, from which blood streamed plentifully. M. Planet, however, screamed so loudly that the lioness, astonished, no doubt, re-opened her mouth and let the tamer go. Everybody will remember the fable of the effect produced on the lion by the bray of the ass. M. Planet was not seriously injured.

Veils are worn short, barely reaching below the eyes, and are omitted altogether by those whose complexions do not need protection.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Pithy Personals About Well-Known People.

Dubuff, the last representative of the school of David, died last summer at Versailles.

Money will buy more social distinction in England than in America, says Mr. Archibald Forbes.

Mr. Royal M. Bassett, of Birmingham, Connecticut, is now said to be engaged to Clara Louise Kellogg.

Miss Ellen Terry is in delicate health, and it is hoped the voyage to America will improve her condition.

The new General of the Jesuits, Antonius Anderledy, once spent several years in America, becoming a priest at Green Bay.

Princess Dolgorouki has bought a splendid residence in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, the climate of Paris exactly suiting her.

Baron Rothschild lent a magnificent quantity of gold plate for the state banquet given to the German Emperor at the Palm Garden, Frankfort.

Judge Black could not tell one tune from another, but whenever his daugter Becky, formerly Mrs. James Shunk, and now Mrs. Isham Hornby, sang, he declared that tune his favorite.

Of the fifty ship-masters formerly employed by Captain Peabody, of Salem, Massachusetts, Captian Oliver Thayer and Captain Charles Roundy are the only survivors.

James Russell Lowell has been placed in nomination for Rectorship of the University of St. Andrew's, the oldest University in Scotland, by the students. Mr. W. H. Mallock is his rival.

Mrs. Endah D. Cheney's father taught his daughters how to manage property by giving each of them some bonds and railway shares, and making them observe their fluctuations in the market.

When Mr. James T. Fields invented the name of Manchester-by-the-Sea, and wrote a note to Dr. O. W. Holmes, dated, from the place, Dr. Holmes replied in a note dated "Beverley-by-the-Depot."

Mr. Frederick A. Ober, the young naturalist, formerly connected with the Smithsonian, has discovered twenty-two birds in the Antilles unknown to ornithologists, two of which have been named after himself.

The Italian scholar, Mr. Luigi Monti, the brother-in-law of Dr. Parsons, the poet, and late the intimate friend of Longfellow, has removed from Boston to New York for the greater convenience of his work.

A prize for an architectural design, in the form of a sum of money sufficient for a year's travel in Europe, is to be established by the children of the late Benjamin S. Rotch, of Boston, in order to carry out his wishes.

Mrs. Cornwallis West has a rich complexion, a fine suit of rippling brown hair, Irish eyes, small stature, and admirable figure. She dresses startlingly, rides dashingly, talks entertainingly, and loves a practical joke.

A ten-year-old daughter of Mr. William D. Howells has drawn some quaint and original pictures illustrating a "Young Girl among the Old Masters." Her mother was an artist, and her uncle is Larkin G. Mead, the sculptor.

The widow of the late Nathaniel Greene who resides at Greendale, Middletown, Rhode Island, reaches her hundredth birthday in November, while retaining all her faculties. General Washington was the friend of her husband's father.

At a meeting, last month, of the Senate of the Bombay (India) University a motion was made by a Brahmin, and seconded by an Englishman, that the pronoun "he" and its derivatives should hereafter be deemed to denote either sex, which will throw open to women the learned professions in the Western Presidency.

An autograph in a certain album runs: "Dr. Sir,—The safest prediction I can make respecting Christmas is that it will occur before New Year's, and in immediate proximity to the 25th of December. To such a prediction I may safely append my signature. Your sincerely, Henry G. Vennor."

At the recent wedding of Mr. James Knowles and Miss Maggie Brennon, at Geneva, Wisconsin, a dove flew into the church, alighting first on the head of the bride's sister, and then on that of her mother, and at length settled on the bride's shoulder, and remained there during the ceremony.

A Native Indian Club has been started a little way out of London for native East Indians training in England for the learned professions and the civil service. It is to have Brahmin cooks, dairy, cows, and kitchen-garden conducted by Hindoos, so that the student may visit England and return without loss of caste.

One thousand letters were lately sent by Mrs. Livermore, President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Massachusetts, to leading physicians, asking if they proscribe alcoholic liquors in their practice, why, or why not, to what benefit if they did, and what substitute they used if they did not. Her replies showed that many had abandoned the practice for twenty or thirty years.

The cradle of the little Prince of Sweden is shaped like a swan, the wings sheltering the child's head, and the fittings of down: that of the little Infanta of Spain, Mary Isabel, is a conch-shell lined with pale pink satin, the coverlet of point d'Alencon, from a pattern designed by the mother of the Queen of Spain, in which the arms of Spain and Austria are blended. On the pillow and the couvre-pied the Bourbon lilies and her initial, Y, are interlaced.

Hard Times.

There is every appearance of a hard, trying winter for very many. Not that we mean to foretell that the weather is going to be very severe or the frost very keen. On the contrary, weather prophets tell all whom it may concern that we are going to have a remarkably open winter. But business is dull, work is going to be very scarce, wages low and cost of living very high. Those who can occupy only what are called genteel callings are likely to be in a bad way. Salesmen in stores and so forth are crowded out of all measure. They earn even now but a miserable pittance, and before the winter is over many of them will be earning far less. Those with families, it is said, are glad to take places for $6 or $8 a week and often are seeking for such in vain. The accounts given by some of their experiences in Canada are simply heart-rending. One thing is clear. It is far better to be a trained mechanic than to be a clerk in any kind of store whatever. A boy gets into a store and thinks he does very well when he gets $80 for the first year and $150 for the third. But he is as dependent at the end as the beginning. Let that same boy learn to be a printer or a blacksmith or a carpenter and his chances of earning a living are infinitely better. And yet, even a skilled and sober artizan, when he marries and has a large family, has a pretty hard row to hoe generally. It would be difficult to say what is to be done. Let every one at any rate avoid the tavern. That is no place in which to spend money any how. Some are ready to dilate upon the beauty of a dear country, with coals and food at famine prices. It is difficult to see how that is of any use to those who have small wages at the best, with the prospect of them being smaller before summer again makes its appearance.

MILNE & CLUTE

Are in their New Store, with a full and complete stock in every department.

Dry Goods Department.

Dress Goods Counter:

Our Dress Goods are especially attractive, comprising Black and Colored Cashmeres, Opera Flannols, Victorin Twills, Foule cloths, All-wool Serges, Ottoman Cords, Brocaded Sateens and Lustres, Fancy tartans, and a full stock of Black and Colored Velveteens with Brocades to match at prices to suit all.

Fancy Goods, Children's Wool Hoods all colors, Children's Wool Jackets and Jerseys, Ladies' Wool Ties, Clouds, Breakfast Shawls, etc. Also a full stock of Ladies' Fur Sets in Persian Lamb, Astrachan, Mink, etc. Also Girls' Gray Lamb sets.

Mantles, Ulsters and Circulars.

Staple Counter:

Linen Tablings, bleached, half bleached and Turkey red; Linen Towels and Towellings, Table Napkins, Steamlooms, Pillow Cottons, Bleached Sheetings, Shirtings, Fancy and Solid Checks, Plain and Checked Winceys, Canton Flannels, Quilts, White and Gray Blankets, Horse Rugs, etc. The closesc prices to cash buyers. A large quantity of Gray Cottons, secured before the recent advance, which we will sell at mill prices to-day by the web for cash. White Cotton Yarn, $1.10 net cash.

Gents' Furnishings:

TAILORING DEPARTMENT, Cutting, etc., attended to by Mr. J. McKeown. Canadian Tweeds, Scotch Suitings, English and Scotch Trowserings, Fine French and English Worsteds; Overcootings in Tweed, Black and Colored Worsted, black and colored Beavers, etc. Shirts and Drawers from 90c. to $3 per suit. Ties, Collars and Cuffs, white and colorod Shirts, fancy Wool Shirts; men's Fur Caps in Persian Lamb, Astrachan, Dogskin, Beaver, etc. Also a full stock of Alma Caps, plain and fancy.

Flannel Department:

Light and dark grey, plain, twill, checks and hair lines, all-wool and union druggets, scarlet, white and all colors in Saxony flannels.

Up Stairs:

In CARPETS our stock is very complete, from hemp at 15c to the best Tapestry, including also Unions and All-wool, Two-ply carpeting, and hemp and Tapestry Stair Carpeting. Carpets cut to fit any room.

A large stock of men's and boys' Readymade Overcoats and Suits, first-class value.

We call special attention to our splendid assortmsnt of ROBES in grey and black Goat, four different sizes, and Buffalo Robes, all sizes. Close prices to cash buyers.

Milne & Clute.

Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Boots and Shoes.

Grocery Counter:

Our stock of Groceries, it is needless to say, is unusually fresh, being selected with great cars. We guarantee value, 100 cents in the dollar every time. Four lbs good Japan Tea for one dollar; five lbs good Hyson Tea for onr dollar; but if you want the best cnp of taa to be had in Stirling, get our 50c Uncolored Japan. Full stock of Tobacco always on hand; fresh Currants, Figs, Raisins, etc, arrived to-day. Raisins, old frnit, 6c by the box.

Crockery and Glassware Counter:

White granite tea sets, and granite ware of all kinds. Our colored stone and fancy China sets will be in shortly. Glassware in sets, goblets, sauce dishes, covered dishes, water pitchers, eac. We show all the new things in Majolica ware also, of which we also have a full stock. An inspection by the ladies is solicited.

Boots and Shoes Counter:

We buy our boots and shoes only from the best manufacturers, and can give as good value for the money as can be found in the county. A full stock in olmost every line, from the good, strong every-day wearing boots and shoes for men, women and children, to the finest kid button boot. Men's Berlin felt boots, high foxed. Now is the time to harvest your No.12s. A full stock of overshoes and wool-lined rubbers to arrive this week.

Milne & Clute.

HARDWARE!

We are pleased to be able to inform our customers that we have again opened out in the old stand, but now new, where we trust to be able to supply our friends from a full and complete stock of Hardware, "from a needle to an anchor." Job cutlery, plated knives and forks, table and teaspoons, carving and mincing knives, jackknives, padlocks, chest and door locks, loose pin butts, butts of all kinds, paint brushes; stove, shaving and horse brushes; blind hinges, spring balances, steelyards, weigh-beams, platform scales, chisels, augurs, hammers, clothes wringers; gallon, two-gallon and half-bushel measures, carpenters' tools, crosscut saws, guns, Zulu guns, blasting and gunpowder, shot, caps, wads, the best improved sash fixture, rope, rope halters, hay knives of different kinds, spades, shovels, round and square pointed long and short handled forks, do. handles, a large stock of axes. Burrell's axes 65c. We also keep a very large stock of paints, paint oils, machine oils, varnishes, white lead, dry paint, yellow ochre, whiting, nails, wrought and horse nails, horseshoes, bar iron, sleigh and cutter shoe steel, cast steel, Swedes iron, blacksmiths' coal.

See our stock of whips, just arrived.

See our stock of sleigh-bells.

See our stock of improved lanterns.

See our best improved clothes wringers.

We make a specialty in upply ng house furnishings, such as locks, butts, glass, etc.

Jas. Milne & Co.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

The Stirling News-Argus.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1883. Vol. V, No. 11

News-Argus Supplement.

STIRLING, NOVEMBER 30, 1883.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS

Notice to Contractors.

THE letting of the works at the upper entrance of the CORNWALL CANAL, and those at the upper entrance of the RAPIDE PLAT CANAL, advertised to take place on the 13th day of NOVEMBER next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the FOURTH day of December next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination at the places previously mentioned on and after TUESDAY the TWENTIETH day of NOVEMBER.

For the works at the head of the Galops Canal, tenders will be received until TUESDAY the EIGHTEENTH day of DECEMBER. Plans and specifications, &c., can be seen at the places before mentioned on and after TUESDAY the FOURTH day of DECEMBER.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 20th Oct., 1883.

HELLO!

Have you seen

Mrs. Wm. Martin's.

Stock of

FANCY FRAMES?

They are the finest ever kept in Stirling.

STIRLING TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren's,

Craige's Block, Manufacturers of Cheese Vats, Milk Cans, Sap Pans, Sap Buckets, Spoils and every article in the tin line of business.

Also dealers in Stoves, Tinware, Fancy Goods, Coal Oil, Machine Oil and Cheese Factory Furnishings.

Eave Troughing Roofing, Steam Fitting and all sort of outside work promptly attended to and done in best workmanlike manner.

H. & J. WARREN.

A Place for Babies to Die.

From the Hamilton Tribune.

The course pursued by *The Tribune* in exposing the dreadful rate of mortality in the House of Bethlehem, at Ottawa, has received a signal and decisive vindication at the hands of those appointed by the city council there to investigate the charges. The people of Ottawa have done themselves credit by their promptness, and relieved their city of any stigma attached to the evil. The home is to be closed, as one principle upon which it has been conducted is declared to be radically wrong, though the sisters in charge are specially exonerated by the physicians from any personal responsibility for the condition of affairs. The number of deaths at the home during the past four years was 644 out of 739. The place must have been a very charnel house. Inherited disease may have caused a few of the deaths, but the doctors admit that the system of dry-nursing is responsible for the larger number. An incident illustrating the practice in operation came under the doctors' notice at the moment of their inspection. It was then half-past eleven a. m., and a child was admitted into the home. It had been born that morning at five o'clock in the village of L'Original, some fifty miles distant. Recall what a delicate creature a new-born babe is and how sensitive its skin to the outdoor atmosphere, and then think of that little babe, taken from its mother at birth, deprived of all natural sustenance or heal from the mother, carried fifty miles by train, and taken to a home, there to receive its food from a bottle. What wonder the babies die if this be the general treatment! A grave defect in the operation of the institution was the absence of any effort through the child to reclaim its mother. The taking of a child, as described, from the mother, and relieving her of all responsibility which it naturally placed upon her was really encouragement to go out into the world and again earn a livelihood at the price of her chastity. How different the course pursued in a somewhat similar institution in Hamilton! Here the mother wet nurses the child for the customary period of nine months, and in the meantime by assisting at laundry work contributes toward her own maintenance, the balance of the cost being made up by the charitable revenues of the home. Those nine months the mother is under beneficial influences, and it usually happens that instead of a creature being turned out as at Ottawa to sin again, a reclaimed woman is returned to society by the home, for the poor, fallen creature who sought shelter within its doors in the hours of her trouble. A word or so more and we have done with the subject, feeling confident that now the bad system has been destroyed, a good one will speedily take its place. That word or so is: Why did Dr. O'Reilly pass this dreadful mortality by without a proper investigation and report? It is impossible to believe that he was ignorant as to the full import of the statistics; but if we do not believe it, then there is no other recourse than to admit that he was indifferent, and merely regards his visits to such institutions as ornamental and formal. They are not intended to discharge any useful public office. It is the duty of some one to impeach Dr. O'Reilly for negligence or incompetency—it is immaterial which.

Willing & Williamson, wholesale booksellers and stationers. Toronto, have failed.

Blacksmithing.

R. B. JONES,

Having rebuilt his shop, destroyed during the late fire, is prepared to serve all his old customers, and as many new ones as favor him with a call. Horseshoeing a specialty. General Jobbing promptly attended to. Shop on Front street (old stand).

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.

Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

ACTS UPON THE BOWELS, LIVER, KIDNEYS AND THE BLOOD.

NOTICE.

All parties indebted to the undersigned will please ll and settle at once. Money i required to carry on business, and I cannot do without it.

Reaper and threshing machine accounts will have to be paid without delay.

E. F. PARKER.

Go to Martin & Turner's and get a pair of fine Acme Skates!

A large assortment just received. Also a lot of very cheap Skates.

REOPENED!

Apothecaries' Hall.

We have removed into our new and spacious premises, with increased facilities for business, and now offer to the Public the best assortment and finest goods in our line ever brought to Stirling. In

Drugs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Patent-Medicines, etc.,

our stock is complete, with a full stock of

Books, Stationery Lamps and Fancy Goods

consisting in part

Xmas & New Year Cards

an immense variety to choose from.

Photograph Albums and Frames
Shells and Shell Goods

with novelties and works of art too numerous to mention. Come and see for yourselves.

PARKER & BUTLER

The winter stock of Chas. Craige & Bro. will be found complete.

DRY GOODS:

Dress Goods, Flannels, Shawls, Knit Shirts and Drawers, Ladies' Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Gents' Furnishings, etc.

Every thing new and choice in the tailoring department, still in charge of Mr. Fred Ward and the most experienced assistants. Customers can rely upon getting a first-class fit and good material.

Choice lines of Hats and men's and boys' Fur Caps.

Boots and Shoes all lines, Felt Boots, Rubbers and Overshoes.

Fresh Groceries.

Hardware, Cross-cut Saws, Frame Saws, Skates all sizes.

Blacksmiths' Coal, Barrel Salt. Bag Salt, etc.

Stirling, Nov. 24th, 1883.

ALPH
STIRLING
ELECTED STOCK OF
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test of comparison. Several
Also, full supplies of
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News-Argus Clubbing List for 1884!

We have beenenabled to make very satisfactory clubbing arrangements for 1884 with a few of the best leading agricultual and other papers, purely in the interest of our subscribers, and can now offer the following inducements:

THE NEWS-ARGUS andthe *Rural Canadian* together for $1.60. See advertisement elsewhere.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *American Farmer* together for $1.35. The *American Farmer* is a neatly printed, well edited monthly, published at Fort Wayne, Ind., at $1 per year. We can supply it with our paper for $1.35. This is the boss offer.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and *Grip*, Canada's now famous Cartoon sheet, for $2.60. *Grip* is publisheb weekly at $2 per year, and every issue is full of wit and wisdom.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *Weekly Globe* together for $1.80.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the Toronto *Daily World* for $3.10.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the Montreal *Weekly Witness* for $1.85.

Samples of the papers named in this list n be seen at this office.

HOME MATTERS.

Rev. Mr. Stratton continues poorly, and has been unable to preach for two Sundays.

A second furnace has been put in the M. E. church, and the building can now be brought to a comfortable temperature.

Mr. A. Shannon has been employed by Mr. W. C. Reid, the energetic dealer in fruit trees, plants, etc., and will make his headquarters at Stirling, working entirely in this section.

The Fisk jubilee singers were poorly patronized on their last tour through this section. Their prices are rather extortionate, and many people really cannot afford to attend, while their singing is said by some to be quite inferior to their former efforts.

Dunk, son of Mr. Samuel Montgomery, of Campbellford, aged 18 years, on Saturday last was duckshooting from a boat on the river when his gun kicked, throwing him backward out of the boat, and he was drowned before he could be rescued. The body was recovered shortly after.

We are informed that different parties holding the Grand Junction railway debenture of the township of Rawdon are at times sending to the reeve, the clerk, and others, notices to pay the interest coupons. The money for this purpose is deposited in the Bank of Commerce at Belleville, as provided, and is payable there only.

The ladies of St. John's church intend holding a Christmas tea, in connection with which will be a concert and Christmas tree, in Bennett's hall on Wednesday Dec. 26th. Those wishing to make presents to friends can utilize the tree, and donations will be gratefully received by the ladies, which may be left at the parsonage, at Mrs. Boldrick's, or at Mrs. Potts'.

The C. M. missionary meetings on the Stirling circuit were as successful, or more so, than usual. The deputations announced were in attendance, and the interest was satisfactory. The amount raised at the Stirling meeting on Wednesday night was $108.62. The amount at Reid's surpassed any previous year. A fuller statement will be given when the final rsturns are brought in.

It will be remembered that Sir John Macdonald was unseated in Lennox county through the corruption of agents, chiefly A. H. Roe, M.P.P. Roe seems to be a very wicked man—even too wicked for a politicion, and has done his party incalculable mischief by his gross immorality and skepticism, the effect of which is seen in the new election held on Monday, when Mr. Allison, the Reform candidate, was elected over Mr. Pruyn, Conservative, by a majority of five votes. Perhaps this will be a lesson to both sides.

Mr. R. Roy, of Huntingdon, is possessed of a colt which is rather wild, and but few could handle it. On Sunday night, 19th, inst., some parties entered his barn, harnessed the colt to a buggy, and left for parts unknown. Mr. Roy telegraphed from Stirling, and Madoc to different points, and despatched men in all directions to search for the missing animal. Constable Sills, of Madoc, was the successful man, coming across the horse and buggy near Campbellford, where they had been turned loose into a field, but the thieves could not be found.

The miserable impecuniosity of soul which has always characterized the *Ontario* and its proprietor is again cropping out. Throughout newspaperdom it is an accepted practice for daily papers to exchange with all weeklies published in their own immediate vicinity, and especially in their own county. This courtesy has been extended to THE NEWS-ARGUS by the *Intelligencer* promptly, but very irregularly by the *Ontario*, which has always arrived with an unsatisfactory uncertainty. A month or two since, however, the daily stopped coming altogether, and in its stead was sent the *weekly*, which, being published the same time of week as THE NEWS-ARGUS, is utterly useless for the purposes to which exchanges are usually put, and the whole incident takes the form of an ill-bred snub to a friendly neighbor. The *Ontario* may keep both its daily and weekly, as we are not dependent upon either one for local news, as it is on its contemporaries.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

On Wednesday evening, 14th inst., the Marmora brass band gave the concert which had been advertised to come off at that time. The audience, knowing that the band had been but recently organized, did not expect the programme to be of the highest order, and consequently were not disappinted. Dr. Jones, having been nominated to the chair, gave a short address, in which he alluded to the great age of instruments such as are now used by brass bands. Following him the band gave a selection, which won great applause. The remainder of the programme consisted, with the exception of another piece by the band, of vocal and instrumental music given by ladies and gentlemen from Stirling and Madoc. The gold ring, which was competed for by Miss Conley, of Stirling, and Miss Pringle, of Marmora, was won by the latter, she having won $85, and Miss Conley $21. The band, however, in appreciation of Misi Conley's services, presented her with a silver bracelet, for which she thanked the audience. Financially the concert was a success. In other respects, if the programme had been gone through with a little more dispatch, and with shorter pauses between the pieces, we think the audience would have been better pleased.

A burglary was attempted here some time during Saturday night, 17th inst., in the store of Carscallen & Gladney. Nothing, however, was taken, as the two young men who sleep in a room over the store were awakened by the noise made by the would-be robbers and hastened down to see what was the matter. Before they could make their appearance, the thieves, fearing they were discovered, fled. No damage was done except the breaking of a pane of glass in one of the front doors, which it is supposed was smashed by the thieves in making their hurried exit. There were also indications of the thieves having visited some other houses in the place, but no losses are reported. Heads of families now are very carefully looking after revolvers and shot-guns, so as to be ready to give these uninvited visitors a reception suitable to the occasion, should they think proper to return.

Mr. G. McWilliams has completed the alteration and improvements he has been for some time making in the house he bought of Mr. T. P. Pearce, and has moved his family and business into it. The new house is called the Royal Hotel. In honor of the occasion, the Marmora band the other evening serenaded Mr. McM. and inmates of the house.

Madoc News.

From our own Correspondent.

A soiree was held last Friday evening in Rupert's Presbyterian church, for the purpose of procuring prizes for the public school children. The evening was everything that heart could wish, and the recent snow-storm made the sleighing magnificent. Miss M. Beatty sang the opening song, after which both old and young (more particularly the small boys) fell to and did ample justice to the enjoyable repast furnished by the teachers' young lady friends. After tea Mr. Henry Robinson was unanimously elected chairman of the meeting. Rev. Mr. Oakley (C. M.) gave the speech of the evening. His advice to the young folk was simply excellent, and a number of them appeared as if they would be very willing to act upon it. Owing to the inability of the other speakers to attend, the spaces made by their absence were kindly filled by Miss M. Beatty, who, besides playing several instrumental solos, sang in her most lively and bewitching manner "Under the roof-trees," "Bonnie Dundee," and "He's only a boy, you know." Mr. Peters, of Eldorado, read in a masterly style a "Colored gentleman's experience of entering Heaven." A solo by Miss Connors, of Rawdon, was greatly appreciated. Miss English, accompanied by her sister, Miss R. English, sang "Cantilena" in an exceedingly sweet and pleasing manner. The benediction was pronounced by the rev. gentleman, after which the crowd dispersed to their respective homes, feeling satisfied that a most enjoyable evening had been spent. Many thanks are to be given to the young ladies of the section, and to Mr. Meiklejohn, for their untiring efforts to make the meeting a success. The proceeds amounted to nearly $25.

Quiltings are all the rage around here. One was held at the house of one of our fair friends last week. A very pleasant time was spent by the young people in the evening.

It seems as if Christmas is to deprive us of all our teachers. Miss Reid returns to Lindsay, Miss McKinnel will spend vacation at home in Orillia, Mr. Meiklejohn takes a school near Campbellford, and Mr. Peters intends joining his friends in Manitoba.

Deer are very plentiful this season. Three young sportsmen succeeded in shooting three on the 22nd.

X AND Y.

The False Prophet.

The decisive victory achieved by the "false prophet," as cabled last week, puts an entirely new face upon matters in Egypt. The battle occurred near El Obeid, to which place Hicks Pasha had sent half of his army to demand its surrender. This body of troops, however, was attacked by the forces of the false prophet while advancing. Hearing the firing, Hicks Pasha came up with his whole force, and a desperate struggle ensued. The army is alleged to have numbered 200,000, while Hicks Pasha had about 25,000 men and ten British officers. These numbers, however, are reduced in other dispatches to 20,000 and 10,000 respectively, and presumably no accurate statement of the force engaged has been obtained. The fighting began on the 3rd inst. and closed on the 5th, resulting in the complete rout of the Egyptian forces.

The false prophet, who by this decisive victory becomes an alarming power in Egyptian affairs, claims to be the Imam Mahdi, or the last prophet Allah will send to conquer the enemies of Islam and rule supreme over the world. The Imam Mahdi is to come, according to Mohammedan belief, accompanied with great signs and wonders, and he will appear shortly before the judgment day. The Imam Mahdi must be a visible ruler with power and victory on his side, and as the present pretender is in a position to spread the report that he is killing his enemies by thousands, it is thought he may be accepted by the Moslems, and it is hard to predict what may not result in consequence of the recent great triumphal achievement of Imam Mahdi.

Hicks Pasha, the commander of the annihilated Egyptian army, was once an English officer, and is a man of the stamp of Chinese Gordon, having fought for the East India company against the Sepoys, and had also won medals in Abyssinia. General Hicks offered his sword to Egypt. Lord Mark Kerr wrote to the *Times* of Tuesday: "He was no ambitious youth who had hopes to gain renown by reckless daring, but a sturdy, strong-minded man of middle age." When he went to complete the Egyptian campaign El Mahdi had become formidable. He had issued from a cave on the White Nile, gathered thousands of fanatical Arabs around his green flag, levelled mosques in El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan, and wasted the country around Khartoom. Then Hicks Pasha began a march compared with which General Roberts' march into space from Candahar to Cabul was easy. His troops, a remnant of Arabi's army, regarded the campaign as a penance for their revolt. Their sole military art was forming squares, against which El Mahdi's horsemen rode fearlessly. They opposed no enthusiasm to the reckless ardour of the Moslem fighting for their prophet. Disease, hardship and famine had decimated their ranks, and, cut off from their base of operations, left without food and water, they were reduced to such straits that the heart even of the dauntless traveller, Edmund O'Donovan, failed. Meeting the enemy before the walls of El Obeid, they were all cut down and left to perish in the sand. Since the massacre of the English expedition to Cabul there is no comparable disaster.

"Why, Angelina, where did you get those beautiful rich colors on your bonnet?" "Ain't they lovely? I dyed them with the Triangle Package Dyes." 10c.

Dinwoodie Bros. are again in the grain business, and are buying at Campbellford and at Hoard's station. William Donald is in charge of their transactions at the latter place.

Poultry raising is profitable if it is sensibly and methodically pursued. As a branch of farming that requires so little handwork, and carries with it so much enjoyment, and takes up so little space about a farm, we know of nothing that could take its place equally profitable. To run a farm, large or small, without a well-arranged chicken department, would seem to lack a feature that would be noticed by every one, and cut off a steady supply of ready money for household purposes that would soon be felt and regretted. Yes, we repeat, poultry raising is profitable, a pleasant pastime, rather than a labor, and fills an ever-present purse to meet the little every-day demands of the good wife and daughters.

The amalgamation of the Credit Valley with the O & Q was consummated on the 19th, at a meeting of the former company. The consolidation now includes the Toronto, Grey & Bruce, the Credit Valley, and the Ontario & Quebec, and before long the Northern will join the consolidation.

A terribly sudden death overtook Mrs. Mullett, wife of Joseph Mullett, who resides a short distance from Madoc village, on Monday morning (19th). Mrs. Mullett had been to the M. E. church in the village the evening before in her usual health. She got up as usual Monday morning, and had her breakfast, but shortly afterwards was attacked with pains in her heart, and before medical assistance could be summoned had expired.

Some time ago an old man named Patrick Gardiner arrived in Kingston from Smith's Falls, and sought admittance to the hospital. He was admitted, and made as comfortable as possible, and shortly after he was confined to his bed and unable to walk about. On Sunday (18th) he died, and the authorities, on opening a dirty old piece of cotton, among his effects, found that it contained a deposit receipt for $1,680 and $148 in hard cash.

A despatch from Cleveland, O., dated the 20th ult., says: A matter of considerable importance to a number of capitalists has just leaked out. Canadians are here endeavoring to purchase the Central Ontario railway of Canada, now being completed to the Hastings iron range. It is thought without doubt that the would-be purchasers represent the Canada Pacific railway. Mr. Ritchie, president of the Central railway, was interviewed, but refused to give any information on the subject further than the fact that parties had offered to purchase the road.

The newspapers are accused of helping to set in motion the suicidal wave which is sweeping over the country just now by publishing in too minute details the particulars of suicides. This induces the Hamilton *Spectator* to remark: "People either forget or do not know that not more than one-half the stories of crime and wrong-doing which are sent into a newspaper office are published. That the greatest care is continually being exercised in the separation of the wheat from the chaff. As a general thing the newspaper of to-day is higher in tone than the community in which it is published."

A young lady engaged a room at the Brunswick, Colborne. The next night she left for Toronto. Shortly afterwards a valuable gold watch belonging to Mrs. Boyer was missed, and suspicion rested on the departed. Next morning Mr. Hicks left for the purpose of overtaking the woman and reclaiming the stolen property. At Port Hope he caught sight of her coming on board the train. Grasping her by the arm, he ordered her in peremptory tones to "deliver up that watch." She instantly complied with his demand, and Mr. Hicks returned with the stolen property, the owner of which was gladly surprised at its restoration, as it was a valuable heirloom.

Wm. Ferguson, who had charge of the construction of the Central Ontario railway fram Malone to some distance north of Millbridge, was very handsomely treated by the president of the company, Mr. Ritchie. The compliment took the substantial form of a cheque for one hundred dollars, which Mr. Ritchie sent him, to show his appreciation of the quality and quantity of work he had performed. There were eighty-seven rock cuts on the nineteen miles of Mr. Ferguson's work, some of them quite extensive, but notwithstanding the expensive character of the work it is said that the road is one of the best in the dominion. The work has considerably exceeded the company's estimate, which is not surprising considering the character of the country traversed.

John McArthur, mate of the brig *Peter and John* 14 years ago, now a respectable farmer in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, has made the following statement to the Antigonish (Nova Scotia) *Aurora*: "I was the first mate of the brig *Peter and John*, belonging to Capt. Forrestall, McLaughlan master, from Wilmington, N.C., bound to Cork. One stormy night, while we were in 48 degrees north latitude and 20 degrees west longitude, the second mate, William Chambers, a dissipated man, had the middle watch. We were running under a lower maintopsail at the time. In the morning Chambers reported that a vessel about two points to the weather bow had been firing off great rockets. The captain was very much annoyed at this report, coming as it did six hours late. The brig could easily have borne down to the vessel in distress if a report had been given in time. The captain did not report, as he was afraid of getting into trouble. On arriving in Boston we heard of the loss of the *City of Boston*, and, as it is supposed that she was lost about that latitude and longitude, it is possible that the vessel in distress was the *City of Boston*. It is now over 13 years since this event, and if any of the crew of the *Peter and John* are alive they can make the statement. If that was the ill-fated vessel, the story here narrated makes her sad loss doubly due to brains muddled with alcohol.

The news has come over the cable repeatedly, and we have been assured from Rideau hall, that the queen is out of danger and her health restored. But health is not restored, neither is she out of danger; and it is all but too certain that one of the best sovereigns the throne of England has ever known draws near the close of her reign. The personal attendants of the queen have been in possession of information for many years past which would have proved valuable food for gossip, but much that they had so delicately and properly withheld has become an open secret. It is now known that for many years past the queen has been the victim of idiosyncracies, of those mental phenomena which have appeared in many members of her family, in some taking the form of hopeless insanity. For many years her majesty has been a confiding spiritualist, and it has just passed into history that once a momentous public question during the Palmerston administration was pressing for the royal sanction, but the queen refused to give her consent till she had time to take "certain counsel on the matter." We can imagine the surprise with which Palmerston would hear his sovereign talk of other "counsel" than that of her constitutional advisers; but his mistress simply sought out John Brown, who was her spiritual medium, and with him held counsel with her deceased consort. There are thousands of spiritualists who are sane and rational, but that can scarcely be called a *mens sana* that will rest its judgment upon the whispers which a fat servant catches from the vasty deeps. Be all that as it may, the health and mind of her majesty are now, it is an open secret, both so impaired as to convince the medical attendants that the worst cannot be far off. Their royal patient has been subjected to two overwhelming shocks, the death of her servant, friend and medium, John Brown, and the personal accident. The one has plunged her into a pitiable mental condition, the latter has inflicted an irrecoverable physical shock. We should be prepared, therefore, for a contingency which would not be less one giving cause for national sorrow and regret because it seems inevitable.—*Hamilton Tribune.*

Stirling Markets.

Corrected up to Nov. 29.

Wheat, per bushel	$1 00	to	$1 05
Barley, "	0 50	to	0 60
Rye, "	0 53	to	0 54
Oats, "	0 30	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 65	to	0 67
Potatoes, per bag	0 60	to	0 70
Butter, per lb	0 00	to	0 22
Eggs, per doz	0 20	to	0 00

Belleville Markets.

Corrected up to Nov. 28.

Wheat, per bushel	$1 00	to	$1 10
Barley, "	0 50	to	0 65
Rye, "	0 56	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 75
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 25
Eggs, per doz	0 20	to	0 25
Flour, per bbl	5 00	to	5 50
Hides, per cwt	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb	0 18	to	0 00

W. C. REID,

DEALER IN

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,

—ETC., ETC., ETC.—

CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO,

Is now offering a few new and well tested varieties of both fruit and ornamentals, which he can recommend for variety and prices. See agent before placing your orders for spring.

Township of Rawdon—Receipts and Expenditures for the year 1882.

EXPENDITURES.

County Taxes	$4888.50
Schools	5315.66
Election Expenses	40.00
Road Work	531.60
Grand Junction Railway	1675.00
Municipal School Grant	412 00
Officers' Salaries	637.00
Paupers	201.00
Non Resident Statute Labor	22.00
Miscellaneous	172.81
Total Expenditure for 1882	$13895.57

RECEIPTS.

Receipts for 1882	$13310.78
Balance due Treasurer	584.79
	$13895 57

We the undersigned, Auditors for the Township of Rawdon for the year 1882, beg to state that we have examined the Treasurer's books and compared the payments with the Vouchers, and find a balance due the Treasurer on the first of January, 1883, of five hundred and eighty-four dollars and seventy-nine cents.

C. A. JORDISON,
ROBT. THOMPSON, } Auditors

Rawdon, Feb. 22, 1883.

BUY YOUR WATCHES

—FROM—

CALDER!

Cheapest place in the County. New Stock just in.

GO TO CALDER'S

For your 'Xmas Goods.

GO TO CALDER'S

If you wish to see a fine display of Silverware, Clocks and Jewelry of all kinds.

Headquarters for SPECTACLES. Don't forget to call.

A large stock of High and Low Foxed Berlin Felts.
A fine assortment of Trunks.
Men's and Ladies' Overshoes and Rubbers.

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

[Sti]rling News-Argus.

[ST]IRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1883. Vol. V, No. 12

STEER FOUND.

Came on to my premises, lot 8, con. 7, Rawdon, about June 1st, 1883, a red and white yearling Steer. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses.
JAMES COOK.

10,000 Bushels of Oats Wanted!

Delivered at the mill in Marmora.
W. CRASKE.

SERVANT GIRL WANTED.

Good wages to a good girl. Apply at once to Mrs. Gray, at the manse, Stirling.

FOR SALE,

A good second-hand BUGGY and CUTTER. Apply to JOHN GRAHAM.

Farm for Sale.

The west half of lot 9, con. 9, Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The land is in a good state of cultivation; good buildings; good cedar fences; well watered, and close to cheese factory. For particulars apply to
HENRY BERRIDGE,
Springbrook P. O

Canned Fruits and Vegetables.

The undersigned has just received a consignment of Canned Fruits and Vegetables from the Bay of Quinte Canning and Evaporating Company, Picton, Ontario. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

A Quantity of SHEET MUSIC Will be sold for less than one-third of Catalogue Prices.

His shop is constantly supplied with all kinds of

Drugs, Medicines, a full assortment of Diamond Dyes, Druggists' Sundries, Harper's Bazar Patterns and Liver Pads,

All of which will be sold cheap for cash.

G. H. BOULTER M.D.

New Enterprise.

The undersigned, having purchased the property on the Ridge Road, known as

Seeley's Mills,

And having rebuilt and put all the machinery in first-class order, he will be prepared in a few days to

Crack all kinds of Grain,

Also CORN MEAL GROUND.

Having a competent man engaged to take charge of the Mill, all work entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed.

M. SEELEY, JR.

Gold Mining in North Hastings.

F. W. Gray, president, and S. S. Wallbridge, secretary of the Victoria Gold Mining Co., have returned from the Victoria gold mine, whither they were sent by the company to join other parties in the north and make as full an exploration of the company's property as possible. Mr. Gray is a practical gold miner of years of experience in different parts of the world, and has no hesitation in saying that this is the richest mine he ever examined. We are informed by a member of the committee that the result of the examination made last week by other practical miners present fully corroborated this opinion. Thomas Reynolds, of Wollaston, one of the party, a Cornish miner of large experience in American and Canadian mining, also made some practical tests of the richness of the quartz, and found readily an immense show of gold in each pan. The other parties present had almost similar success in picking up pieces of the rock, in almost any piece of which the specimens of gold were visible to the naked eye. Besides the gentlemen named, John J. Folden and John C. Jarman were members of the party, all of whom pronounce beyond a doubt that this is the richest mine yet found in our northern country. The report upon the mine made by the expert, and also the specimens brought out, may be seen at the office of the secretary, room No. 4, Metropolitan block, in Belleville. The company are now fully satisfied as to the immense value of their property, and the development of the mine will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible, all agreeing that it is a true fissure vein of a length at present not known.—*Gencer.*

Dr. Wilson, curate of St George's cathedral, Kingston, is again in trouble, and causes the last sensation. He went to the all-night prayer meeting of the Salvation army, and at what is styled the army love-feast, at four o'clock in the morning, at the request of Major Moore, he passed bread around to those who desired it, while the major followed with the vessel containing the wine. There was no cloth, no table, no prayer of consecration such as is used in the church, no words of administration; but the ceremony was referred to in the local press as the holy communion, and at once the rector of the cathedral, Dean Lyster, asked if the report was correct. He requested a positive answer for his own sake and also for the sake of the church. Dr. Wilson states the facts, and adds: "Now, if you regard that as an administration of the Holy communion, then my answer to your question is yes; if not, no. But in whatever light you or anyone else may regard the matter, I hereby take the full responsibility of my action herein and of everything done by me during the whole meeting. I only hope God may spare me to enjoy once again one of the greatest, if not the greatest, spiritual blessings of my life, an all-night of prayer with God." The action of the dean is not definitely known. His case was considered at a meeting of the Anglican clergy, and it is understood that the doctor will be allowed three months' leave of absence. In his last public speech to the churchmen he said he had been puzzled about the action of some of the Salvationists, and asked God for light. During the singing of a hymn, the power of God, he said, descended, and he fell first on his knees and then on his face on the floor of the barracks. He remained thus in an ecstasy of devotion. He communed with God, and seemed to hear as plainly as if spoken to by human voice: "My child, all is well; this is My work, doubt it not." Great public interest is taken in the case, as Dr. W. is a leading Anglican clergyman.

...RALPH
...STIRLING
...ECTED STOCK OF
...ssware,
...st of comparison. Several ... Also, full supplies of
and Fresh Groceries,
...ay. Give us a call, and we guarantee ...ll street, Stirling.
...HAW & RALPH.

...ODS!
...e lot of
...TEAS
...GROCERIES. Their
...PROVISIONS
...ines of goods will be sold ...sh.
...mber of the firm before the ... of November, or they will
...ROW'S

...ILLS
...t Again!
...UR GRISTING!
...roprietor.

...YS!
...our
time to prepare
for skating!
Go to Martin &
Turner's and get
a pair of fine
Acme Skates!
A large assortment just received.
Also a lot of very cheap Skates.

...want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week, if possible, before starting, then you can be waited upon as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.
GEO. W. WALKER,
(Box 122.) Dentist, Belleville.

Blacksmithing.

R. B. JONES.

Having rebuilt his shop, destroyed during the late fire, is prepared to serve all his old customers, and as many new ones as favor him with a call. Horseshoeing a specialty. General jobbing promptly attended to. Shop on Front street (old stand).

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.

Good accommodations for travellers. Spacious Sample Rooms. Comfortable stables and careful hostler. The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.

MUSIC HALL on the premises, 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

Burdock Blood Bitters
ACTS UPON THE BOWELS, LIVER, KIDNEYS AND THE BLOOD.

NOTICE.

All parties indebted to the undersigned will please call and settle at once. Money is required to carry on business, and I cannot do without it.

Reaper and threshing machine accounts will have to be paid without delay.

E. F. PARKER.

REOPENED!

Apothecaries' Hall.

We have removed into our new and spacious premises, with increased facilities for business, and now offer to the Public the best assortment and finest goods in our line ever brought to Stirling. In

Drugs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Patent-Medicines, etc.,

our stock is complete, with a full stock of

Books, Stationery Lamps and Fancy Goods

consisting in part

Xmas & New Year Cards

an immense variety to choose from.

Photograph Albums and Frames Shells and Shell Goods

with novelties and works of art too numerous to mention. Come and see for yourselves.

PARKER & BUTLER

The winter stock of Chas. Craige & Bro. will be found complete.

DRY GOODS:
Dress Goods, Flannels, Shawls, Knit Shirts and Drawers, Ladies' Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Gents' Furnishings, etc.

Every thing new and choice in the tailoring department, still in charge of Mr. Fred Ward and the most experienced assistants. Customers can rely upon getting a first-class fit and good material.

Choice lines of Hats and men's and boys' Fur Caps.

Boots and Shoes all lines, Felt Boots, Rubbers and Overshoes.

Fresh Groceries.

Hardware, Cross-cut Saws, Frame Saws, Skates all sizes.

Blacksmiths' Coal, Barrel Salt, Bag Salt, etc.

Stirling, Nov. 24th, 1883.

News-Argus Clubbing List for 1884!

We have been enabled to make very satisfactory clubbing arrangements for 1884 with a few of the best leading agricultual and other papers, purely in the interest of our subscribers, and can now offer the following inducements:

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *Rural Canadian* together for $1.60. See advertisement elsewhere.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *American Farmer* together for $1.35. The *American Farmer* is a neatly printed, well edited monthly, published at Fort Wayne, Ind., at $1 per year. We can supply it with our paper for $1.35. This is the boss offer.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and *Grip*, Canada's now famous Cartoon sheet, for $2.60. *Grip* is publisheb weekly at $2 per year, and every issue is full of wit and wisdom.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *Weekly Globe* together for $1.80.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the Toronto *Daily World* for $3.10.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the Montreal *Weekly Witness* for $1.85.

Samples of the papers named in this list can be seen at this office.

HOME MATTERS.

Rev. Mr. Stratton continues poorly, and has been unable to preach for two Sundays.

A second furnace has been put in the M. E. church, and the building can now be brought to a comfortable temperature.

Mr. A. Shannon has been employed by Mr. W. C. Reid, the energetic dealer in fruit trees, plants, etc., and will make his headquarters at Stirling, working entirely in this section.

The Fisk jubilee singers were poorly patronized on their last tour through this section. Their prices are rather extortionate, and many people really cannot afford to attend, while their singing is said by some to be quite inferior to their former efforts.

Dunk, son of Mr. Samuel Montgomery, of Campbellford, aged 18 years, on Saturday last was duckshooting from a boat on the river when his gun kicked, throwing him backward out of the boat, and he was drowned before he could be rescued. The body was recovered shortly after.

We are informed that different parties holding the Grand Junction railway debenture of the township of Rawdon are at times sending to the reeve, the clerk, and others, notices to pay the interest coupons. The money for this purpose is deposited in the Bank of Commerce at Belleville, as provided, and is payable there only.

The ladies of St. John's church intend holding a Christmas tea, in connection with which will be a concert and Christmas tree, in Bennett's hall on Wednesday Dec. 26th. Those wishing to make presents to friends can utilize the tree, and donations will be gratefully received by the ladies, which may be left at the parsonage, at Mrs. Boldrick's, or at Mrs. Potts'.

The C. M. missionary meetings on the Stirling circuit were as successful, or more so, than usual. The deputations announced were in attendance, and the interest was satisfactory. The amount raised at the Stirling meeting on Wednesday night was $108.62. The amount at Reid's surpassed any previous year. A fuller statement will be given when the final returns are brought in.

It will be remembered that Sir John Macdonald was unseated in Lennox county through the corruption of agents, chiefly A. H. Roe, M.P.P. Roe seems to be a very wicked man—even too wicked for a politicion, and has done his party incalculable mischief by his gross immorality and skepticism, the effect of which is seen in the new election held on Monday, when Mr. Allison, the Reform candidate, was elected over Mr. Pruyn, Conservative, by a majority of five votes. Perhaps this will be a lesson to both sides.

Mr. R. Roy, of Huntingdon, is possessed of a colt which is rather wild, and but few could handle it. On Sunday night, 19th, inst., some parties entered his barn, harnessed the colt to a buggy, and left for parts unknown. Mr. Roy telegraphed from Stirling, and Madoc to different points, and despatched men in all directions to search for the missing animal. Constable Sills, of Madoc, was the successful man, coming across the horse and buggy near Campbellford, where they had been turned loose into a field, but the thieves could not be found.

The miserable impecuniosity of soul which has always characterized the *Ontario* and its proprietor is again cropping out. Throughout newspaperdom it is an accepted practice for daily papers to exchange with all weeklies published in their own immediate vicinity, and especially in their own county. This courtesy has been extended to THE NEWS-ARGUS by the *Intelligencer* promptly, but very irregularly by the *Ontario*, which has always arrived with an unsatisfactory uncertainty. A month or two since, however, the daily stopped coming altogether, and in its stead was sent the *weekly*, which, being published the same time of week as THE NEWS-ARGUS, is utterly useless for the purposes to which exchanges are usually put, and the whole incident takes the form of an ill-bred snub to a friendly neighbor. The *Ontario* may keep both its daily and weekly, as we are not dependent upon either one for local news, as it is on its contemporaries.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

On Wednesday evening, 14th inst., the Marmora brass band gave the concert which had been advertised to come off at that time. The audience, knowing that the band had been but recently organized, did not expect the programme to be of the highest order, and consequently were not disappinted. Dr. Jones, having been nominated to the chair, gave a short address, in which he alluded to the great age of instruments such as are now used by brass bands. Following him the band gave a selection, which won great applause. The remainder of the programme consisted, with the exception of another piece by the band, of vocal and instrumental music given by ladies and gentlemen from Stirling and Madoc. The gold ring, which was competed for by Miss Conley, of Stirling, and Miss Pringle, of Marmora, was won by the latter, she having won $85, and Miss Conley $21. The band, however, in appreciation of Misi Conley's services, presented her with a silver bracelet, for which she thanked the audience. Financially the concert was a success. In other respects, if the programme had been gone through with a little more dispatch, and with shorter pauses between the pieces, we think the audience would have been better pleased.

A burglary was attempted here some time during Saturday night, 17th inst., in the store of Carscallen & Gladney. Nothing, however, was taken, as the two young men who sleep in a room over the store were awakened by the noise made by the would-be robbers and hastened down to see what was the matter. Before they could make their appearance, the thieves, fearing they were discovered, fled. No damage was done except the breaking of a pane of glass in one of the front doors, which it is supposed was smashed by the thieves in making their hurried exit. There were also indications of the thieves having visited some other houses in the place, but no losses are reported. Heads of families now are very carefully looking after revolvers and shot-guns, so as to be ready to give these uninvited visitors a reception suitable to the occasion, should they think proper to return.

Mr. G. McWilliams has completed the alteration and improvements he has been for some time making in the house he bought of Mr. T. P. Pearce, and has moved his family and business into it. The new house is called the Royal Hotel. In honor of the occasion, the Marmora band the other evening serenaded Mr. McM. and inmates of the house.

Madoc News.

From our own Correspondent.

A soiree was held last Friday evening in Rupert's Presbyterian church, for the purpose of procuring prizes for the public school children. The evening was everything that heart could wish, and the recent snow-storm made the sleighing magnificent. Miss M. Beatty sang the opening song, after which both old and young (more particularly the small boys) fell to and did ample justice to the enjoyable repast furnished by the teachers' young lady friends. After tea Mr. Henry Robinson was unanimously elected chairman of the meeting. Rev. Mr. Oakley (C. M.) gave the speech of the evening. His advice to the young folk was simply excellent, and a number of them appeared as if they would be very willing to act upon it. Owing to the inability of the other speakers to attend, the spaces made by their absence were kindly filled by Miss M. Beatty, who, besides playing several instrumental solos, sang in her most lively and bewitching manner "Under the roof-trees," "Bonnie Dundee," and "He's only a boy, you know." Mr. Peters, of Eldorado, read in a masterly style a "Colored gentleman's experience of entering Heaven." A solo by Miss Connors, of Rawdon, was greatly appreciated. Miss English, accompanied by her sister, Miss R. English, sang "Cantilena" in an exceedingly sweet and pleasing manner. The benediction was pronounced by the rev. gentleman, after which the crowd dispersed to their respective homes, feeling satisfied that a most enjoyable evening had been spent. Many thanks are to be given to the young ladies of the section, and to Mr. Meiklejohn, for their untiring efforts to make the meeting a success. The proceeds amounted to nearly $25.

Quiltings are all the rage around here. One was held at the house of one of our fair friends last week. A very pleasant time was spent by the young people in the evening.

It seems as if Christmas is to deprive us of all our teachers. Miss Reid returns to Lindsay, Miss McKinnel will spend vacation at home in Orillia, Mr. Meiklejohn takes a school near Campbellford, and Mr. Peters intends joining his friends in Manitoba.

Deer are very plentiful this season. Three young sportsmen succeeded in shooting three on the 22nd.

X AND Y.

The False Prophet.

The decisive victory achieved by the "false prophet," as cabled last week, puts an entirely new face upon matters in Egypt. The battle occurred near El Obeid, to which place Hicks Pasha had sent half of his army to demand its surrender. This body of troops, however, was attacked by the forces of the false prophet while advancing. Hearing the firing, Hicks Pasha came up with his whole force, and a desperate struggle ensued. The army is alleged to have numbered 200,000, while Hicks Pasha had about 25,000 men and ten British officers. These numbers, however, are reduced in other dispatches to 20,000 and 10,000 respectively, and presumably no accurate statement of the force engaged has been obtained. The fighting began on the 3rd inst. and closed on the 5th, resulting in the complete rout of the Egyptian forces.

The false prophet, who by this decisive victory becomes an alarming power in Egyptian affairs, claims to be the Imam Mahdi, or the last prophet Allah will send to conquer the enemies of Islam and rule supreme over the world. The Imam Mahdi is to come, according to Mohammedan belief, accompanied with great signs and wonders, and he will appear shortly before the judgment day. The Imam Mahdi must be a visible ruler with power and victory on his side, and as the present pretender is in a position to spread the report that he is killing his enemies by thousands, it is thought he may be accepted by the Moslems, and it is hard to predict what may not result in consequence of the recent great triumphal achievement of Imam Mahdi.

Hicks Pasha, the commander of the annihilated Egyptian army, was once an English officer, and is a man of the stamp of Chinese Gordon, having fought for the East India company against the Sepoys, and had also won medals in Abyssinia. General Hicks offered his sword to Egypt. Lord Mark Kerr wrote to the *Times* of Tuesday: "He was no ambitious youth who had hopes to gain renown by reckless daring, but a sturdy, strong-minded man of middle age." When he went to complete the Egyptian campaign El Mahdi had become formidable. He had issued from a cave on the White Nile, gathered thousands of fanatical Arabs around his green flag, levelled mosques in El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan, and wasted the country around Khartoom. Then Hicks Pasha began a march compared with which General Roberts' march into space from Candahar to Cabul was easy. His troops, a remnant of Arabi's army, regarded the campaign as a penance for their revolt. Their sole military art was forming squares, against which El Mahdi's horsemen rode fearlessly. They opposed no enthusiasm to the reckless ardour of the Moslem fighting for their prophet. Disease, hardship and famine had decimated their ranks, and, cut off from their base of operations, left without food and water, they were reduced to such straits that the heart even of the dauntless traveller, Edmund O'Donovan, failed. Meeting the enemy before the walls of El Obeid, they were all cut down and left to perish in the sand. Since the massacre of the English expedition to Cabul there is no comparable disaster.

"Why, Angelina, where did you get those beautiful rich colors on your bonnet?" "Ain't they lovely? I dyed them with the Triangle Package Dyes." 10c.

Dinwoodie Bros. are again in the grain business, and are buying at Campbellford and at Hoard's station. William Donald is in charge of their transactions at the latter place.

Poultry raising is profitable if it is sensibly and methodically pursued. As a branch of farming that requires so little handwork, and carries with it so much enjoyment, and takes up so little space about a farm, we know of nothing that could take its place equally profitable. To run a farm, large or small, without a well-arranged chicken department, would seem to lack a feature that would be noticed by every one, and cut off a steady supply of ready money for household purposes that would soon be felt and regretted. Yes, we repeat, poultry raising is profitable, a pleasant pastime, rather than a labor, and fills an ever-present purse to meet the little every-day demands of the good wife and daughters.

The amalgamation of the Credit Valley with the O & Q was consummated on the 19th, at a meeting of the former company. The consolidation now includes the Toronto, Grey & Bruce, the Credit Valley, and the Ontario & Quebec, and before long the Northern will join the consolidation.

A terribly sudden death overtook Mrs. Mullett, wife of Joseph Mullett, who resides a short distance from Madoc village, on Monday morning (19th). Mrs. Mullett had been to the M. E. church in the village the evening before in her usual health. She got up as usual Monday morning, and had her breakfast, but shortly afterwards was attacked with pains in her heart, and before medical assistance could be summoned had expired.

Some time ago an old man named Patrick Gardiner arrived in Kingston from Smith's Falls, and sought admittance to the hospital. He was admitted, and made as comfortable as possible, and shortly after he was confined to his bed and unable to walk about. On Sunday (18th) he died, and the authorities, on opening a dirty old piece of cotton, among his effects, found that it contained a deposit receipt for $1,680 and $148 in hard cash.

A despatch from Cleveland, O., dated the 20th ult., says: A matter of considerable importance to a number of capitalists has just leaked out. Canadians are here endeavoring to purchase the Central Ontario railway of Canada, now being completed to the Hastings iron range. It is thought without doubt that the would-be purchasers represent the Canada Pacific railway. Mr. Ritchie, president of the Central railway, was interviewed, but refused to give any information on the subject further than the fact that parties had offered to purchase the road.

The newspapers are accused of helping to set in motion the suicidal wave which is sweeping over the country just now by publishing in too minute details the particulars of suicides. This induces the Hamilton *Spectator* to remark: "People either forget or do not know that not more than one-half the stories of crime and wrong-doing which are sent into a newspaper office are published. That the greatest care is continually being exercised in the separation of the wheat from the chaff. As a general thing the newspaper of to-day is higher in tone than the community in which it is published."

A young lady engaged a room at the Brunswick, Colborne. The next night she left for Toronto. Shortly afterwards a valuable gold watch belonging to Mrs. Boyer was missed, and suspicion rested on the departed. Next morning Mr. Hicks left for the purpose of overtaking the woman and reclaiming the stolen property. At Port Hope he caught sight of her coming on board the train. Grasping her by the arm, he ordered her in peremptory tones to "deliver up that watch." She instantly complied with his demand, and Mr. Hicks returned with the stolen property, the owner of which was gladly surprised at its restoration, as it was a valuable heirloom.

Wm. Ferguson, who had charge of the construction of the Central Ontario railway fram Malone to some distance north of Millbridge, was very handsomely treated by the president of the company, Mr. Ritchie. The compliment took the substantial form of a cheque for one hundred dollars, which Mr. Ritchie sent him, to show his appreciation of the quality and quantity of work he had performed. There were eighty-seven rock cuts on the nineteen miles of Mr. Ferguson's work, some of them quite extensive, but notwithstanding the expensive character of the work it is said that the road is one of the best in the dominion. The work has considerably exceeded the company's estimate, which is not surprising considering the character of the country traversed.

John McArthur, mate of the brig *Peter and John* 14 years ago, now a respectable farmer in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, has made the following statement to the Antigonish (Nova Scotia) *Aurora*: "I was the first mate of the brig *Peter and John*, belonging to Capt. Forrestall, McLaughlan master, from Wilmington, N.C., bound to Cork. One stormy night, while we were in 48 degrees north latitude and 20 degrees west longitude, the second mate, William Chambers, a dissipated man, had the middle watch. We were running under a lower maintopsail at the time. In the morning Chambers reported that a vessel about two points to the weather bow had been firing off great rockets. The captain was very much annoyed at this report, coming as it did six hours late. The brig could easily have borne down to the vessel in distress if a report had been given in time. The captain did not report, as he was afraid of getting into trouble. On arriving in Boston we heard of the loss of the *City of Boston*, and, as it is supposed that she was lost about that latitude and longitude, it is possible that the vessel in distress was the *City of Boston*. It is now over 13 years since this event, and if any of the crew of the *Peter and John* are alive they can make the statement. If that was the ill-fated vessel, the story here narrated makes her sad loss doubly due to brains muddled with alcohol.

The news has come over the cable repeatedly, and we have been assured from Rideau hall, that the queen is out of danger and her health restored. But health is not restored, neither is she out of danger; and it is all but too certain that one of the best sovereigns the throne of England has ever known draws near the close of her reign. The personal attendants of the queen have been in possession of information for many years past which would have proved valuable food for gossip, but much that they had so delicately and properly withheld has become an open secret. It is now known that for many years past the queen has been the victim of idiosyncracies, of those mental phenomena which have appeared in many members of her family, in some taking the form of hopeless insanity. For many years her majesty has been a confiding spiritualist, and it has just passed into history that once a momentous public question during the Palmerston administration was pressing for the royal sanction, but the queen refused to give her consent till she had time to take "certain counsel on the matter." We can imagine the surprise with which Palmerston would hear his sovereign talk of other "counsel" than that of her constitutional advisers; but his mistress simply sought out John Brown, who was her spiritual medium, and with him held counsel with her deceased consort. There are thousands of spiritualists who are sane and rational, but that can scarcely be called a *mens sana* that will rest its judgment upon the whispers which a fat servant catches from the vasty deeps. Be all that as it may, the health and mind of her majesty are now, it is an open secret, both so impaired as to convince the medical attendants that the worst cannot be far off. Their royal patient has been subjected to two overwhelming shocks, the death of her servant, friend and medium, John Brown, and the personal accident. The one has plunged her into a pitiable mental condition, the latter has inflicted an irrecoverable physical shock. We should be prepared, therefore, for a contingency which would not be less one giving cause for national sorrow and regret because it seems inevitable.—*Hamilton Tribune.*

Stirling Markets.

Corrected up to Nov. 29.

Wheat, per bushel	$1 00	to	$1 05
Barley, "	0 50	to	0 60
Rye, "	0 53	to	0 54
Oats, "	0 30	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 65	to	0 67
Potatoes, per bag	0 60	to	0 70
Butter, per lb.	0 00	to	0 22
Eggs, per doz.	0 20	to	0 00

Belleville Markets.

Corrected up to Nov. 28.

Wheat, per bushel	$1 00	to	$1 10
Barley, "	0 50	to	0 65
Rye, "	0 56	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 75
Butter, per lb.	0 20	to	0 25
Eggs, per doz.	0 20	to	0 25
Flour, per bbl	5 00	to	5 50
Hides, per cwt.	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb.	0 18	to	0 00

W. C. REID,
DEALER IN
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,
—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—
CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO,

Is now offering a few new and well tested varieties of both fruit and ornamentals, which he can recommend for variety and prices. See agent before placing your orders for spring.

Township of Rawdon—Receipts and Expenditures for the year 1882.

EXPENDITURES.

County Taxes	$4888.50
Schools	5315.66
Election Expenses	40.00
Road Work	531.60
Grand Junction Railway	1675.00
Municipal School Grant	412 00
Officers' Salaries	637.00
Paupers	201.00
Non Resident Statute Labor	22.00
Miscellaneous	172.81
Total Expenditure for 1882	$13895.57
RECEIPTS.	
Receipts for 1882	$13310.78
Balance due Treasurer	584.79
	$13895 57

We the undersigned, Auditors for the Township of Rawdon for the year 1882, beg to state that we have examined the Treasurer's books and compared the payments with the Vouchers, and find a balance due the Treasurer on the first of January, 1883, of five hundred and eighty-four dollars and seventy-nine cents.

C. A. JORDISON, } Auditors
ROBT. THOMPSON, }

Rawdon, Feb. 22, 1883.

BUY YOUR WATCHES
—FROM—
CALDER!
Cheapest place in the County.
New Stock just in.
GO TO CALDER'S
For your 'Xmas Goods.
GO TO CALDER'S
If you wish to see a fine display of Silverware, Clocks and Jewelry of all kinds.
Headquarters for SPECTACLES.
Don't forget to call.

A large stock of High and Low Foxed Berlin Felts.
A fine assortment of Trunks.
Men's and Ladies' Overshoes and Rubbers.
W. S. MARTIN & CO.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annun. $1 in advance. | STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1883. | Vol. V, No. 12

DR. SPRAGUE
Has removed his office to his residence, the fourth house west of Dr. Faulkner's Drug Store.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR, Stirling, Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Alex. J. Robertson, L.D.S.,
Surgeon Dentist,
Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.
Visits Stirling Professionally Every Thursday, and may be consulted at the Scott House.
Particular attention given to the finer operations in gold, and the restoration of lost organs.

Walter L. Ridout,
ARCHITECT.
Plans, specifications, &c, prepared for all classes of building, and work superintended if required. Address, for July and August, Brunswick House, Colborne.
Head Office: Address W. R. Strickland, or W. L. Ridout, Architects, No. 12 Can. Perm. Buildings, Toronto.

M. W. SINE, V.S.,

Graduate Ontario Veterinary College,
registered member Veterinary Medical Ass'n Treats all diseases of domesticated animals. Calls by mail or telegraph promptly attended to. OFFICE—"Review" block, Madoc.

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.
G.R.C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, over Gilbert's store, on
Thursday Eve., Dec. 20, 1883,
Visiting brethren welcome.
M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room, P O block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R.S.

NOTICE.
—Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk.

S. R. HUFFMAN
Piano Tuner,
BELLEVILLE, late of London and Detroit, WILL VISIT STIRLING every six months, in December and June, for the purpose of Tuning Pianos and Organs. Best of references given. All orders left at W. H. CALDER'S JEWELRY EMPORIUM will be attended to. Orders from the country will be attended to at an advance of prices.

Geo. W. Walker,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office next door to Bank of Commerce, directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week, if possible, before starting, then you can be waited upon as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.
(Box 122.) GEO. W. WALKER, Dentist, Belleville.

Blacksmithing.
R. B. JONES,
Having rebuilt his shop, destroyed during the late fire, is prepared to serve all his old customers, and as many new ones as favor him with a call. Horseshoeing a specialty. General Jobbing promptly attended to. Shop on Front street (old stand).

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

Burdock Blood Bitters.
ACTS UPON
THE BOWELS, LIVER, KIDNEYS AND THE BLOOD.

NOTICE.

All parties indebted to the undersigned will please call and settle at once. Money is required to carry on business, and I cannot do without it.

Reaper and threshing machine accounts will have to be paid without delay.

E. F. PARKER.

SHAW & RALPH
MILL STREET, : : : STIRLING
HAVE RECEIVED A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF
Crockery & Glassware,
And invite inspection of the same. Prices will stand the test of comparison. Several choice CHINA TEA SETTS of beautiful design. Also, full supplies of
Provisions of all kinds, and Fresh Groceries,
In full stock. BREAD fresh baked every day. Give us a call, and we guarantee satisfaction. Stand—Mill street, Stirling.
SHAW & RALPH.

NEW GOODS!
The undersigned have just received a large lot of
SUGARS & TEAS
Of all grades, and they keep a full line of other FAMILY GROCERIES. Their stock of
WINES, LIQUORS AND PROVISIONS
Is complete. Also, Bakery on the premises. All the above lines of goods will be sold cheap, and special inducements for cash.
All accounts, etc., past due the firm, and all due each member of the firm before the partnership, must be settled by cash or note before the first of November, or they will be placed in other hands for collection.
SEELEY & LAGROW'S

GLEN ROSS MILLS
In Full Blast Again!
COME ON WITH YOUR GRISTING!
D. MORGAN, Proprietor.

HO! BOYS!
Now is your time to prepare for skating! Go to Martin & Turner's and get a pair of fine Acme Skates!
A large assortment just received.
Also a lot of very cheap Skates.

REOPENED!
Apothecaries' Hall.
We have removed into our new and spacious premises, with increased facilities for business, and now offer to the Public the best assortment and finest goods in our line ever brought to Stirling. In
Drugs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Patent-Medicines, etc.,
our stock is complete, with a full stock of
Books, Stationery Lamps and Fancy Goods
consisting in part
Xmas & New Year Cards
an immense variety to choose from.
Photograph Albums and Frames Shells and Shell Goods
with novelties and works of art too numerous to mention. Come and see for yourselves.
PARKER & BUTLER

The winter stock of Chas. Craige & Bro. will be found complete.

DRY GOODS:
Dress Goods, Flannels, Shawls, Knit Shirts and Drawers, Ladies' Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Gents' Furnishings, etc.

Every thing new and choice in the tailoring department, still in charge of Mr. Fred Ward and the most experienced assistants. Customers can rely upon getting a first-class fit and good material.

Choice lines of Hats and men's and boys' Fur Caps.

Boots and Shoes all lines, Felt Boots, Rubbers and Overshoes.

Fresh Groceries.

Hardware, Cross-cut Saws, Frame Saws, Skates all sizes.

Blacksmiths' Coal, Barrel Salt. Bag Salt, etc.

Stirling, Nov. 24th, 1883.

News-Argus Clubbing List for 1884!

We have beenenabled to make very satisfactory clubbing arrangements for 1884 with a few of the best leading agricultual and other papers, purely in the interest of our subscribers, and can now offer the following inducements:

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *Rural Canadian* together for $1.60. See advertisement elsewhere.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *American Farmer* together for $1.35. The *American Farmer* is a neatly printed, well edited monthly, published at Fort Wayne, Ind., at $1 per year. We can supply it with our paper for $1.35. This is the boss offer.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and *Grip*, Canada's now famous Cartoon sheet, for $2.60. *Grip* is publisheb weekly at $2 per year, and every issue is full of wit and wisdom.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the *Weekly Globe* together for $1.80.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the Toronto *Daily World* for $3.10.

THE NEWS-ARGUS and the Montreal *Weekly Witness* for $1.85.

Samples of the papers named in this list can be seen at this office.

HOME MATTERS.

Rev. Mr. Stratton continues poorly, and has been unable to preach for two Sundays.

A second furnace has been put in the M. E. church, and the building can now be brought to a comfortable temperature.

Mr. A. Shannon has been employed by Mr. W. C. Reid, the energetic dealer in fruit trees, plants, etc., and will make his headquarters at Stirling, working entirely in this section.

The Fisk jubilee singers were poorly patronized on their last tour through this section. Their prices are rather extortionate, and many people really cannot afford to attend, while their singing is said by some to be quite inferior to their former efforts.

Dunk, son of Mr. Samuel Montgomery, of Campbellford, aged 18 years, on Saturday last was duckshooting from a boat on the river when his gun kicked, throwing him backward out of the boat, and he was drowned before he could be rescued. The body was recovered shortly after.

We are informed that different parties holding the Grand Junction railway debenture of the township of Rawdon are at times sending to the reeve, the clerk, and others, notices to pay the interest coupons. The money for this purpose is deposited in the Bank of Commerce at Belleville, as provided, and is payable there only.

The ladies of St. John's church intend holding a Christmas tea, in connection with which will be a concert and Christmas tree, in Bennett's hall on Wednesday Dec. 26th. Those wishing to make presents to friends can utilize the tree, and donations will be gratefully received by the ladies, which may be left at the parsonage, at Mrs. Boldrick's, or at Mrs. Potts'.

The C. M. missionary meetings on the Stirling circuit were as successful, or more so, than usual. The deputations announced were in attendance, and the interest was satisfactory. The amount raised at the Stirling meeting on Wednesday night was $108.62. The amount at Reid's surpassed any previous year. A fuller statement will be given when the final returns are brought in.

It will be remembered that Sir John Macdonald was unseated in Lennox county through the corruption of agents, chiefly A. H. Roe, M.P.P. Roe seems to be a very wicked man—even too wicked for a politicion, and has done his party incalculable mischief by his gross immorality and skepticism, the effect of which is seen in the new election held on Monday, when Mr. Allison, the Reform candidate, was elected over Mr. Pruyn, Conservative, by a majority of five votes. Perhaps this will be a lesson to both sides.

Mr. R. Roy, of Huntingdon, is possessed of a colt which is rather wild, and but few could handle it. On Sunday night, 19th, inst., some parties entered his barn, harnessed the colt to a buggy, and left for parts unknown. Mr. Roy telegraphed from Stirling, and Madoc to different points, and despatched men in all directions to search for the missing animal. Constable Sills, of Madoc, was the successful man, coming across the horse and buggy near Campbellford, where they had been turned loose into a field, but the thieves could not be found.

The miserable impecuniosity of soul which has always characterized the *Ontario* and its proprietor is again cropping out. Throughout newspaperdom it is an accepted practice for daily papers to exchange with all weeklies published in their own immediate vicinity, and especially in their own county. This courtesy has been extended to THE NEWS-ARGUS by the *Intelligencer* promptly, but very irregularly by the *Ontario*, which has always arrived with an unsatisfactory uncertainty. A month or two since, however, the daily stopped coming altogether, and in its stead was sent the *weekly*, which, being published the same time of week as THE NEWS-ARGUS, is utterly useless for the purposes to which exchanges are usually put, and the whole incident takes the form of an ill-bred snub to a friendly neighbor. The *Ontario* may keep both its daily and weekly, as we are not dependent upon either one for local news, as it is on its contemporaries.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

On Wednesday evening, 14th inst., the Marmora brass band gave the concert which had been advertised to come off at that time. The audience, knowing that the band had been but recently organized, did not expect the programme to be of the highest order, and consequently were not disappinted. Dr. Jones, having been nominated to the chair, gave a short address, in which he alluded to the great age of instruments such as are now used by brass bands. Following him the band gave a selection, which won great applause. The remainder of the programme consisted, with the exception of another piece by the band, of vocal and instrumental music given by ladies and gentlemen from Stirling and Madoc. The gold ring, which was competed for by Miss Conley, of Stirling, and Miss Pringle, of Marmora, was won by the latter, she having won $85, and Miss Conley $21. The band, however, in appreciation of Misi Conley's services, presented her with a silver bracelet, for which she thanked the audience. Financially the concert was a success. In other respects, if the programme had been gone through with a little more dispatch, and with shorter pauses between the pieces, we think the audience would have been better pleased.

A burglary was attempted here some time during Saturday night, 17th inst., in the store of Carscallen & Gladney. Nothing, however, was taken, as the two young men who sleep in a room over the store were awakened by the noise made by the would-be robbers and hastened down to see what was the matter. Before they could make their appearance, the thieves, fearing they were discovered, fled. No damage was done except the breaking of a pane of glass in one of the front doors, which it is supposed was smashed by the thieves in making their hurried exit. There were also indications of the thieves having visited some other houses in the place, but no losses are reported. Heads of families now are very carefully looking after revolvers and shot-guns, so as to be ready to give these uninvited visitors a reception suitable to the occasion, should they think proper to return.

Mr. G. McWilliams has completed the alteration and improvements he has been for some time making in the house he bought of Mr. T. P. Pearce, and has moved his family and business into it. The new house is called the Royal Hotel. In honor of the occasion, the Marmora band the other evening serenaded Mr. McM. and inmates of the house.

Madoc News.

From our own Correspondent.

A soiree was held last Friday evening in Rupert's Presbyterian church, for the purpose of procuring prizes for tne public school children. The evening was everything that heart could wish, and the recent snow-storm made the sleighing magnificent. Miss M. Beatty sang the opening song, after which both old and young (more particularly the small boys) fell to and did ample justice to the enjoyable repast furnished by the teachers' young lady friends. After tea Mr. Henry Robinson was unanimously elected chairman of the meeting. Rev. Mr. Oakley (C. M.) gave the speech of the evening. His advice to the young folk was simply excellent, and a number of them appeared as if they would be very willing to act upon it. Owing to the inability of the other speakers to attend, the spaces made by their absence were kindly filled by Miss M. Beatty, who, besides playing several instrumental solos, sang in her most lively and bewitching manner "Under the roof-trees," "Bonnie Dundee," and "He's only a boy, you know." Mr. Peters, of Eldorado, read in a masterly style a "Colored gentleman's experience of entering Heaven." A solo by Miss Connors, of Rawdon, was greatly appreciated. Miss English, accompanied by her sister, Miss R. English, sang "Cantilena" in an exceedingly sweet and pleasing manner. The benediction was pronounced by the rev. gentleman, after which the crowd dispersed to their respective homes, feeling satisfied that a most enjoyable evening had been spent. Many thanks are to be given to the young ladies of the section, and to Mr. Meiklejohn, for their untiring efforts to make the meeting a success. The proceeds amounted to nearly $25.

Quiltings are all the rage around here. One was held at the house of one of our fair friends last week. A very pleasant time was spent by the young people in the evening.

It seems as if Christmas is to deprive us of all our teachers. Miss Reid returns to Lindsay, Miss McKinnel will spend vacation at home in Orillia, Mr. Meiklejohn takes a school near Campbellford, and Mr. Peters intends joining his friends in Manitoba.

Deer are very plentiful this season. Three young sportsmen succeeded in shooting three on the 22nd.

X AND Y.

The False Prophet.

The decisive victory achieved by the "false prophet," as cabled last week, puts an entirely new face upon matters in Egypt. The battle occurred near El Obeid, to which place Hicks Pasha had sent half of his army to demand its surrender. This body of troops, however, was attacked by the forces of the false prophet while advancing. Hearing the firing, Hicks Pasha came up with his whole force, and a desperate struggle ensued. The army is alleged to have numbered 200,000, while Hicks Pasha had about 25,000 men and ten British officers. These numbers, however, are reduced in other dispatches to 20,000 and 10,000 respectively, and presumably no accurate statement of the force engaged has been obtained. The fighting began on the 3rd inst. and closed on the 5th, resulting in the complete rout of the Egyptian forces.

The false prophet, who by this decisive victory becomes an alarming power in Egyptian affairs, claims to be the Imam Mahdi, or the last prophet Allah will send to conquer the enemies of Islam and rule supreme over the world. The Imam Mahdi is to come, according to Mohammedan belief, accompanied with great signs and wonders, and he will appear shortly before the judgment day. The Imam Mahdi must be a visible ruler with power and victory on his side, and as the present pretender is in a position to spread the report that he is killing his enemies by thousands, it is thought he may be accepted by the Moslems, and it is hard to predict what may not result in consequence of the recent great triumphal achievement of Imam Mahdi.

Hicks Pasha, the commander of the annihilated Egyptian army, was once an English officer, and is a man of the stamp of Chinese Gordon, having fought for the East India company against the Sepoys, and had also won medals in Abyssinia. General Hicks offered his sword to Egypt. Lord Mark Kerr wrote to the *Times* of Tuesday: "He was no ambitious youth who had hopes to gain renown by reckless daring, but a sturdy, strong-minded man of middle age." When he went to complete the Egyptian campaign El Mahdi had become formidable. He had issued from a cave on the White Nile, gathered thousands of fanatical Arabs around his green flag, levelled mosques in El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan, and wasted the country around Khartoom. Then Hicks Pasha began a march compared with which General Roberts' march into space from Candahar to Cabul was easy. His troops, a remnant of Arabi's army, regarded the campaign as a penance for their revolt. Their sole military art was forming squares, against which El Mahdi's horsemen rode fearlessly. They opposed no enthusiasm to the reckless ardour of the Moslem fighting for their prophet. Disease, hardship and famine had decimated their ranks, and, cut off from their base of operations, left without food and water, they were reduced to such straits that the heart even of the dauntless traveller, Edmund O'Donovan, failed. Meeting the enemy before the walls of El Obeid, they were all cut down and left to perish in the sand. Since the massacre of the English expedition to Cabul there is no comparable disaster.

"Why, Angelina, where did you get those beautiful rich colors on your bonnet?" "Ain't they lovely? I dyed them with the Triangle Package Dyes." 10c.

Dinwoodie Bros. are again in the grain business, and are buying at Campbellford and at Hoard's station. William Donald is in charge of their transactions at the latter place.

Poultry raising is profitable if it is sensibly and methodically pursued. As a branch of farming that requires so little handwork, and carries with it so much enjoyment, and takes up so little space about a farm, we know of nothing that could take its place equally profitable. To run a farm, large or small, without a well-arranged chicken department, would seem to lack a feature that would be noticed by every one, and cut off a steady supply of ready money for household purposes that would soon be felt and regretted. Yes, we repeat, poultry raising is profitable, a pleasant pastime, rather than a labor, and fills an ever-present purse to meet the little every-day demands of the good wife and daughters.

The amalgamation of the Credit Valley with the O & Q was consummated on the 19th, at a meeting of the former company. The consolidation now includes the Toronto, Grey & Bruce, the Credit Valley, and the Ontario & Quebec, and before long the Northern will join the consolidation.

A terribly sudden death overtook Mrs. Mullett, wife of Joseph Mullett, who resides a short distance from Madoc village, on Monday morning (19th). Mrs. Mullett had been to the M. E. church in the village the evening before in her usual health. She got up as usual Monday morning, and had her breakfast, but shortly afterwards was attacked with pains in her heart, and before medical assistance could be summoned had expired.

Some time ago an old man named Patrick Gardiner arrived in Kingston from Smith's Falls, and sought admittance to the hospital. He was admitted, and made as comfortable as possible, and shortly after he was confined to his bed and unable to walk about. On Sunday (18th) he died, and the authorities, on opening a dirty old piece of cotton, among his effects, found that it contained a deposit receipt for $1,680 and $148 in hard cash.

A despatch from Cleveland, O., dated the 20th ult., says: A matter of considerable importance to a number of capitalists has just leaked out. Canadians are here endeavoring to purchase the Central Ontario railway of Canada, now being completed to the Hastings iron range. It is thought without doubt that the would-be purchasers represent the Canada Pacific railway. Mr. Ritchie, president of the Central railway, was interviewed, but refused to give any information on the subject further than the fact that parties had offered to purchase the road.

The newspapers are accused of helping to set in motion the suicidal wave which is sweeping over the country just now by publishing in too minute details the particulars of suicides. This induces the Hamilton *Spectator* to remark: "People either forget or do not know that not more than one-half the stories of crime and wrong-doing which are sent into a newspaper office are published. That the greatest care is continually being exercised in the separation of the wheat from the chaff. As a general thing the newspaper of to-day is higher in tone than the community in which it is published."

A young lady engaged a room at the Brunswick, Colborne. The next night she left for Toronto. Shortly afterwards a valuable gold watch belonging to Mrs. Boyer was missed, and suspicion rested on the departed. Next morning Mr. Hicks left for the purpose of overtaking the woman and reclaiming the stolen property. At Port Hope he caught sight of her coming on board the train. Grasping her by the arm, he ordered her in peremptory tones to "deliver up that watch." She instantly complied with his demand, and Mr. Hicks returned with the stolen property, the owner of which was gladly surprised at its restoration, as it was a valuable heirloom.

Wm. Ferguson, who had charge of the construction of the Central Ontario railway fram Malone to some distance north of Millbridge, was very handsomely treated by the president of the company, Mr. Ritchie. The compliment took the substantial form of a cheque for one hundred dollars, which Mr. Ritchie sent him, to show his appreciation of the quality and quantity of work he had performed. There were eighty-seven rock cuts on the nineteen miles of Mr. Ferguson's work, some of them quite extensive, but notwithstanding the expensive character of the work it is said that the road is one of the best in the dominion. The work has considerably exceeded the company's estimate, which is not surprising considering the character of the country traversed.

John McArthur, mate of the brig *Peter and John* 14 years ago, now a respectable farmer in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, has made the following statement to the Antigonish (Nova Scotia) *Aurora*: "I was the first mate of the brig *Peter and John*, belonging to Capt. Forrestall, McLaughlan master, from Wilmington, N.C., bound to Cork. One stormy night, while we were in 48 degrees north latitude and 20 degrees west longitude, the second mate, William Chambers, a dissipated man, had the middle watch. We were running under a lower maintopsail at the time. In the morning Chambers reported that a vessel about two points to the weather bow had been firing off great rockets. The captain was very much annoyed at this report, coming as it did six hours late. The brig could easily have borne down to the vessel in distress if a report had been given in time. The captain did not report, as he was afraid of getting into trouble. On arriving in Boston we heard of the loss of the *City of Boston*, and, as it is supposed that she was lost about that latitude and longitude, it is possible that the vessel in distress was the *City of Boston*. It is now over 13 years since this event, and if any of the crew of the *Peter and John* are alive they can make the statement. If that was the ill-fated vessel, the story here narrated makes her sad loss doubly due to brains muddled with alcohol.

The news has come over the cable repeatedly, and we have been assured from Rideau hall, that the queen is out of danger and her health restored. But health is not restored, neither is she out of danger; and it is all but too certain that one of the best sovereigns the throne of England has ever known draws near the close of her reign. The personal attendants of the queen have been in possession of information for many years past which would have proved valuable food for gossip, but much that they had so delicately and properly withheld has become an open secret. It is now known that for many years past the queen has been the victim of idiosyncracies, of those mental phenomena which have appeared in many members of her family, in some taking the form of hopeless insanity. For many years her majesty has been a confiding spiritualist, and it has just passed into history that once a momentous public question during the Palmerston administration was pressing for the royal sanction, but the queen refused to give her consent till she had time to take "certain counsel on the matter." We can imagine the surprise with which Palmerston would hear his sovereign talk of other "counsel" than that of her constitutional advisers; but his mistress simply sought out John Brown, who was her spiritual medium, and with him held counsel with her deceased consort. There are thousands of spiritualists who are sane and rational, but that can scarcely be called a *mens sana* that will rest its judgment upon the whispers which a fat servant catches from the vasty deeps. Be all that as it may, the health and mind of her majesty are now, it is an open secret, both so impaired as to convince the medical attendants that the worst cannot be far off. Their royal patient has been subjected to two overwhelming shocks, the death of her servant, friend and medium, John Brown, and the personal accident. The one has plunged her into a pitiable mental condition, the latter has inflicted an irrecoverable physical shock. We should be prepared, therefore, for a contingency which would not be less one giving cause for national sorrow and regret because it seems inevitable.—*Hamilton Tribune.*

Stirling Markets.

Corrected up to Nov. 29.

Wheat, per bushel	$1 00	to	$1 05
Barley, "	0 50	to	0 60
Rye, "	0 53	to	0 54
Oats, "	0 30	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 65	to	0 67
Potatoes, per bag	0 60	to	0 70
Butter, per lb	0 00	to	0 22
Eggs, per doz	0 20	to	0 00

Belleville Markets.

Corrected up to Nov. 28.

Wheat, per bushel	$1 00	to	$1 10
Barley, "	0 50	to	0 65
Rye, "	0 56	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 75
Butter, per lb	0 20	to	0 25
Eggs, per doz	0 20	to	0 25
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Wool, per lb	0 18	to	0 00

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Township of Rawdon—Receipts and Expenditures for the year 1882.

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C. A. JORDISON, ROBT. THOMPSON, } Auditors
Rawdon, Feb. 22, 1883.

BUY YOUR WATCHES
—FROM—
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Cheapest place in the County.
New Stock just in.
GO TO CALDER'S
For your 'Xmas Goods.
GO TO CALDER'S
If you wish to see a fine display of Silverware, Clocks and Jewelry of all kinds.
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A large stock of High and Low Foxed Berlin Felts.
A fine assortment of Trunks.
Men's and Ladies' Overshoes and Rubbers.
W. S. MARTIN & CO.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Pope does not seem to relish the wholesale deportation of Irishmen from Ireland. Neither would any sensible person. To bring out ship loads of such persons to the Canadian North West, would simply be to consign them to protracted misery and ultimate starvation. Try something else more feasible.

Who would in certain circumstances be ambassadors? Ordinary mortals would choose positions less prominent and more secure. The Malagassy ambassadors who lately returned from their mission to France and England greatly unsuccessful have been strangled. This is bad for the poor men and not very encouraging to others to undertake such risky work. They very likely, however, knew the risks, and chose to run them.

Gladstone, like a sensible man as he is, wishes to keep up and intensify the friendly relationship subsisting between France and England. There is no better guarantee for the peace of the world than that these two nations should pull well together, and there is no substantial reason why they should not. They can do each other enormous harm, by distrust and enmity. They can do corresponding good by living in friendliness and good fellowship. Why not do so?

There is a project on foot for making a canal from Acre to the Jordan and down through that river to the Dead Sea and through the valley of El-Arabah to the Eastern branch of the Red Sea. It would be a gigantic work, but is said not to be impracticable. Indeed, in those days every thing resolves itself into a question of money. We hope that the project will be carried out successfully and that it will more than realize all the hopes connected with its completion.

The story goes that at a prayer meeting one of the worshippers came out with an Amen at a singularly inappropriate place. This so enraged the man who was reading the devotions that after meeting the two had a round of fisticuffs over the matter. Others were drawn into the strife, and before the play was all played out, two men were badly bruised and other two actually stabbed. This was the church militant with a vengeance. In Canada things are not yet quite so bad.

What is courage? Cardinal Manning says that it does not consist in the absence of fear but in its subjugation. Some of the bravest of men have had the most intense perception of danger, and the most sensible apprehension of its future consequences. But fear has not swayed them to the right or left. The brave man conquers his fears. The coward is conquered by them. Are the British nation as a whole brave in this sense? If deeds are to speak for them there ought not to be much doubt on that point.

Wherever one looks there are apparently trouble and uncertainty. All the East of Europe is in a condition of ferment which at any moment may burst out in confusion and mutual slaughter. Wise folks prophesy that when the spring comes, if not before, one of the most terrific as also one of the most general wars that has been known will break out, to come to an end who shall say when? Well, perhaps even that may be found better than the present miserable condition of uncertainty and suffering which appears to be all round.

We cannot see why such an outcry should be made against General Luard and his supposedly sharp doings with the volunteers. He is sent for the very purpose of making them toe the mark. If he were merely to pay unmeaning compliments what would be the use of him at all at all? He is expected to tell even officers the truth about their soldierly qualities or the reverse. Why blame him when he does so? God help the country, but a great many of those volunteers, both officers and privates, have great need to be told the truth, for they are slovenly, undrilled fellows.

It is said that Gladstone is provided with bumps in a first rate fashion. He ought to be, if these protuberances bear any proportion to the gifts of which the honorable gentleman is possessed. It is to be hoped that such is the fact, for he is a very big man both morally and intellectually and even physically, he is a wonder. It is not to be supposed that everybody could become something like Gladstone if as careful of physical health as the British Premier has been. But there can be no doubt of the fact, that were such the case, there would be a great deal more comfort in the world, and that a great deal more good and useful intellectual work would be done.

France seems to have taken in hand with a larger contract with this Tonquin business than she bargained for. At present they can hardly hold their own, without the intervention of the Chinese. Should war be declared by the latter, it would be a very heavy drain upon French resources before the end which men call peace shall have been reached. It is calculated that 10,000 Frenchmen will be sufficient. Well for France if twice that number bring her off with flying colors. England talks of proposing something like mediation. Surely that ought to be possible. It would save a great many innocent lives, and to the uninitiated it ought to be as good, if not better, for protecting national as well as individual honor.

There is a proposal in some quarters to abolish sermons altogether and have religious service without their supposedly necessary adjuncts. We fear the plan would not be a successful one. There are, no doubt, a good many stupid sermons, but the general run of them are not of that order, let grumblers say what they please. Public worship would be deprived of its most vivifying elements if the sermon were dropped. And it is to be feared that acquaintance with religious matters altogether would suffer very considerably from the change. By all means let the sermons be as good as possible. That will be found a better plan than abolishing them. After all are the sermons so bad as they are sometimes described?

There promises to be trouble in the States over the color question. There is a soreness among the colored population over the rejection by the Supreme Court of the Civil Rights Act, and some are ready in their soreness to turn against the Republicans, as if they were to blame, and to cast in their lot with the Democrats, as if that would not put them out of the frying pan into the fire. Let the colored inhabitants of the States of every shade be ambitious to rise in intelligence, wealth and general respectability and they will more thoroughly and more speedily put down all their social disabilities than if they had as many Acts of Congress for that purpose as would thatch the face of the universe. Yes, good friends, keep at rising socially by good conduct and you will rise.

We have long been of opinion that the wiser policy of the prohibitionists is to capture one of the great existing parties rather than to spend many years in building up a third political party, based on prohibition principles. The results in connection with the recent State elections in Ohio and Iowa go a long way towards strengthening this opinion. In both States prohibition was a burning question before the people, and the prospects in both States seemed about equally good. In Iowa the temperance men captured the Republican party, and prohibition was made a plank in their platform for this year. There was Strength in this Union, and their candidates were elected by good majorities, notwithstanding a considerable defection of the beer-drinking German vote. In Ohio there was no such fusion, and both the Republicans and the Prohibitionists had their separate tickets, and both were defeated. The prohibitionists were also defeated in connection with the prohibition constitutional amendments on which they had fixed their hearts. Probably, had the two parties united the Republic ticket could have been elected, and the constitutional amendment could have been carried. From all quarters it looks as though the third party movement is a huge blunder on the part of the temperance men. It would probably be a much greater blunder in Canada than in the United States.

It is quite true that the husband has every day a very blessed opportunity for diffusing sunshine in his home. The wife is within four walls from morning to dinner time, has to hear all the worry from fretful children, useless servants, weak nerves and callers coming when they ought not. He on the other hand has been all around—out of doors—in fresh air—meeting with friends—discussing all manner of questions—in contact with the outer world and so forth. Why should he not come home as jubilant as may be? Why should he bring a cloud into the house where there may have been enough of mistiness all the day? All true, but has he had no worries that need soothing and so forth? Have there been no money difficulties to put him out? No stupids who have insulted him? No nerves put rather out of order? Rather think there were. At least, might have been. In short it takes both husband and wife to make the home sunshine in the evening. And both ought to try to contribute the right proportion. By the time the evening meeting time comes round the worries of the day ought to be thrown aside. The husband ought to leave his on the door-step, while the wife ought to throw hers out at the window, and both ought to go for as much happiness as they can manage to pack into their evening hours. They will then be the better able to take up again their respective burdens when the morning comes round, and give themselves to the battle of life with renewed vigor and with growing confidence in ultimate success.

Man the Life-Boat.

BY J. B. GOUGH.

It is worth while to work for others. It is worth something to save life. As the day broke one fearfully stormy morning, a large barque ran on a bank of sand, eight miles from the British coast, and lay there at the mercy of the waves, filling with water. She rapidly began to settle, the waves breaking fiercely over her. Her boats were knocked to pieces; her hatches were forced up. Eighteen men were in the rigging, clinging to the shrouds of that sprung and broken foremast; the mainmast was gone. No hope was in their hearts; no help was nigh. But is there no hope and no help? They are seen from the shore. No sooner is the word passed, "A wreck! a wreck!" than the gallant boatmen spring to the beach. "Man the life-boat!" Yes, but the waves are driving so furiously into shore. "*Man the life-boat!*" Yes, but the snow is drifting in blinding squalls. "*Man the life-boat!*"

One by one the noble fellows take their places. Out they dash in the teeth of the gale. "Oars out, my men. Steady. Oars out!" They are knee-deep in water. The waves beat upon them; they are drenched, and all but drowned. Yet how cheerfully they bend their backs to the ashen oars, that threaten to snap asunder with the fury of the gale! "Hold on, every man of you!" Every man holds on, whilst an immense wave rolls over, burying them fathoms deep. They rise and shake their locks. But where is the wreck? The atmosphere is so thick they cannot see it. Only part of the sinking vessel is seen. Are there any men in that tangled rigging? Yes, see! the rigging is full of them. "Now steady, men, steady! Keep clear of the wreck. Steady! Ah, we have them now!" She lays alongside; and one by one the poor, half-drowned, half-frozen wretches drop into the boat, and out she drifts into the boiling sea. Amid the peril of the return, hear them sing—

"Aye, cheerily, men
Aye, cheerily, men."

and the song mingles with the roar of the storm.

And now the lookers-out on the beach hail them as the boat nears the shore, "Life-boat, ahoy! Are they all safe?" "Ay, ay, every man safe." How they do cheer! And the cheer is louder and more hearty than that which greets the champion boat in a race. And why? Because these men have saved human life.

Are there no wrecks—wrecks of men's intellect, wrecks of men's genius, wrecks of all that makes men noble? Man the life-boat!—man the life-boat, and board them! See how they are drifting. Helm gone, compass gone. Man the life-boat! See how they are dashed by the fierce waves upon the strand, wrecked and ruined! Man the life-boat, and board them! And if so be you help some poor struggling soul from the drifting Sodom of this world's wickedness into the haven of peace and rest, cheer after cheer from human voices may never salute you; but the shining, white-robed angels shall greet you, and the souls you have saved shall be as stars for ever in the crown of your rejoicing, and God's approval shall crown your noble endeavor.

Strong Language.

The New York *Herald* is not much given to the advocacy of the temperance work, and sometimes has pretty hard things to say about the strong language of the temperance men. We doubt, however, if it often meets with stronger language in any temperance literature than the following from a *Herald* editorial of a late date. Writing of the work done by the women on election day the *Herald* says: "And yet, what can the women of a rum-cursed State do to lessen a vice by which they and their children are the principal sufferers? It may be said that they can make their homes more attractive; but to the habitual tippler the dirtiest grog-shop is a more delightful place than the cosiest family fireside in the world."

War Tactics.

Grocer, who has lately joined the militia, practising in his shop: "Right, left, right, left. Four paces to the rear; march!"—falls down trap-door into the cellar.

Grocer's wife, anxiously: "Oh, Jim, are you hurt?"

Grocer, savagely, but with dignity: "Go away woman: what do you know about war?"

Circulars for ladies in mourning have full linings of black Astracan and deep borders of this fur.

FASHION NOTES.

Shirred yokes and full waists are again in vogue.

Cloth bonnets are much worn with cloth costumes.

Velvet flowers are dividing favor with feathers in Paris.

Chinchilla and silver fox are the favorites among the gray furs.

Black Russian hare is the most beautiful of the inexpensive black furs.

Fur-lined garments are made in shapes similar to those of sealskin.

Sealskin muffs are larger this season than last, and continue to increase in size.

Red fox is a lining fur much in favor, as is also the brown-shaded mink fur.

Among the brown furs sable, mink, and natural beaver divide popular favor.

Many of the short black garments are elaborately trimmed with black fox fur.

Double balayeuses of muslin and lace are inside the skirts of short velvet dresses.

The soft felt hat, with the brim rolled high at the sides, is the popular shopping hat.

The newest thing in furs is the high-shouldered pereline with high standing collar.

Solid-colored fur-linings for both fur-lined dolmans and circulars are most preferred.

Parisian women are powdering the hair and arranging it a la Mary Stuart in the evening.

Natural beaver, both in its light and dark shades, is quite popular among young ladies.

The great majority of the new street bonnets are of felt, but they are trimmed wich velvet.

European ladies are carefully matching the shade of the dress in all the toilet accessories.

Woolen textures generally, of a rough and hairy nature, are being worn as out-door costumes.

Velvet is used for everything in Paris—dresses, cloaks, bonnets, and even the trimmings of these bonnets.

Golden brown cloth suits with rea gilt braid are made by Paris tailors in the styles in favor with English ladies.

A basque and drapery of Gobelin serge with antique figures and dull colors are the newest overdresses for velvet skirts.

Old-time Maltese lace design are copied in creamy white silk threads by the lace-workers in Dresden, and are used to trim evening dresses of batiste or gauze.

The fronts of elegant dress-skirts are covered with tassels, tabs, loops, or pointed ends of ribbon, or of beaded hanging bars, that shake and glisten with every motion of the wearer.

Square plain front breadths and trimmed side panels are on the imported serge dresses. The drapery is very slight, but is worn over a large pillow bustle. The vest basque is short and jaunty.

Very stylish and fancy ulsters are of London smoke, or of dark blue cloth made with several close flat plaits from the throat to the hem and a full plaited back that can be looped up with buttons.

The most charming opera cloak for a young lady is of white Indian camel's-hair with genuine hand-embroidery as a border and chenille fringe on the edge. The style is a short dolman, and the lining is pale rose brocaded velvet.

Young ladies' velvet costumes are accompanied by a shoulder-cape of the velvet with slender tabs in front and dolman side-pieces that are full and high on the shoulders. A standing collar, three or four inches high, is stiffened like an old-fashioned sock.

Velvet-spotted ottoman silk is stylish when combined with plain velvet. A Parisian dress for walking or driving, has moss-green silk with red and brown velvet dots for the basque, with a blouse vest or plain brown satin. The skirt is brown velvet and the panniers of the spotted silk.

Mantles are made of colored velvet, and are especially elegant in dark red or brown broche velvet, combined with repped ferry velvet of the same color, and trimmed with a great abundance of black Escurial lace. The small bonnet is chosen of a color to match the mantle, and these together may be worn with a dress of almost any color, as contrasts are quite as stylish as matching in the toilets of to-day.

For tall, slender women no wrap for cold-weather use can be found more comfortable or becoming than the long French mantle, cut in exceedingly graceful curves in the back and half-fitting in front. The medium-priced wraps in this style are made of black ottoman silk and trimmed with full feathery fringes and ruches of chenille. The more expensive garments are made of large-patterned brocades, the designs being of raised flowers in velvet or chenille. Heavy quilted satin linings are more popular this season than those of fur, on account of the annoyance caused by the shedding of hairs where fur is employed.

Dark royal blue is this season a very fashionable color. New dinner and reception dresses are sent from Paris composed of this rich elegant hue, both in velvets, plushes, and in magnificent satin fabrics, brocaded with leaves and blossoms of pale gold or silver. One superb costume has a trained skirt or dark royal blue Lyons satin, brocaded with dropping clusters of silver lilacs and rosebuds. The under dress is of white satin, covered with white lace flounces, the designs being delicately outlined with silver threads. These flounces reach all the way up the front of the skirt. A second dress is of dark royal blue velvet, made short, the panels box-plaited, flounces, and half-open sleeves, lined with pale gold satin. The corsage is very close-fitting and jersey-shaped, with a very open square neck trimmed with a high velvet ruff, with gold lace plaited up full inside.

How to Travel Free.

Not many moons have waned since Vice-President Kimball, of the Rock Island Railroad, happened to be riding in the cars behind two section hands. The conductor came in and collected fare from one of the men, the other having previously paid. Said the latter, to gag his friend: "I can travel on this road when I want to and never pay a cent." "How's that?" said the other. "It's a secret," said the first. Mr. Kimball pricked up his ears and thought he had a good-sized "hen on." The man who last paid his fare got off at a way station, and Mr. Kimball slipped into the vacant seat. "Have a smoke?" he said to the remaining Irishman. "How do you manage without paying? I do a deal myself, and would like to know." "Would yez loike to know?" said Pat, looking cunning. "Indeed I would, and I'll give you $10 if you'll tell me." "No." "Fifteen?" "No." "Twenty-five?" "Done!" said the section hand, and the cash was forked over. "Be jabers, I walk!"

The barque Agar, from New York for Lisbon, collided with the ship Florence, from Baltimore for San Francisco, The Agar sank. The captain and twelve men were rescued by the Florence.

FARMERS CORNER.

Ostrich Farming in the States.

The ostrich farm in California is reached over a sandy road leading from Anaheim, part of the way being over the old bed of the Santa Ana River. The land on which the farm is located comprises 640 acres of alkali soil. The same kind of soil is found in Africa, and it was considered no obstacle. To rid it of its alkaline properties, it was ploughed very deep and water turned on it, a well 300 feet deep yielding many thousands of gallons of water a day. The water was allowed to remain for a while, when it was drawn off, taking with it a portion of the alkali in solution. This operation was continued until the land had been washed sufficiently to be put under cultivation. According to the San Francisco *Bulletin*, this farm has yielded three crops of alfalfa, and a fourth is ready to be cut.

The twenty-one birds on the farm were brought, in a roundabout way, some 22,000 miles, part of the distance by car. When young they are kind and tractable, but after three years become vicious and deceitful. Blindfolding them—generally accomplished by pulling a stocking over their heads—takes away their pugnacity, and they will not kick, except they know what they are kicking at. The eggs are not fruitful because, the owner states, the birds are becoming acclimatized. Even if all attempts to hatch the eggs should prove unsuccessful, the value of the feathers will cover the expense of tending the birds for the year.

The attempt to raise ostriches in Florida has just been commenced, three pairs of birds having been taken there.

Ostrich eggs are about six inches long by five wide, and are equal in bulk to 24 hens' eggs. The chick is hatched in 42 days, and a few days after reaches the size of a common hen. A light brown down covers it, and at the back and wings are projecting needles, similar to those of a hedge-hog. At the age of one month the size of a turkey is reached, and small feathers begin to appear. At one-half a year the feathers have attained a good size, but are not cast off until the bird becomes a yearling; young ostriches are kept in flocks of from twelve to fifteen, and separate from the old ones. Generally the feathers are cut off only once a year, but birds which receive special attention yield two or even three crops of feathers.

The best feathers now come from North Africa, but the crop is insignificant compared with that of Cape Colony, Natal, and the Transvaal. Since 1862, ostrich farming has greatly multiplied in those countries, and it is now estimated that that there are 100,000 domestic ostriches which yield feathers worth $4,500,000.

Digging Muck and Peat.

A dry fall often furnishes the best time in the whole circle of the year for procuring the needed supply of muck or peat for absorbents in the sty and stable. The use of this article is on the increase among those farmers who have faitfully tried it, and are seeking to make the most of home resources as fertilizers. Some who have used muck only in the raw state, have probably abandoned it, but this does not impeach its value. All that is claimed for it in "Dana's Muck Manual," published several years ago, has been proved substantially correct, by the practice of thousands of our most intelligent cultivators, in all parts of the land. There is considerable difference in its value, depending somewhat upon the vegetable growth of which it is mainly composed, but almost any of it, if exposed to the atmosphere a year before use, will pay abundantly for digging. This dried article, kept under cover, should be constantly id the stables, in the sties and sinks, and in the compost heap. So long as there is the smell of ammonia from the stable or manure heap, you need more of this absorbent. Hundreds of dollars are wasted on many a farm every year for want of some absorbent to catch this volatile and most valuable constituent of manure. In some sections it is abundant within short distance of the barn. The most difficult part of supplying this absorbent is the digging. In a dry fall the water has evaporated from the swamps, so that the peat bed can be excavated to a degth of four or five feet at a single digging. Oftentimes ditching, for the sake of surface draining, will give the needed supply of absorbents. It will prove a safe investment to hire extra labor for the enlargement of the muck bank. It helps right where our farming is weakest—in the manufacture of fertilizers. It is a good article not only for compost with stable manure, but to mix with other fertilizers, as butcher's offal, night soil, kainite, ashes, bone dust, fish, rock weed, kelp and other marine products. Dig the muck now and have it ready.

Cold Weather Shelter for Stock Profitable

Not one farmer in a hundred understands the importance of shelter for stock. This has much to do with success or failure of tens of thousands of farmers. Animals fairly sheltered consume ten to forty per cent. less food, increase more in weight, come out in spring far healthier; and working and milk-producing animals are much better able to render effective service. The loss of one or more working horses or oxen, or of cows, or other farm stock, is often a staggering blow to those scarcely able to make the ends of the year meet, and the large majority of such losses of animals are traceable to diseases due, directly or indirectly, to improper protection in autumn, winter, or spring. Of the food eaten, all the animals use up a large percentage in producing the natural heat of the body at all seasons, and heat enough to keep up ninety-eight degrees is absolutely essential. Only what food remains after this heat is provided in the system can go to increase growth and strength and to the manufacture of milk in cows and of eggs in fowls. When heat escapes rapidly from the surface, as in cold weather, more heat must be produced within, and more food be thus consumed. In nature this is partly guarded against by thicker hair or fur in winter.

Any thinking man will see that an animal either requires less food, or has more left for other uses, if it is protected artificially against winds that carry off heat rapidly, and against storms that promote the loss of heat by evaporation of moisture from the surface of the body. A dozen cows, for example, will consume two to six tons more of hay if left exposed from October to April, than if warmly sheltered, and in the latter case they will be in much better health and vigor, and give much more milk. Other cattle, eorses, sheep, and swine will be equally b nefited by careful protection.

Oil for Waggon Wheels.

A practical man says: "I have a waggon of which, six years ago, the fellies shrank so that the tires became loose. I gave it a good coat of hot oil, and every year since it has had a coat of oil or paint, sometimes both, The tires are tight yet, and they have not been set for eight or nine years. Many farmers think that as soon as waggon fellies begin to shrink they must go at once to a blacksmith shop and get the tire set. Instead of doing that, which is often a damage to the wheels, causing them to dish, if they will get some linseed oil and heat it boiling hot and give the fellies all the oil they can take, it will fill them up to their usual size and tighten to keep them from shrinking, and also to keep out the water. If you do not wish to go to the trouble of mixing paint, you can heat the oil and tie a rag to a stick and swab them over as long as they will take oil. A brush is more convenient to use, but a swab will answer if you do not wish to buy a brush. It is quite a saving of time and money to look after the woodwork of farm machinery. Alternate wetting and drying injures and causes the best wood soon to decay and lose its strength unless kept well painted. It pays to keep a little oil on hand to oil fork handles, rakes, neck-yokes, whiffletrees, and any of the small tools on the farm that are more or less exposed."

Gittin' Dad Home.

The other day a man who was staggering drunk navigated up Michigan avenue to Third street, and there flung himself down on the ground for a sleep. He had lain there about ten minutes when a boy about 9 years old, his bare feet red with cold, and his hair showing through the crown of his old hat, came down the street as if in search, and soon espied the drunkard. The lad shook him vigorously, and directly the man sat up, secured a brace for his back, and growled out:

"Whazzer want wiz me?"

"It's Jimmy, dad—it's little Jim," was the reply.

"Whoze lizzle Jimmy?"

"Why, dad, don't you know me? I'm your own boy. Ma sent me to bring you home. Can you walk?"

"I guess 'er can," mumbled the man, and he tried to rise up. The boy gave him all the aid possible, but he was not half up when he lurched over and rolled on his back.

"Oh, dad!" wailed the boy, breaking down all of a sudden, "you are drunk."

"Yes, I'm junk."

"I can't get you home, and the police will put you in jail! Oh, dad, what made you?"

"Vhaz maze me?" sleepily answered the man.

"Say, dad," continued the boy as he bent over him, "little Katie's awful sick."

"Zhas so? Well, I can't help zhas."

"Can't you go home?"

"No. You shtay here while I go 'er sleepy."

"Oh! I can't—I can't! Everybody knows you're drunk, and everybody will hoot at me."

"Whaz!" exclaimed the man as he raised on his elbow.

"The boys are hooting at me now, and the men across the road are laughing! Oh! dad, it's awful to git drunk! It's awful when you are ashamed to look anyone in the face!"

The boy leaned against the wall and hid his face and cried. The drunkard rubbed his eyes, braced to a sitting position, and by careful management reached his feet.

"Jimmy!"

"Yes, dad?"

"Shame—perfeckshame! I'm 'erbrute, I am. I'm shorry, Jimmy, you know I'm shorry."

"Yes."

"I'm goin' home."

"I'll help you."

"No, shur; you go zhat way—I'll go zhis; then 'er boys won't hoot at you. Cum—go 'long."

The boy crossed to Fourth street, and when he was too far away to be suspected of relationship the father braced up and started up the avenue muttering:

"I'm 'er brute, I am, an' I orter be kicked, I had, an' if I drink any more I hope 'er be shot, I do."

Cigarette-Smoking Beauties.

A New York letter says:—There is considerable agitation in upper-tendom over the expose, in one of the morning papers, of the fact that many of the fashionable New York ladies are habitual cigarette-smokers. Any society man can testify that the habit is becoming alarmingly common among the ladies of his acquaintance. They smoke in their boudoirs and when making an informal call upon intimate friends. Some of them are skillful in rolling cigarettes, and carry exquisitely-designed tobacco-cases, cigarette-holders and mouthpieces. The other day the young wife of a prominent Fifth avenue society man was sent home from her dressmaker's in a carriage, very ill. Investigation proved that her illness was caused by nicotine. Recently, at a private lunch party at Delmonico's, when no gentlemen were present, the ladies finished their meals with after-dinner coffee and cigarettes, and the idea was pronounced so strikingly original that it promises to be soon quite the rage. They tell me at Park and Tilford's and one or two large grocery establishments up town that it is by no means uncommon for a fashionable lady to order a large box of "Sweet Corporals," "Old Judge," or "Periques" sent home with the regular monthly supply of groceries. Some of the club men say they like to see ladies smoke, but it will be a long time, probably, before ladies of refinement will bring themselves to the level of tap-room loafers by indulging in the use of tobacco. The practice is, as yet, confined to the fast set of ultra-fashionables who worship mammon and who adore chic.

Suicide and Sanity.

One of the most striking signs of the change which Christianity has made in men's ways of looking at life and death is the modern theory that suicide is *prima facie* one evidence of insanity. Coroners' juries, one knows, will stretch a point to almost any length in order to bring a suicide within the convenient category of "temporary insanity;" but in the case of the Afghan doctor on whom an inquest was held recently their ingenuity seems for once to have failed them. It was, indeed, as clear as possible that the man had taken a deliberate review of his position and prospects, and, having found them wanting, had determined to open for himself "the door of endless rest beside the Stygian shore." It is a thousand pities that he had not taken back the medical knowledge which he acquired here to his native country, where it would certainly have amply repaid what it cost him to acquire it; but, as he did actually stay here, it is a pity, too, that the only offer of work he could obtain was from "a dishonorable quack to prescribe for his patients out of six colored bottles, and sign death cerificates for people that he had never seen."

"Well, old fellow, I hear that your grandmother is dead." "Yes," replied "old fellow," somewhat sadly, "she died yesterday." "It is the way of the world. We must all die sometime, and the old lady was well advanced in years. She left a last will and testament, of course? I have understood that she was very wealthy." "Oh yes, she left a will and testament," still more sadly. "You were always a favorite of hers. Your name was mentioned, of course?" "Yes," he replied, and here the tears began to stream down his cheeks, "my name was mentioned. I'm to have the testament."

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

The cholera epidemic is decreasing at Mecca.

The appointment of M. Ferry as Minister of Foreign Affairs has been gazetted.

There is an alarming spread of pneumonia among the cattle in England and Ireland.

The project of a ship canal between north and south Ireland is being discussed by a London syndicate.

The German legation in Madrid and the Spanish legation in Berlin will both be raised to the rank of Embassies.

It is reported that the trouble among the negroes of Southampton county, Va., is a *canard*, and there is no foundation for the story.

A wholesale system of evictions was put into operation at Loughrea, Ireland, recently. Much excitement exists among the people.

A Berlin despatch says:—The political crisis in Bulgaria has been settled by mutual concessions on the part of Russia and Bulgaria.

No conflict has yet taken place between whites and blacks at Southampton, Va., but the whites are still greatly alarmed and are arming themselves.

A Paris despatch says:—The deputies have adopted the municipal bill after rejecting the proposal to allow Paris to elect a mayor like other towns.

A Tunis despatch says:—The French military authorities here have arrested a Maltese and have rejected the demand to surrender him to British consul.

The *North German Gazette* says that so far from the Crown Prince's proposed visit to Spain being aimed against France it will be made in the interest of peace.

A human skull measuring forty inches around the forehead, has been unearthed in West Virginia, and it is computed that its living possessor was fourteen feet in length.

Mr. Healy, member of Parliament for Monaghan, who is seeking admission to the Irish Bar, has been blackballed by the Dublin Law Students' Debating Society.

The report of another explosion in the Moorfield colliery at Accrington proves untrue. The searchers for the bodies of the victims have been driven from the mine by gas.

The editor of a Nihilist paper at St. Petersburg has published a poem attacking the Czar, and bitterly commenting on the splendor of the court life and the misery of the nation.

Messrs. McMahon, Parnellite, and Spaight, Conservative, have been nominated for the seat for Limerick in the House of Commons vacated by Mr. O'Shaughnessy, Liberal.

A Madrid despatch states that the Emperor William, in his autograph letter, says that despite his age he would have visited King Alfonso in person, but his physicians forbade him to do so.

Three girls belonging to a prominent family in Venice committed suicide by taking poison together. They stated that they became despondent owing to bodily ailments and unrequited love.

A large mass meeting of coal miners have resolved to strike in Pittsburg, Pa., for the district price, three cents a bushel, unless the operators agree to submit the wages question to arbitrators.

A man giving the name of Charles Clark asserts that he has positive information from one of Mosher's companions that Charley Ross was drowned in Newark bay shortly after his abduction by Mosher and Douglass.

It is understood that papers have been laid before the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal charging that Lord Rossmore, a Grand Master, summoned the Fermanagh Orangemen to resist the Parnellite invasion in Roslea.

Gas came in contact with a naked light upon a miner's head at the West End mine, Wilksbarre, Pa., recently. A terrific explosion followed. Michael Barcoski was burned to death; John Eskolus and John Koller were fatally injured.

It is understood that Earl Spencer has been instructed by the Cabinet to keep the peace in Ireland between the Nationalists and Orangemen by discouraging meetings and prohibiting them by both parties when trouble is expected.

The Prince of Wales has received many invitations to make a state tour through Ireland. Mr. Gladstone is encouraging the Prince to make the tour. The report that the Marquis of Lorne is to be appointed Viceroy of Ireland is denied on good authority.

At a joint committee of manufacturers and weavers held in Manchester the latter reported that the result of the ballot taken by the operatives was largely in favor of a strike rather than submit to a reduction of wages. A great strike is probable.

Irish Nationalists contend that the instructions given to the Viceroy to prohibit all meetings where trouble is expected to be caused by Orangeman is merely an underhand method of preventing fair discussion of public questions in Ireland.

A Belgrade despatch states that the Prime Minister says the present state of affairs in the kingdom is the result of Radical intrigues. The Radicals desire the dethronement of the King and the proclamation of Queen Natalie as regent until the Crown Prince is of age.

A West Shore construction train was thrown from the track by a broken journal, and three box cars loaded with work men went down the embankment, thirty feet. Thirty men were hurt. Several ad legs and arms broken and skulls ractured, and one man was horribly mutilated.

A Vienna despatch says the Servian rebels have been attacked by the Servian Army under General Nicolic in Castra Brodica and defeated. Seven rebels were killed and many wounded, and two hundred prisoners captured. The remainder of the rebel force escaped across the frontier.

The steamer Tallahassee, from Savannah, with 3,200 bales of cotton and a quantity of turpentine and resin, arrived in the lower bay, New York, recently, with a fierce fire raging in her hold. She was quickly run to the lower pier, the passengers landed, and fire engines set to work upon her cargo.

It is rumoured that the police have discovered proofs that the recent explosions on the the underground railways were the work of New York dynamiters. The rumour is not confirmed. The police are reticent, but seem hopeful that the clues they have obtained will lead to the detection of the guilty party.

The scaffold on a school-house in course of construction on Pleasant avenue, New York, fell, precipitating eight bricklayers thirty feet to the street. Patrick Kelflick and John Glasgow were killed; David Barry fatally and three others seriously injured. Two saved themselves by clinging to projecting beams.

Four English mechanics employed in Paris were recently seriously stabbed by unknown ruffians from whose clutches they had just rescued an unfortunate Alsatian, whom they were endeavoring to strangle. The blackguards escaped, but they will scarcely successfully elude the well-known skill of the Parisian police.

A Rome despatch says the Dominican Father Carberry has been consecrated Bishop of Hamilton, Canada, recently, by Cardinal Howard, assisted by the Bishop of Kingston, Canada. The Coadjutor, Bishops of New York and St. Louis, the Bishops of Baltimore, Vincennes, Ind., Little Rock, Oregon, and Milwaukee, and many English and American Catholics were present.

Much excitement was caused in London recently by the alarming statements published concerning the discovery of explosives in Lambeth and Birmingham, and the arrest of a man for being concerned in the underground railway explosions. It subsided, however, upon investigation proving that the two former had no significance whatever, and that the third was merely the outcome of the boasting of a loquacious drunkard.

A sensation exists in Quincy, Ill., over the mock marriage of A. J. Lesen, son of a bank president, and Miss Strand. The marriage was performed by a fictitious justice of the peace. The woman acted in good faith. Lesen is a travelling salesman; the woman was employed in a millinary store. The elder Lesen says his son shall marry the girl if her character is good. Lesen is a Jew and the girl a Gentile. Her father threatens the arrest of young Lesen.

A strike among the laborers and freight handlers on the Panama railroad culminated in the wreck of a train. The strikers removed the fishplate and replaced the rails. A baggage and two passenger cars went down an embankment into a swamp. The first car contained laborers borrowed from the Canal Company: in the second was a guard of soldiers. The strikers fired on the train, and many of those on board were seriously injured. Had the train been going at full speed all would have been killed.

The Lord Mayor refused to allow Herr Stocker, the Jew-baiter, and court chaplain of Germany, who is now in London, to lecture at the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor stated that he could not disregard the feeling of the Jewish community by giving prominence to Stocker, who had excited hostility against the Jews. Karl Blind, the Socialist, in a communication to the papers, says that every man with a spark of humanity ought to protest against Stocker's detestable crusade against the Jews.

A fire broke out at noon recently, in the United States hotel, a large three-story frame structure, Shenandoah, Pa. The wind was blowing a hurricane at the time. which continued during the afternoon. The building was soon enveloped in flames, which communicated to the adjoining buildings. The flames then communicated with the block on the opposite side of the street, and at 3 o'clock sixteen houses on the front were destroyed. Over 240 families are homeless, having lost everything, most of them without provisions or a change of clothing. Loss estimated at $1,000,000.

The discovery is said to have been made that extensive smuggling of diamonds from Canada has been carried on by the employment of carrier-pigeons. The story has it that a young farmer living near Ogdensburg shot a pigeon which had a turkey quill full of diamonds tied to its left leg. Detectives watched the trains going from this side of the river to Canada, and soon found a basket of homing pigeons addressed to a small Canadian station. They were on the look-out for the person to whom the birds were addressed, but he did not come. By accident, however, a lodge was found in a swamp which had evidently been one end of the aerial transportation line for precious stones. The smugglers had taken warning and fled. It is said that evidence has been discovered leading to the belief that diamonds worth between seven and eight hundred thousand dollars have been sent from Canada by this method. The risk of loss was very slight, as the birds fly at a great altitude, and are in little danger of being shot.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Denominational Colleges.

Principal Grant is out again pleading for state aid to denominational colleges. That question was fully debated less than twenty years ago, and the conclusion arrived at was a sound one, that State aid implied State superintendance and control. On that understanding State support wos withdrawn from denominational colleges, and it will require a bigger and more astute person than Dr. Grant either is or ever will be, to have such grants restored. It is not true that the theory is that there ought to be only one State endowed college, and that the one that is at Toronto. There is no reason why there should not be half a dozen of such all scattered over the country, if needed. One, perhaps, at Ottawa, another at London, and so forth. Dr. Grant knows this very well. No one better. But what the country does not believe in and will not return to, is to have denominational one-horse universities under the control of churches, but so far endowed by the State and yet not under the State's control. If Dr. Grant will propose to give up the charter of the Queen's University and college and put that institution on exactly the same footing as University college, there is no reason why his proposal should not be carefully and favorably received, considered and, in due time, acceded to. That, however, is very different from what he proposes, which is that things should remain exactly as at present while the State grants around sum every year to the College funds and makes no enquiries as to how it goes and what teaching may be given there. Doctor, that is altogether too thin. Try something not quite so transparent.

Twins Who Married Twins.

There are two families living near Gainsville, Ga., the members of which are so much alike that many amusing mistakes take place. The heads of the respective households are John and Lane Pasco. They were twins and dressed and looked exactly alike. Two or three years ago they married twin sisters, who look and dress exactly alike, and each lady has a child about the same age who look very nearly exactly alike. All are in excellent health, and recently the whole party drove to town behind a span of beautiful mules that were nearly exact matches. The boys are partners in the mercantile business and are in prosperous circumstances.

"Yes, I had a very narrow escape last Sunday," said young Meggle, a well-known Arkansas fop, "for my horse threw me into a deep gully, where I lay insensible until the Rev. Mr. Mocus chanced to come along and take me out." "The reverend gentleman did not violate the Sabbath, either," said young Blukins. "Certainly not," replied Meggle, "for he was helping a brother in distress." "No, not exactly; he was taking an ass out of the ditch."

THE JONES FAMILY.

Mr Jones has an Evening at Home.

"Maria," said Mr. Jones, as he sat and enjoyed an evening at home—because he had no place else to go—"it seems to me that on a suspicious occasion like this"—and he looked fondly at her—"as if Heaven and home were anonymous terms."

"*Sin-onomous*," corrected Mrs. Jones, taking several pins and a ball of twine out of her mouth and placing a patch on that part of Willie's pants where it would do the most good. "Jephtha, why don't you read aloud evenings, instead of keeping all the good things to yourself?"

"Is reading allowed?" asked Jones innocently. "I thought you preferred to talk."

"Well, I do," snapped Mrs. J., "when I have somebody to talk to, which isn't very often."

"I'll read," exclaimed Jones, hurriedly reversing the book he held in his hand—'And it came to pass—'"

"Save that for Sunday," interrupted Mrs. Jones. "Read some sweet thing about home, or the friends; some poetry. I love to hear you read poetry, Jephtha," with a sly wink at nobody.

Thus encouraged, Jones, who is an amateur elocutionist and has fired the neighborhood with his dramatic readings in times past, till the neighbors threatened to fire him, seized a volume of poetry and, in the voice that made "Freedom shriek when Kosciusko fell," read aloud that touching poem beginning:

"Which shall it be, which shall it be?
I looked at John—John looked at me."

There was silence that could have been felt with a rolling pin when Jones ceased to read, and wiped the foam-flecks from his pallid lips, and Maria was in tears.

"I know you've wakened the boys," she said, in a voice that sounded small and still after his, "and they will want a drink."

"The children," murmured Jones with fixed eyes, "the dear, sweet children! M-M-Maria, do we 'preciate these dear ones as we ought .o?"

"I do," said Mrs. Jones, shortly. "I hear them talking now—where's my slipper?"

"No, Maria," returned Jones, whose soul was melted within him by his efforts in the line of elocution, "*I* will go and see if the innocent darlings need anything." And he went up stairs softly, repeating with a Salvini-Rossi-Booth effect:

"Which shall it be, which shall it be?
I looked at John - John looked at me."

The "innocent darlings" heard him coming, and desisting from a pillow fight in which they were engaged, they buried their heads in the sheets and were instantly sound asleep, looking like dimpled cherubs, with an occasional snore to assert their relation to the human. Jones wiped the salt tears of love and elocution from his his eyes, and bent fondly over them; then he crept out and waited a moment in the hall to listen to their gentle breathing; suddenly it ceased.

Then a dreadful suspicion haunted Jones—they had been playing 'possum, the little wretches; he waited.

"Is the old man gone?" were the words of Cherub No. 1, as soon as he got the sheet out of his mouth.

"Yep," answered Cherub No. 2, "he was a-crying, Willie. Ain't he a duffer, though?"

"I'll strike him for five cents to-morrow; see if I don't."

"Oh, he'll be himself again to-morrow, Willie; he'll stamp around and say, 'Get out of my way, little imps,' just as he allus does. I don't take no stock in him, I don't."

"Let's play we was pa," suggested Willie. "Where's them boys? *I'll* teach them to touch my paper. *I'll* tan their hides for 'em. *I'll* show 'em who's master in this house."

When Jones got back to the sitting room his face was red—very red—and his eyes wore a vengeful glare. Mrs. Jones looked up at him as he stalked in, and asked innocently:

"S'witch shall it be, s'witch shall it be?"

"Both!" shouted the enraged parent. "Of all the unruly brats I ever saw, I do think, Maria, ours are the worst. I'll lather them both to-morrow."

A Seventh Sense.

Sir William Thompson, the eminent professor of mathematics in the University of Glasgow, in his inaugural address delivered recently as president of the Midland institute, at Birmingham, broached the idea of the existence of a magnetic sense. This sense he called the seventh sense, to distinguish it from our other six senses—namely, those of sight, hearing, taste, smell, heat, and force. He said that, in speaking of a possible magnetic sense, he in no way supported that wretched, groveling superstition of animal magnetism, spiritualism, mesmerism, or clairvoyance, of which they had heard so much. There was no seventh sense of a mystic kind. Clairvoyance, and so on, was the result of bad observation chiefly, mixed up with the effects of willful imposture, acting on an innocent and trusting mind. If there were not a distinct magnetic sense, it was a very great wonder that there was not. The study of magnetism was a very recondite subject. One very wonderful discovery that was made in electric magnetism was made by Foucauld, an excellent French experimenter, showing that a piece of copper or a piece of silver let fall between the poles of a magnet would fall down slowly, as if through mud. Was it conceivable that, if a piece of copper could scarcely move through the air between the poles of an electric magnet, a human being or living creature in the same position would experience no effect? Lord Lindsay got an enormous magnet, so large that the head of any person wishing to try the experiment could get well between the poles, and the result of the experiment was marvellous, the marvel being that nothing was perceived. Sir William Thompson, however, was not willing to admit that the investigation was complete. He could not think that the quality of matter in the air, which produced such a prodigious effect on a piece of metal, could be absolutely without any perceptible effect whatever on a living body. He thought the experiment was worth repeating; and it was worth examining whether or not an exceedingly powerful magnetic force was without perceptible effect on a living vegetable or animal body. His own speculations had led him to conclude that there might be a seventh or magnetic sense, and that it was possible an exceedingly powerful magnetic effect might be produced on living bodies that could be not explained by heat, force, or any other sensation.—*British Medical Journal.*

A charming reception toilet is of dull-red velvet, with a mantle composed of plain and brocaded velvet. The basque has a blouse vest of cream and red brocaded silk, fastened by bands of red velvet and fleur-de-lis buckles of oxidized silver. The bonnet is of smooth velvet, with a crown of the brocaded velvet, and a tuft of cream and red feathers.

In The Gloaming.

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
Waiting while the shades come nigh;
Hasten quickly, oh, my darling,
Hasten with a piece of pie
—*Evansville Argus.*

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
Waiting while the shades come nigh;
Hasten quickly, oh, my darling,
Watermelon, or I die.
—*Waterloo Observer.*

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
Waiting with the shade drawn high:
Hasten quickly, oh, my darling—
A darned gnat is in my eye!
—*Richmond Baton.*

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
Waiting with the shade drawn down;
Hasten quickly, oh, my darling—
The other fellow is out of town.
—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
Waiting while the shades draw nigh;
Hasten quickly, oh, my darling,
Lest the dog should prove too "fly."
—*Toronto Truth.*

ISALINE.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, Mlle. Isaline," I said, strolling out into the garden, "and who is the young cavalier with the black moustache?"

"What, monsieur," answered Isaline, "you have seen him? You have been watching from our window? We did not know you had returned from the Alguille."

"Oh, yes, I've been back for more than an hour," I replied; "the snow was so deep on the Col that I gave it up at last, and made up my mind not to try it without a guide."

"I am so glad," said Isaline demurely, "I had such fears for monsieur. The Alguille is dangerous, though it isn't very high, and I had been very distractedly anxious till monsieur returned."

"Thanks, mademoiselle," I answered, with a little bow. "Your solicitude for my safety flatters me immensely. But you haven't told me yet who is the gentleman with the black moustache."

Isaline smiled. "His name is M. Claude," she said: "M. Claude Eirard, you know; but we don't use surnames much among ourselves in the Pays de Vaud. He is the schoolmaster of the commune."

"M. Claude is a very happy man, then," I put in. "I envy his good fortune."

Isaline blushed a pretty blush. "On the contrary," she answered, "he has ust been declaring himself the most miserable of all mankind. He says his life is not worth having."

"They always say that under those peculiar circumstances," I said. "Believe me, mademoiselle, there are a great many men would be glad to exchange their own indifferently tolerable lot for M. Claude's unendurable misery."

Isaline said nothing, but she looked at me with a peculiar inquiring look, as if she would very much like to know exactly what I meant by it, and how much I meant it.

And what did I mean by it? Not very much after all, I imagine; for when it comes to retrospect, which one of us is any good at analyzing his own motives? The fact is, Isaline was a very pretty young girl, and I had nothing else to do, and I might just as well make myself agreeable to her as gain the reputation of being a bear of an Englishman. Besides, if there was the safeguard of M. Claude, a real indigenous suitor, in the background, there wasn't much danger of my polite attentions being misunderstood.

However, I haven't yet told you how I came to find myself on the farm at Les Pentes at all. This, then, is how it all came about. I was sick of the Temple; I had spent four or five briefless years in lounging about Brick court and dropping in casually at important cases, just to let the world see I was the possessor of a well-curled wig, but even a wig (which suits my complexion admirably) palls after five years, and I said to myself that I would really cut London altogether and live upon my means somewhere on the continent. Very small means, to be sure, but still enough to pull through upon in Switzerland or the Black Forest. So, just by way of experiment as to how I liked it, I packed up my fishing rod and my portmanteau (the first the most important), took the 7:18 express from the Gare de Lyon for Geneva, and found myself next afternoon comfortably seated on the veranda of my favorite hotel at Vevay. The lake is delightful, that we all know, but I wanted to get somewhere where there was a little fishing, so I struck back at once into the mountain country round Chateau d'Oex and Les Avants and came soon upon the exact thing I wanted at Les Pentes.

Picture to yourself a great amphitheatre of open alp or mountain pasture ik the foreground, with peaks covered by vivid-green pines in the middle distance, and a background of petty aiguilles, naked at their base, but clad near the summit with frozen masses of sparkling ice. Put into the midst of the amphitheatre a clear green-and-white torrent, with a church surrounded by a few wooden farm-houses on its slops, and there you have the commune of Les Pentes. But what was most delightful of all was this, that there was no hotel, no pension, not even a regular lodging-house. I was the first stranger to discover the capabilities of the village, and I was free to explore them for my own private advantage. By a stroke of luck it so happened that M. Clairon, the richest farmer of the place, with a pretty, old-fashioned Vaudois farm-house, and a pretty, dainty little Vaudois daughter, was actually willing to take me in for a mere song per week. I jumped at the chance; and the same day saw me duly installed in a pretty little room, under the eaves of the pretty little farm-house, and with the pretty little daughter politely attending to all my wants.

Do you know those old-fashioned Vaudois houses, with their big gable-ends, their deep thatched roofs, their cobs of maize, and smoked hams, and other rural wealth hanging out ostentatiously under the protecting ledges? If you don't, you can't imagine what a delightful time I had of it at Les Pentes. The farm was a large one for the Pays de Vaud, and M. Clairon actually kept two servants; but madam would have been scandalized at the idea of letting "that Sara" or "that Lizette" wait upon the English voyager, and the consequence was that Mlle. Isaline herself always came to answer my little tinkling hand-bell. It was a trifle awkward, for Mlle. Isaline was too much of a young lady not to be treated with deferential politeness; and yet there is a certain difficulty in being deferentially polite to the person who lays your table for dinner. However, I made the best of it and I'm bound to say I managed to get along very comfortably.

Isaline was one of those pretty, plump, laughing-eyed, dimple-cheeked, dark little girls that you hardly ever see anywhere outside the Pays de Vaud. It was almost impossible to look at her without smiling; I'm sure it was quite impossible for her to look at anyone else and not smile at them. She wore the prettiest little Vaudois caps you ever saw in your life; and she looked so coquettish in [them that you must have been very hard-hearted indeed if you did not straightway fall head over ears in love with her at first sight. Besides, she had been to school at Lausanne, and spoke such pretty, delicate, musical French. Now, my good mother thought badly of my French accent; and when I told her I meant to spend a summer month or two in Switzerland, she said to me, "I do hope, Charlie dear, you will miss no opportunity of conversing with the people, and improving yourself in colloquial French a little." I am certainly the most dutiful of sons, and I solemnly assure you that, whenever I was not fishing or climbing, I missed no opportunity whatsoever of conversing with pretty little Isaline.

"Mlle. Isaline," I said on this particular afternoon, "I should much like a cup of tea; can Sara bring me one out here in the garden?"

"Perfectly, monsieur; I will bring out the little table onto the grass plot," said Isaline. "That will arrange things for you much more pleasantly."

"Not for worlds," I said, running in to get it myself. But Isaline had darted into the house before me, and brought it out with her own white little hands onto the tiny lawn. Then she went in again, and soon reappeared with a Japanese tray—bought at Montreux specially in my honor—and a set of the funniest little old China tea things ever beheld in a London bric-a-brac cabinet.

"Won't you sit and take a cup with me, mademoiselle?" I asked.

"*Ma foi*, monsieur," answered Isaline, blushing again, "I have never tasted any except as *ptisane*. But you other English drink it so, don't you. I will try it for the rest; one learns always."

I poured her out a cup and creamed it with some of that delicious Vaudois cream (no cream in the world so good as what you get in the Pays de Vaud—you see I am an enthusiast for my adopted country—but that is anticipating matters), and handed it over to her for her approval. She tasted it with a little *moue*. Englishwomen don't make the *moue*, so, though I like sticking to my mother tongue, I confess my inability to translate the word. "B-r-r-r-r," she said. "Do you English like that stuff? Well, one must accommodate one's self to it, I suppose." And, to do her justice, she proceeded to accommodate herself to it with such distinguished success that she asked me soon for another cup, and drank it off without even a murmur.

"And this M. Claude, then," I asked; "he is a friend of yours? Eh?"

"Passably," she answered, coloring slightly. "You see, we have not much society at Les Pentes. He comes from the Normal school at Geneva He is instructed, a man of education. We see few such here. What would you have?" She said it apologetically, as though she thought she was bound to excuse herself for having made M. Claude's acquaintance.

"But you like him very much?"

"Like him? Well, yes; I liked him always well enough. But he is too haughty. He gives himself airs. To-day he is angry with me. He has no right to be angry with me."

"Mademoiselle," I said, "have you ever read Shakespeare?"

"Oh, yes, in English I have read him. I can read English well enough, though I speak but a little."

"And have you read the 'Tempest?'"

"How? Ariel, Ferdinand, Miranda, Caliban? Oh, yes. It is beautiful."

"Well, mademoiselle," I said, "do you remember how Miranda first saw Ferdinand?"

She smiled and blushed again—she was such a little blusher. "I know what you would say," she said. "You English are blunt. You talk to young ladies so strangely."

"Well, Mlle. Isaline, it seems to me that you at Les Pentes are like Miranda on the island. You see nobody and there is nobody here to see you. You must not go and fall in love, like Miranda, with the very first man you may happen to meet with, because he comes from the Normal school at Geneva. There are plenty of men in the world, believe me, besides M. Claude."

"Ah, but Miranda and Ferdinand both loved one another," said Isaline, archly, "and they were married, and both lived happily ever afterward." I saw at once she was trying to pique me.

"How do you know that?" I asked. "It doesn't say so in the play. For all I know, Ferdinand lost the crown of Naples through a revolution, and went and settled down at a country school at Savoy or somewhere, and took to drinking, and became brutally unsociable, and made Miranda's life a toil and a burden to her. At any rate, I'm sure of one thing, he wasn't worthy of her."

What made me go on in this stupid way? I'm sure I don't know. I certainly didn't mean to marry Isaline myself; * * * at least, not definitely; and yet when you are sitting down at tea on a rustic garden seat, with a pretty girl in a charming white crimped hat beside you, and you get a chance of insinuating that other fellows don't think quite so much of her as you do, it isn't human nature to let slip the opportunity of insinuating it.

"But you don't know M. Claude," said Isaline, practically, "and so you can't tell whether he is worthy of me or not."

"I am perfectly certain," I answered, "that he can't be, even though he were a paragon of virtue, learning, and manly beauty."

"If monsieur talks in that way," said Isaline, "I shall have to go back at once to mamma."

"Wait a moment," I said, "and I will talk however you wish me. You know, you agreed to give me instruction in conversational French. That naturally includes lessons in conversation with ladies of exceptional personal attractions. I must practice for every possible circumstance of life. * * * So you have read Shakespeare, then. And any other English books?"

"Oh, many. Scott, and Dickens, and all, except Byron. My papa says a young lady must not read Byron. But I have read what he has said of our lake in a book of extracts. It is a great pleasure to me to look down among the vines and chestnuts there and to think that our lake, which gleans so blue and beautiful below, is the most famous in poetry of all lakes. You know Jean-Jacques says: 'Mon lac est le premier,' and so it is."

"Then you have read Jean-Jacques, too?"

"Oh, mon Dieu, no. My papa says a young lady must especially not read Jean-Jacques. But I know something about him—so much as is *convenable*. Hold here! do you see that clump of trees down there by the lake, just about Clarens? That is Julie's grove—'le bosquet de Juile' we call it. There isn't a spot along the lake that is not thus famous, that has not its memories and its associations. It is for that that I could not choose ever to leave the dear old Pays de Vaud."

"You would not like to live in England, then?" I asked. (What a fool I was, to be sure.)

"Oh, *ma foi*, no. That would make one too much shiver, with your chills, and your fogs, and your winters. I could not stand it. It is cold here, but at any rate it is sunny. * * * Well, at least, it would not be pleasant. * * * But, after all, that depends. * * You have the sun, too, sometimes, don't you?"

"Isaline!" cried madame from the window, "I want you to come and help me pick over the gooseberries!" And, to say the truth, I thought it was quite time she should go.

CHAPTER II.

A week later I met M. Claude again. He was a very nice young fellow; there was not a doubt of that. He was intelligent, well educated, manly, with all the honest, sturdy, independent Swiss nature clearly visible in his frank, bright open face. I have seldom met a man whom I liked better at first sight than M. Claude, and after he had gone away I felt more than a little ashamed of myself to think I had been half trying to steal away Isaline's heart from this good fellow, without really having any deliberate design upon it myself. It began to strike me that I had been doing a very dirty, shabby thing.

"Charlie, my boy," I said to myself, as I sat fishing with bottom bait and dangling my legs over the edge of a pool, "you've been flirting with this pretty little Swiss girl; and what's worse, you've been flirting in a very bad sort of way. She's got a lover of her own; and you've been trying to make her feel dissatisfied with him, for no earthly reason. You've taken advantage of your position and your fancied London airs and graces to run down by implication a good fellow, who really loves her and would probably make her an excellent husband. Don't let this occur again, sir." And having thus virtuously resolved, of course I went away and flirted with Isaline next morning as vigorously as ever.

During the following fortnight M. Claude came often, and I could not disguise from myself the fact that M. Claude did not quite like me. This was odd, for I liked him very much. I suppose he took me for a potential rival; men are so jealous when they are in love. Besides, I observed that Isaline tried not to be thrown too much with him alone; tried to include me in the party whenever she went with him. Also, I will freely confess that I felt myself everyday more fond of Isaline's society, and I half fancied I caught myself trepidating a little inwardly now and then when she happened to come up to me. Absurd to be so susceptible, but such is man.

One lovely day about this time I set out once more to try my hand (or rather my feet) alone upon the Alguille. Isaline put me up a nice little light lunch in my knapsack, and insisted upon seeing that my alpenstock was firmly shod, and my pedestrian boots in due climbing order. In fact, she loudly lamented my perversity in attempting to make the ascent without a guide; and she must even needs walk with me as far as the little bridge over the torrent beside the snow line, to point out the road the guides generally took to the platform at the summit. For myself, I was a practiced mountaineer, and felt no fear for the result. As I left her for the ice, she stood a long time looking and waving me the right road with her little pocket handkerchief; while as long as I could hear her voice she kept on exhorting me to be very carful. "Ah, if monsieur would only have taken a guide! You don't know how dangerous that little Alguille really is."

The sun was shining brightly on the snow, the view across the valley of the Rhone towards the snowy Alps beyond was exquisite, and the giants of the Bernese Oberland stood out in gloriously brilliant outlines on the other side against the clear blue summer sky. I went on alone, enjoying myself hugely in my own quiet fashion, and watching Isaline as she made her way slowly along the green path, looking around often and again, till she disappeared in the shadow of the pine wood that girt around the tiny village. On, further still, up and up and up, over soft snow for the most part, with very little ice, till at last, after three hours' hard climbing, I stood on the very summit of the pretty Alguille. It was not very high, but it commanded a magnificent view over either side—the Alps on one hand, the counterchain of the Oberland on the other, and the blue lake gleaming and glowing through all its length in its green valley between them. There I sat down on the pure snow in the glittering sunlight, and ate the lunch that Isaline had provided for me with much gusto. Unfortunately, I also drank the pint of white wine from the head of the lake—Yvorne, we call it, and I grow it now in my own vineyard at Pic de la Baume,—but that is anticipating again; as good a light wine as you will get anywhere in Europe in these depressing days of blight and phylloxera. Now, a pint of *vin du pays* is not too much under ordinary circumstances for a strong young man in vigorous health, doing a hard day's muscular work with legs, arms, and sinews; but mountain air is thin and exhilarating in itself, and it lends a point to a half bottle of Yvorne which the wine's own body does not by any means usually possess. I don't mean to say so much light wine does any one any positive harm; but it makes one more careless and easy-going; gives one a false sense of security, and entices one into paying less heed to one's footsteps or to suspicious-looking bits of doubtful ice.

Well, after lunch I took a good look at the view with my field-glass, and when I turned it toward Les Pentes, I could make out our farm-house distinctly, and even saw Isaline standing on the balcony looking toward the Alguille. My heart jumped a little when I thought that she was probably looking for me. Then I wound my way down again, not by retracing my steps, but by trying a new path, which seemed to me a more practicable one. It was not the one Isaline had pointed out, but it appeared to go more directly, and to avoid one or two of the very worst rough-and-tumble places.

I was making my way back, merrily enough, when suddenly I happened to step on a little bit of loose ice, which slid beneath my feet in a very uncomfortable manner. Before I knew where I was I felt myself sliding rapidly on, with the ice clinging to my heel, and while I was vainly trying to dig my alpenstock into a firm snow-bank I became conscious for a moment of a sort of dim indefinite blank. It was followed by a sensation of empty space, and then I knew I was falling over the edge of something.

Whrr, whrr, whrr went the air at my ear for a moment, and the next thing I knew was a jar of pain, and a consciousness of being enveloped in something very soft. The jar took away all other feeling for a few seconds; I only knew I was stunned and badly hurt. After a time I began to be capable of trying to realize the position, and when I opened my eyes and looked around me I recognized that I was lying on my back, and that there was a prevading sensation of whiteness everywhere about. In point of fact I was buried in snow. I tried to move and get on my legs again, but two things very effectually prevented me. In the first place I could not stir my legs without giving myself the most intense pain in my spine; and in the second place, when I did stir them I brought them into contact on the one hand with a solid wall of rock, and on the other hand with vacant space, or at least with very soft snow unsupported by a rocky bottom. Gradually, by feeling about with my arms, I began exactly to realize the gravity of the position. I had falled over a precipice, and had lighted on a snow-covered ledge, half way down. My back was very badly hurt, and I dared not struggle up on to my legs for fear of falling off the ledge again on the other side. Besides, I was half-smothered in the snow, and even if anybody ever came to look for me (which they would not probably do till to-morrow) they would not be able to see, because of the deep-covering drifts. If I was not extricated that night I should probably freeze to death before morning, especially after my pint of wine. "Confound that Yverne!" I said to myself savagely. "If ever I get out of this scrape I shall never touch a drop of the stuff again as long as I live." I regret to say that I have since broken that solemn promise twice daily for the past three years.

My one hope was that Isaline might possibly be surprised at my delay in returning, and might send out one of the guides to find me.

So there I lay a long time, unable even to get out of the snow, and with every movement causing me a horrid pain in my injured back. Still, I kept on moving my legs every now and then to make the pain shoot and so prevent myself from feeling drowsy. The snow half suffocated me, and I could only breathe with difficulty. At last, slowly, I began to lose consciousness, and presently I suppose I fell asleep. To fall asleep in the snow is the first stage of freezing to death.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Life of a French Girl.

The following is a well-known physician's story: He had gone to visit one of his lady patients but found her out. But her daughter, a girl of fifteen, was snugly coiled on the sofa, so deeply interested in a book that she did not even perceive the visitor's presence. "What are you reading, my dear, that interests you so much?" asked the doctor. "A book that papa has forbidden mamma to read, and which is going back to the library by and by." That girl was probably brought up, says the London *Globe*, in the old-fashioned way. Notwithstanding her age, she had never been in the street by herself; when she went out of doors to take a music or other lesson, the maid accompanied her. On her constitutionals the mother mounted guard on one side, the father, imposing as the beadle of the Madeleine, on the other. The girl's instructions were to look neither to the left nor to the right, to turn her head away or drop her eyelids when a stranger glanced at her; to reply in monosyllables when addressed by her parents' friends. From time to time she enjoyed a morning stroll through the Jardin des Plantes or Acclimatation, and a lesson in zoology with the chill on. The bronze statuary in the former gardens was avoided at any cost. Of carpet dances with her little friends, of pantomimes and good classical concerts, not a whisper. To bed regularly at half-past 8; now and then, for a treat, at 10. At Berlin wool work in the drawing-room with her mother when there were no guests. Reasons of Providence have probably made her an only child. If she has a little brother he is packed off to college at seven. Such books as she is given to read are either mawkish or dreary. Adventures and travels are for boys. They discuss questions a young girl should know nothing of; the illustrations lack the philosophy of clothes perhaps; a cat or a bird, a colley dog or poodle, to scramble across the Bois de Boulogne with is out of the question. The exercise would spoil the young lady's toilet; she might run herself into a perspiration and catch cold afterward. Of education in the best acceptation of the term she has none. She is betrothed at last to a young man, or more likely to a middle-aged one, upon whom she has never set eyes until he stands confessed as her future husband, and she marries him as her mother married her father. She thinks no more of opposing her parents' wishes than did the former. Why should she? Ten chances to one she has never spoken to any male being short of 50, since in most bourgeois families where there is a marriageable daughter, male cousins, be they the veriest louts, are held at bay, unless they are ostentatiously encouraged in their visits. In the latter case you may take the father's banker's book for granted; but even then they are not allowed to be alone.

The Summer Girl.

The summer girl is a peculiarly American product. No other soil, so far as known, has ever produced her. She seems to have been discovered several years ago by some college students, and has since been cultivated to a large extent all over the country. She is a very popular creature in certain quarters, and possesses undoubted charms and has her advantages. It might not be amiss just now to enumerate a few of her uses.

The summer girl is a great convenience. She does not expect to be fondled and fed on dainties during the winter. The young man who cultivates her acquaintance knows just when and where to find her. He is not expected to become acquainted with her before strawberry time. She does not display her airy fairness, so to speak, until the ice-cream season is thoroughly ripe. The hammock in which she swings and the perforated sleeves that she wears do not appear before June.

The summer girl is sentimental. Having an active existence only during the warm months it becomes necessary for her to lay in a stock of sentiment during three months that will last throughout the year. Therefore, she is very sweet, very tender, very caressable.

The summer girl is pretty. If she wasn't pretty she wouldn't be a summer girl. She wear's a pretty girl's dresses, has a pretty girl's teeth, and puts on a pretty girl's smiles. She also has a dimple or two to add to the picture. She is usually plump but not stout. The young man who pays for her strawberries and cream and takes her to picnics where they play copenhagen, is always proud of her.

The summer girl is not very expensive. Her wishes are few and cheap. A row on the river now and then, an occasional buggy ride, a plate of ice-cream of a warm evening and an escort to a picnic about once in two weeks nearly sums up her wants. Being only a summer girl, she does not expect those presents and that devotion thet belong to the regular, every-day-in-the-week and twice-on-Sunday-all-the-year-round girl. The summer girl is more like some luscious fruit that comes only for a time and then is gone for the year, but is peculiarly sweet while it lasts.

"Socialism" is now known by the suggestive title of "Collectivism." That must refer to bills, and we are down on "socialism" worse now than ever.

A Chicago detective was partially reformed, and became a bank robber.

Blondes vs. Brunettes.

In Paris, more than in New York or any other great city, there is a decided fashion in beauty as well as in dress, which changes as regularly as do the seasons, and which sometimes takes very queer and curious freaks. For instance, last spring the type of beauty that was all the rage was termed the "Daniel Gabriel Rossetti style." This type of beauty is assuredly one of the most peculiar known. It was originated by the Princess de Sagan, who is a great leader of fashion in Paris, and who appeared in her box at the opera one evening gotten up in the wonderful striking "Daniel Gabriel Rossetti style." The most noticeable of this style of beauty is the hair, which is dyed green and arranged in a pyramid fashion on the top of the head. Strange to say, the green hair, though, of course, unnatural, is very pretty and odd. It is dyed the most delicate and lovely shade of green known—namely, Nile green. The complexion that goes with this hair must be like a soft, lightly-blushing peach, all cream and white. The eyes are black or brown, the lips their natural color, and the eyebrows dyed to match the hair. Floating gowns, white in color, and composed of airy, fairy tulle, or faille, are always worn with this type of beauty. Every woman in Paris has the mania for appearing like a "Daniel Gabriel Rossetti beauty" for a while, but at present in Paris, which, by the way, Victor Hugo calls the "centre of civilization," green hair reigns no more, and Dame Fashion dictates that her daughters shall now appear in as much different styles of beauty as possible, believing, no doubt, that "variety is the spice of life."

In New York, for the past two seasons, there has been great rivalry existing between the loving blonde and darling brunette beauties. The war still rages furiously, and it is hard to tell at the present moment which is to come out victorious, whether the blonde beauties or their darker sisters will lead fashions this winter, and which will be the more popular. We do not often see in one metropolis as many real blondes and as many true brunettes as we have in New York. A real blonde has light hair with streaks of gold running through it, eyes that look like wild violets, complexion rare and white, with a delicate flush on the cheek, and light eyebrows the color of the hair. True blondes never have dark eyebrows.

If a woman has all the above requirements that go to make up a blonde, and dark or black eyebrows, her beauty comes under another type known as the "Van Dyke blonde," of which Lady Mandeville is one of the most stunning examples we have ever seen. Her hair is a wonderful yellow, her complexion fair as a lily, and her eyes black as sloes, with eyebrows to match. The "Van Dyke blonde" is a type of beauty not often seen. It is considered by far the more distingue type.

Although almost every lady knows what is requisite to be a true brunette, there are still a few who are not even educated up to it, and who call a woman who has a dark, clear skin, "cheeks like roses and lips like the cherry," hair purplish black, and dark gray eyes, a brunette. No woman is a true brunette who has not very brown or black eyes.

What is known as the "Irish type of beauty is one of the loveliest. No eye is so blue, so large, or so expressive, or so heavily fringed as that of the possessor of this type; no hair is so glossy and so dark and heavy; no complexion so rosy and healthful, and to people in general this type is bewitching and fascinating.

A type of beauty which has had its day, but of which we see representatives occasionally, is what is known as the "strawberry blondes." Brick-red hair, blue eyes, and fair, pink complexions, are the accompaniments of this type. The "Yellow blonde" is another type which is rapidly going out of fashion, and "yellow blondes" are seldom seen now except on the stage. Fanny Davenport is an example of this type.

The daughters of Spain and Italy are the best examples of the brunette type of beauty; those of England and Germany of the blonde type, and those of Greece of the Van Dyke type.

Here in America we have a mixture of all nations. The true American type of beauty, however, is neither of the blonde nor brunette, Van Dyke nor Irish, Daniel Gabriel Rossetti, strawberry or yellow blonde types. The true American beauty has hair soft and brown, eyes of gray or blue, complexion rather white, clear and devoid of rich color, and features not by any means as regular as those of the other types of beauty, but possessing far more expression.

The Engagement Ring.

About the happiest day in the life of a young lady, says *Puck*, is the day upon which she receives an engagement ring. She will hold her hand up and look at the ring from all points and admire it, and assure Adolphus that he is just too awful nice for anything for giving it to her. And she always wears it that day, no matter what happens. If the ring is too large for her she will ram bits of wood under it, just as the boy puts branches of trees and other things under his skate straps to keep his skates on. And, after she gets it fixed to suit her, she starts out to call on her friends. They all know before she has arrived that she has received a ring, and are on the *qui vive*. They either tell her it is very pretty or else they pretend not to notice it at all, in either of which cases the recipient of the ring is delighted beyond description. Because if they compliment her she thinks that they are affecting an indifference to her good luck that they do not feel, and that they would tear her to pieces after her departure. And if they don't say a word or notice the ring the young lady knows that they are wild with envy, and would give their ears to be in her place. And she is glad to think that she has destroyed their happiness. And she calls on every one she knows, and removes her gloves at every house, even if she remains therein but two minutes.

To Raise Plants.

A lady, whose beautiful plants are the delight of her life and the envy of all her acquaintances, revealed the secret of her success for the benefit of the readers of the evening *Post* the other day. The soil is, she says, about two-thirds good garden soil, and the rest is sand. It is kept light and loose about the roots; they are watered as they appear to need it, and not according to any particular rule; but the chief reason for their wonderful growth and bloom is this: "When any of the leaves wither and fall, instead of picking them up and throwing them away, I make little rolls of them and tuck them down in the earth and let them decay; and this is the only fertilizer I have ever used. This," she added modestly, "seems to be nature's way. And the plants that have the afternoon sun only, grow and rival those that have the morning sun."

Another Chinese ironclad has been launched at Kiel.

Franz Liszt celebrated his seventy-second birthday at Jena, on Oct. 22, where his oratorio "Saint Elizabeth" was performed at the Court Theatre.

SUNDAY SMILES.

Because a girl wears a wing on each side of her hat it doesn't prove that she is an angel. Neither is it conclusive evidence that she is a goose.

Man may be the noblest work in creation, but he doesn't think about it when, on hearing his name called on the street, he turns and finds it is only some one calling his dog.

"No, thank you," said the new boarder, looking suspiciously at the milk which the landlady passed him; "no, thank you; my physician has advised me to abjure mixed drinks."

"Did you ever think what you would do if you had the Duke of Westminster's income?" Village pastor: "No; but I have sometimes wondered what he would do if he had mine."

A Harlem minister said in his sermon last Sunday: "I think Solomon had spent some time in New York and Albany about election time before he said, 'Money answereth all things.'"

It takes about six months to train a canary so that it will fly around a church and alight on the bride's shoulder at the right moment. It's everything in giving a bride the right send-off.

A preacher told a tramp, who was putting in a load of coal for him, that he might take dinner with him if he would say grace before eating. The tramp said he would. And when he was invited to the table he stood still a moment and said, "Grace."

A country gentleman who recently preached in an Austin church is an admirer of the writings of Charles Dickens, and quotes from his novels almost as often as he does from the Bible. He surprised his congregation by winding up a gorgeous peroration with: "It is thus you see, my brethren, as the Scriptures say, 'Barkis is willin', but the flesh is weak.'"

"No, sir, my daughter can never be yours." "Then I suppose you object to me because I am not rich." "No, sir, that is not the reason at all. I am not so cold-blooded as that. And besides, although not rich you have a comfortable income. I object to your habits." "My habits?" "Yes, sir. You are a bank cashier and the superintendent of a Sunday-school. There are too many of you fellows in Canada now."

In a contest over a will a certain witness was giving his evidence as to the disposition of the testator. "Was he a good-natured man?" asked the attorney. "Not altogether." "Was he cross, very cross?" "Considerably." "How cross was he? Give us an example of his disposition?" "Well, sir, he was that cross that when he called up the cows at milking-time it made the milk sour." "That's enough. Stand down."

The Witness Libel Suit.

The Montreal *Witness* has recently been called upon to stand a long and expensive libel suit in the Courts, for what was evidently an honest attempt to benefit the unfortunate poor who are compelled to cross the Atlantic as steerage passengers. Over a year ago a letter or two appeared in the *Witness* from certain steerage passengers by the "Sardinian," of the Allan line, complaining of their treatment on the outward voyage. They complained of neglect, of unkind and harsh treatment, and of the filthiness of their quarters on ship-board, giving such tales as reminded older men of mid-ship experience forty years ago. The Allan Company, instead of setting themselves at once to remedying the evils complained of, set themselves to crushing out he tpaper which undertook to lay bare the facts, and accordingly a claim of fifty thousand dollars damages was set up,—an amount quite sufficient to ruin Mr. Dougall, had they been successful. Fortunately it has been demonstrated in this case, that in the Montreal courts a powerful company, with millions at its back, is not able to carry everything its own way. The trial lasted a whole week, and every charge made by the *Witness* was proved true to the satisfaction of the jury. The Allens have therefore suffered the humiliation of a defeat and a complete exposure, and they have now a long bill of costs to foot up. The steerage passengers for years to come will be far more comfortable and far better cared for because of this noted law suit, and we venture to say that the Allans will see to it that no such cause of complaint will soon occur on one of their ships again.

Capt. Dutton, the popular commander of this ship, with such a wide reputation as he has long enjoyed for his Christian and temperance efforts, has come out of this case badly singed in reputation. He has evidently been caught napping at his post of duty. These abuses by his underlings were going on, day after day, under his own nose and he appears to have been perfectly oblivious of the fact. It is not creditable to him that such was the case.

The *Witness* deserves great credit for its brave fight in this case. It was the only Montreal paper that ventured to publish a line of exposure where exposure was needed in the public interests, and it had hardly even a line of sympathy from the other leading journals of the commercial metropolis. Probably any publisher will find it pay better to keep quiet in regard to wealthy corporations, with great patronage at their disposal, but the public interest fare poorly in the hands of mere sychophants, afraid to speak out lest their business interests should suffer in consequence.

Connection Between Colors and Sounds

Some curious experiments have lately been made to show the connection between colors and sounds. The blind, it is well known, often translate sound into color. An ophthalmologist of Nantes discovered that a sharp note produced on one of his patients a brighter, and a flat note a darker, impression of color. Different musical instruments gave different results. The saxaphone brought out a sense of yellow; the clarionet, or red; the piano, of blue. The impressions produced by the human voice were more delicate shades of yellow, green, red and blue. The seat of the color was always in the direction of the sound. In choir-singing M. Pedrono's patient "noticed a multitude of colors formed in small points above the heads of the choristers."

Analagous to these were the experiments of Prof. Holeman, of Philadelphia, to show the effect of sound on the colors and figures in soap-bubbles. A film of soap being placed across the end of a phoneidoscope, was reflected on a canvas screen, where it assumed a bluish-gray appearance. An intonation of the voice through a tube connected with the film brought out a number of black spots on the reflection. These passing away were succeeded by a beautiful light green, mingled with pink. The same tone would always cause the same figure to appear, but had no control over the color, which might be blue at one time and yellow at another.

Heating Steam.

"No, Joseph, the Steam Heating Company was not formed for the purpose of heating steam. Steam is heated before it is made—that is to say, when you heat the steam—no, when you make the steam—no—well, confound you, don't you know steam is hot anyway, and doesn't have to be heated by a company?"

MILNE & CLUTE

Are in their New Store, with a full and complete stock in every department.

Dry Goods Department.

Dress Goods Counter:

Our Dress Goods are especially attractive, comprising Black and Colored Cashmeres, Opera Flannols, Victorin Twills, Foule cloths, All-wool Serges, Ottoman Cords, Brocaded Sateens and Lustres, Fancy tartans, and a full stock of Black and Colored Velveteens with Brocades to match at prices to suit all.

Fancy Goods, Children's Wool Hoods all colors, Children's Wool Jackets and Jerseys, Ladies' Wool Ties, Clouds, Breakfast Shawls, etc. Also a full stock of Ladies' Fur Sets in Persian Lamb, Astrachan, Mink, etc. Also Girls' Gray Lamb sets.

Mantles, Ulsters and Circulars.

Staple Counter:

Linen Tablings, bleached, half bleached and Turkey red; Linen Towels and Towellings, Table Napkins, Steamlooms, Pillow Cottons, Bleached Sheetings, Shirtings, Fancy and Solid Checks, Plain and Checked Winceys, Canton Flannels, Qnilts, White and Gray Blankets, Horse Rugs, etc. The closesc prices to cash buyers. A large quantity of Gray Cottons, secured before the recent advance, which we will sell at mill prices to-day by the web for cash. White Cotton Yarn, $1.10 net cash.

Gents' Furnishings:

TAILORING DEPARTMENT, Cutting, etc., attended to by Mr. J. McKeown. Canadian Tweeds, Scotch Suitings, English and Scotch Trowserings, Fine French and English Worsteds; Overcootings in Tweed, Black and Colored Worsted, black and colored Beavers, etc. Shirts and Drawers from 90c. to $3 per suit. Ties, Collars and Cuffs, white and colorod Shirts, fancy Wool Shirts; men's Fur Caps in Persian Lamb, Astrachan, Dogskin, Beaver, etc. Also a full stock of Alma Caps, plain and fancy.

Flannel Department:

Light and dark grey, plain, twill, checks and hair lines, all-wool and union druggets, scarlet, white and all colors in Saxony flannels.

Up Stairs:

In CARPETS onr stock is very complete, from hemp at 15c to the best Tapestry, including also Unions and All-wool, Two-ply carpeting, and hemp and Tapestry Stair Carpeting. Carpets cut to fit any room.

A large stock of men's and boys' Readymade Overcoats and Suits, first-class value.

We call special attention to our splendid assortmsnt of ROBES in grey and black Goat, four different sizes, and Buffalo Robes, all sizes. Close prices to cash buyers.

Milne & Clute.

Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Boots and Shoes.

Grocery Counter:

Our stock of Groceries, it is needless to say, is unusually fresh, being selected with great cars. We guarantee value, 100 cents in the dollar every time. Four lbs good Japan Tea for one dollar; five lbs good Hyson Tea for onr dollar; but it you want the best cnp of taa to be had in Stirling, get our 50c Uncolored Japan. Full stock of Tobacco always on hand; fresh Currants, Figs, Raisins, etc, arrived to-day. Raisins, old frnit, 6c by the box.

Crockery and Glassware Counter:

White granite tea sets, and granite ware of all kinds. Our colored stone and fancy China sets will be in shortly. Glassware in sets, goblets, sauce dishes, covered dishes, water pitchers, eac. We show all the new things in Majolica ware also, of which we also have a full stock. An inspection by the ladies is solicited.

Boots and Shoes Counter:

We buy our boots and shoes only from the best manufacturers, and can give as good value for the money as can be found in the county. A full stock in olmost every line, from the good, strong every-day wearing boots and shoes for men, women nd children, to the finest kid button boot. Men's Berlin felt boots, high foxed. Now is the time to harvest your No.12s. A full stock of overshoes and wool-lined rubbers to arrive this week.

Milne & Clute.

HARDWARE!

We are pleased to be able to inform our customers that we have again opened out in the old stand, but now new, where we trust to be able to supply our friends from a full and complete stock of Hardware. "from a needle to an anchor." Job cutlery, plated knives and forks, table and teaspoons, carving and mincing knives, jackknives, padlocks, chest and door locks, loose pin butts, butts of all kinds, paint brushes; stove, shaving and horse brushes; blind hinges, spring balances, steelyards, weighbeams, platform scales, chisels, augurs, hammers, clothes wringers; gallon, two-gallon and half-bushel measures, carpenters' tools, crosscut saws, guns, Zulu guns, blasting and gunpowder, shot, caps, wads, the best improved sash fixture, rope, rope halters, hay knives of different kinds, spades, shovels, round and square pointed long and short handled forks, do. handles, a large stock of axes. Burrell's axes 65c. We also keep a very large stock of paints, paint oils, machine oils, varnishes, white lead, dry paint, yellow ochre, whiting, nails, wrought and horse nails, horseshoes, bar iron, sleigh and cutter shoe steel, cast steel, Swedes iron, blacksmiths' coal.

See our stock of whips, just arrived.

See our stock of sleigh-bells.

See our stock of improved lanterns.

See our best improved clothes wringers.

We make a specialty in upply ng house furnishings, such as locks, butts, glass, etc.

Jas. Milne & Co.

JAS. MILNE & CO.